WEATHER FORECASTS

Victoria and Vicinity—Strong winds or gales, mostly southerly; unsettled and mild, with rain.

Vancouver and Vicinity—Easterly to southerly winds, fresh to high, on the Gulf, mild, with rain.

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYONE

PEACE SESSION STILL TROUBLED

Straits Problem, Once on Verge of Settlement, Placed in Peril by New Ultimatum of Turks

ACCEPT NO CONTROL IF REQUESTS REFUSED

Lord Curzon Hopes to Win Ismet Pasha to Compromise During Christmas Holidays at Lausanne

LAUSANNE, Dec. 23.—The Near East conference has taken a brief Christmas recess until Tuesday afternoon, and there was general hope among the delegates that the two days' respite will aid the conference leaders in finding paths of wisdom and progress.

Christmas week has set the conference back rather than forward; even the problem of the Straits, which seemed on the verge of a satisfactory settlement, was placed in peril.

Presents Settlement

A new ultimatum from the Turks that if they could not obtain their desires on several points, especially with reference to a non-aggression pact in favor of Turkey, they would not accept international control for the passage of warships, has prevented settlement of the Straits question.

The Lausanne big four—Curzon, Barrere, Garroni and Ismet Pasha—are trying to find a solution outside the conference halls. The entente statesmen have said to Turkey:

Must Have Jurisdiction

"We will give you your guarantee of non-aggression, but such a pact will obligate the powers to be responsible that you will not be attacked; therefore, give your international commission jurisdiction, not only over the passage of ships through the Straits, but also over the zones of demilitarization. Responsibility implies authority to prevent disaster."

But the Turks say that foreign supervision over Turkish zones would violate Turkey's sovereignty.

Lord Curzon, who will eat his plum pudding at Lausanne instead of in London, may win Ismet Pasha to a compromise during the Christmas holidays.

Other Difficulties

There are other great conference difficulties — capitulations and customs tariffs, and the latter may never be settled at Lausanne. With respect to capitulations, which the Turks desire to be rid of, the Allies and the United States are taking a firm attitude. They lack confidence in the Turkish judiciary and would be loath to have their citizens tried in purely Turkish courts. The issue is sharp and clear and a solution of this vital problem has not yet appeared.

Tariff and Courts

The tariff question is vital to the United States, which, like Turkey, desires to make a general Turko-American treaty of commerce. The Turks seem unchangeably determined to abolish the foreign consular courts, and assert that their judges, some of whom are graduates of American law schools, are unbiased and capable.

AIRMAN PREPARES FOR WORLD FLIGHT

Crossing Atlantic in One Hop Included in Plans of Argentine Army Aviator

BUENOS AYRES, Dec. 23.—An attempt to fly around the world will be started next June by Capt. Pedro Zanni, Argentine army aviator, it was announced today. The flight will be under the auspices of the Argentine Aero Club, which will raise funds to defray the expenses.

Capt. Zanni proposes to start his flight from Rome, proceeding to Tokio, thence to Alaska and San Francisco, crossing the American continent to Nova Scotia. At this point he will attempt to duplicate the feat of the late Sir John Alcock by flying the Atlantic in one hop, landing in Ireland. His course then lies across Europe to Rome.

To insure success as far as possible spare parts for repairs will be sent to various points along the route.

Declares Mr. G. Gould Is Unfit for Trustee

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The appellate division of the Supreme Court yesterday confirmed a lower court decision handed down in July, 1919, removing Mr. George J. Gould as trustee and executor of the estate of his father, Mr. Jay Gould, who left $78,000,000 to his children.

By a vote of three to two the court held that Mr. Gould was unfit to act as trustee, charging that he made large profits out of the handling of funds of the estate. The court also sustained a decision restraining Mr. Gould from collecting $644,904 which he claimed was due him from the estate.

TWO CHILDREN FACE TRAGIC CHRISTMAS

After Revolver Duel Between Husband and Wife Chicago Woman in Jail on Murder Charge

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—Husband and wife fought a revolver duel at their home today. Mrs. Mary Fillinow went to jail for killing Peter Fillinow, 30, and two children face a tragic Christmas.

NEW YORK BREAKS SHOPPING RECORD

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Holiday buying in New York has broken all records and $250,000,000 has been expended by shoppers here, it was estimated today in business quarters. This sum represents an increase of from 15 to 20 per cent over last year.

Nearly every line of Christmas trade has reported an increase in sales. In the five thousand dry-goods stores alone nearly 200,000 people have been employed.

OVER MILLION FEET OF MOVIE FILM BURNS

One Man Seriously Injured and Four Slightly in $350,000 Blaze at Universal City

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 23.—Fire at Universal City, a suburb, late today destroyed 1,000,000 feet of film at the Universal studios, gutted one building and resulted in the injury of one man. Damage was estimated at $350,000, this estimate including the value of the motion picture filme plus the labor of selecting it.

Between 35 and 40 productions were included in the destroyed prints. The negatives from which the prints were made, however, were saved.

Besides the one man, Mr. Edward Bush, a film cutter, who was said to be very seriously injured, four others were slightly burned or otherwise overcome by smoke. They were Mr. Norman Kerry, the actor; Mr. Fred Archer, head of the art title department, and Mr. Frank Atkinson and Mr. Edward Curtis, film cutters.

CHURCH DESTROYED BY ESCAPING GAS

Bad Escape From Street Ignited by Candles, Latest Theory Advanced for Quebec Fire

QUEBEC, Dec. 23.—Speculation as to the cause of the fire which destroyed the Basilica continues today, with the arson theory still being vigorously debated by the citizens. Investigation by fire and police officials is tending to discount the likelihood of incendiarism. It came to light this morning that there was a bad escape of gas from a street main outside the church on Thursday. It is thought that some of the gas seeped into the church, where it may have been ignited by candles.

ASKS EXPLANATION ON RETURN OF ARBUCKLE

Minister as Member of Committee of Public Relations Claims He Was Not Consulted

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, general secretary of the federal council of the Churches of Christ in America, today made public a letter to Will M. Hays, head of the motion picture industry, calling for an explanation why he, as a member of Mr. Hays' committee of public relations, was not consulted about the reinstatement of Roscoe C. (Fatty) Arbuckle, film comedian, who figured in the party that resulted in the death of Virginia Rappe, actress.

Mr. Macfarland, as general secretary of the Church Federation, is a member of the executive committee on public relations, which Mr. Hays recently organized from various religious and civic organizations to aid him in putting the movies on a higher plane.

His letter, besides raising the point of why he was not consulted, declared that "unfortunately the impression has gained ground that this is due to pressure of financial interests invested in Arbuckle pictures."

Italian and Hungarian Fascisti Have Pact

Will Lend Military Aid to Each Other in Event of War With Jugo-Slovakia

PRAGUE, Dec. 23.—Official circles here are surprised over the discovery of an alleged secret military convention between the Italian and Hungarian Fascisti, whereby the factions will lend military aid to each other in the event of war with Jugo-Slavakia. It is even reported that the pact has been sanctioned by the Hungarian and Italian Governments, and to this is added a rumor that the Italian Government is supplying war material to the Hungarian Fascisti.

Free State Private Is Shot By Civilians

DUBLIN, Dec. 23.—An unarmed Free State private named Fitzgerald was shot today by two civilians at Granbrow. Otherwise the Dublin vicinity was absolutely quiet.

Refugees in Streets of Salonica



With Hordes of Refugees on the Way to or in Salonica, Near East Relief Workers Are Making Superhuman Efforts to Care for Them.

Sign Peace Pledge To Leave Irish Jail In Time for Christmas

DUBLIN, Dec. 23.—Nearly three hundred prisoners have been released in the past fortnight, it was stated at Free State military headquarters today. Although the majority of them were given their freedom in the last few days, it was in nowise a Christmas arrangement.

The course of signing a pledge not to bear arms against the Government had been open to all prisoners for a considerable time, the officials said, but the approach of the holidays induced many of the Republican prisoners to abandon their idea of armed activity. Owing to previous experience with liberated persons breaking their promises, the military authorities made a careful investigation of every case before granting release.

TWELVE SOLDIERS DIE IN TRAIN ACCIDENT

Hundred Others Injured When Spanish Military Train Crashes Into Freight Cars

VALENCIA, Spain, Dec. 23.—Twelve members of the Viscaya regiment were killed, including the commander, Col. Canabate, and more than one hundred others were injured when a military train out of control ran down a deep grade to a disastrous collision near Ontentiente station.

The regiment was on its way home from manoeuvres when the train bearing it stopped on an upgrade because the signals were against it. As the train halted the brakes failed to work and the train started backward down the slope. It quickly picked up speed and dashed into a freight train standing on a siding near the station. Two cars of the military train were completely wrecked.

Twenty of those injured are in a serious condition. The Government's railroad experts are investigating the cause of the disaster.

HAMMER MURDERER SUSPECT AT LARGE

Police of Canada and United States Search for Man Charged With Brutal Crime at Winnipeg

WINNIPEG, Dec. 23.—John Stanton, who is charged with the murder of John Penny, who was killed with a clawhammer last Monday night at his home here, was still at liberty today, although both United States and Canadian police are searching for him. The four persons who are charged with aiding and abetting Stanton to rob Penny did not appear in court today. The police would not divulge the reason for the delay in the proceedings.

Congratulates Governor On Fight Against Klan

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Mayor Hylan today wired Governor Parker of Louisiana his hearty congratulations on "your bold, vigorous fight against the Ku Klux Klan," which he characterised as a "slimy brood of venomous reptiles, squirming in an invisible empire."

"I believe," said the message, "that every men and woman, regardless of race, creed or color, owes you an undying debt of gratitude for your heroic American fight to end the infamous outrages to which the members of the Ku Klux Klan will respond in their nefarious schemes to overawe the courts, seize the reins of government and trample upon the constitutional rights of the people."

Death Is Announced Of Oriental Scholar

BERLIN, Dec. 23.—The death at Tangenschwalbach Hesse Nassau, of Professor Frederich Delitzsch, the noted Assyriologist, was announced today.

Prof. Delitzsch, who was 72 years old, was one of the best known of Europe's scholars in Oriental research and was the author of works in this field, the outcome of his investigations and explorations.

NINETY-NINE ASSIGNMENTS

OTTAWA, Dec. 23.—The Canada Gazette this week contains 99 notices of assignments of business firms under the Bankruptcy Act.

CHRISTMAS WORN OUT, COMMUNISTS DECLARE

Celebrations in Russia Beginning January 8 Eliminate Santa Claus, Carols, Religious Ceremonies

MOSCOW, Dec. 23.—Santa Claus is apt to find Christmas little to his liking in the principal cities and towns of Soviet Russia this year; in fact, to the young communists he will be "persona non grata."

Members of thet organization, contending that Christmas and St. Nicholas both are wornout myths, have announced that the celebration of the Russian Christmas, beginning January 8, will be marked by a series of elaborate carnivals in which Santa Claus will be assigned no part. They have further decided that the singing of Christmas carols will be dispensed with and that the figure of an angel may not be displayed on a Christmas tree appearing in public.

Torchlight Processions

Instead, the celebration plans call for torchlight processions, masked balls, dinner and gay theatre parties, together with various other forms of amusement, designed to suppress and offset any religious ceremonies. The young communists contend that Christmas legends have fooled children and their elders long enough and that everyone should know better.

REBUILD BASILICA ON FORMER LINES

Original Plans of Destroyed Quebec Church Drawn Up in 1744 Are Still in Existence

QUEBEC, Dec. 23.—The reconstruction of the Basilica on its former lines has been decided upon by the Roman Catholic Church authorities. The original plans of M. Delery, a French architect, drawn up in 1744, are in existence still, and will be used.

The new building will, however, be fireproof in every respect.

CHRISTMAS LIQUOR IN AMERICA SEIZED

Apartment Houses Raided and Stocks of Lawyers, Citizens and Legislators Taken

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Whispered charges that bootleggers ply their trade without restriction under the dome of the capitol of the United States and number among their customers some of the nation's foremost legislators, were recognized today by Senator Curtis of Kansas, chairman of the rules committee, who ordered the capitol police to arrest any bootlegger who ventured to trade in the capitol, irrespective of who interceded for him.

President Harding had before him today a letter from Representative Upshaw, Democrat, urging him to issue a Christmas proclamation calling on citizens and officials to respect the prohibition laws.

The holiday bootlegging season in Washington is beginning to feel the results of the concern recently expressed by the president and members of the cabinet at the disregard for the prohibition law. Chases of bootleggers through the streets of the capital with resulting automobile smashups and injuries to bystanders have become frequent. One of the latest raids was on a high-priced apartment house in the exclusive Dupont Circle neighborhood, where more than $6,000 of Christmas liquor was seized, with a list of names of customers, which the police said included leading lawyers, citizens and legislators.

Moving Picture Czar Determined to Give Arbuckle New Chance

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 23.—Flat refusal to reconsider his decision granting Roscoe Arbuckle a chance to return to the films was contained in a message today from Mr. Will H. Hays, chief of the moving picture industry, to the session of the West Lake Presbyterian Church and various Los Angeles pastors who have protested against any further screening of Arbuckle comedies.

Mr. Hays' message to the churchmen closes with: "Kindest personal regards and best wishes for a happy Christmas for you all."

No Issue on Tuesday

Owing to Christmas Day falling on Monday, there will be no issue of this newspaper on Tuesday morning.

GOES TO AMERICA ON IRISH BEHALF

Sir Horace Plunkett on Six Weeks' Visit—Will Inquire Into Agricultural Efforts

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 23.—Sir Horace Plunkett sailed today on the Adriatic for a six weeks' visit to Washington and other American cities in behalf of the Irish Government. Sir Horace, who for many years has been interested in agricultural subjects, having held a number of official positions in that connection, will inquire especially into agricultural efforts in the United States.

Mere Formality Says The Duke of Leinster

Proceedings in Bankruptcy Court to Clear Status of Huge Estate He Recently Inherited

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Maurice Fitzgerald, the Duke of Leinster, who is hereditary King of Ireland, declared that bankruptcy proceedings announced from London which have begun against him, merely constitute a formality by which the financial status of the huge estate which he inherited ten months ago will be cleared. He said he was not worried by his third entry into the bankruptcy courts.

LOCATE MOUNTAIN PEAK OUT AT SEA

DESTROYERS MAKE DISCOVERIES OFF CALIFORNIA

Vast Rock Ten Thousand Feet High Rises Close to Surface From Ocean Floor Off San Diego

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Dec. 23.—The floor of the ocean off the California coast has not been disrupted within recent years by earthquakes or volcanic disturbances.

A mountain peak, hitherto uncharted, exists one hundred miles southwest of San Diego.

These are two highly important discoveries made by the United States destroyers Hull and Corey, which have just completed charting 12,000 square miles of ocean bottom by means of a new sounding device, according to an announcement by Lieut.-Commander S. Helm, commander of the expedition.

By means of this new sounding device it was discovered that, contrary to general belief, earthquakes and volcanic disturbances during the past few years have had no effect upon the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. Through this device it was also learned that at a spot one hundred miles southwest of San Diego there is only 370 fathoms of water, whereas present charts record the depth at this spot as being 2,000 fathoms. By means of the new sounding device it was learned that a peak 9,780 feet high is located at this spot. The area covered by the destroyers was from Cape Descanzo, thirty miles south of the Coronado Islands, to the Farralone Islands, off San Francisco, and extending from the 100 to the 2,000-fathom curve line. The two destroyers steamed 5,500 miles in plotting their soundings, maintaining an average speed of twelve knots an hour while the sounding device was in operation. Officers of the warships report that the device worked rapidly and with great accuracy.

Mutilated Bodies Believed to Be Work Of White Robed Band

MER ROUGE, La., Dec. 23. — The wire-bound and mutilated bodies of two men recovered yesterday in Lake La Fourche by state troops, believed to be those of Watt Daniels and Thomas Richards, who disappeared after being kidnapped by masked and white-robed men last August, were further identified today when viewed by Richards' widow, J. L. Daniels, aged father of Watt, and a score of other relatives and friends.

Vault Broken Open by Washington Bandits

EVERETT Wash., Dec. 23.—Yeggs who broke into the Granite Falls State Bank this morning drilled open the vault and broke open sixteen safety deposit boxes. Two hundred dollars of bank money and stocks, bonds and other negotiable paper, the exact amount of which will not be determined until full check has been made with the box owners.

BANDIT GETS PAYROLL

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—One of two bandits waited in the entrance of the Heco Envelope Company's building today and snatched a payroll satchel containing $3,000 from Miss Marion Pickerell, cashier. He escaped in an automobile driven by an accomplice.

Opens Opposition on Plan Breaking U. S. Policy of Isolation

Calling of Conference of Nations in Washington Would Dump Into America's Lap the Economic Ills of Europe and the Reparations Muddle, Says California Senator

MORE OBJECTIONS EXPECTED WHEN SENATE REASSEMBLES

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—The proposal of Senator Borah, Republican, of Idaho, for an economic and disarmament conference to be called by President Harding was assailed tonight by Senator Johnson, Republican, of California, who said in a public statement that the plan would "dump into America's lap the economic ills of Europe and the reparations muddle." Senator Johnson's statement was the first outward evidence of a breach in the ranks of the Senate "irreconcilables" over the Borah proposal now pending on an amendment to the naval appropriation bill.

Will Fight Proposal

Senators Borah and Johnson were steadfast allies throughout the long fight against the League of Nations and on many questions of foreign and domestic policy they have acted together. Others of the irreconcilable group were reported tonight to be opposed to Senator Borah's amendment which is to come before the Senate when it reassembles next Wednesday, and Senator Johnson's public attack was interpreted as meaning that Senator Borah had not consulted with colleagues before offering the proposal.

Against Debt Cancellation

Senator Watson discussed the amendment with the President today, but said he did not learn Mr. Harding's position. After his White House visit, the Indiana Senator said he would not support the amendment in its present form, but would favor "reservation," declaring against cancelling Europe's debts to America, and also against commitments under the Treaty of Versailles.

Democratic Support

The Democratic position on the plan also is in the making. Most of the Democrats have been expected to give it their support, although some have said privately they believed a European economic conference in this country would be impractical. In other Democratic quarters the Borah plan is hailed as an endorsement of the Democratic position for American co-operation in European settlements.

Other Conferences

Prolonged discussion of the Borah and similar amendments is predicted generally. Senator King, Democrat, of Utah, has a conference amendment pending, and the bill already contains a house provision requesting the President to call another naval limitation conference to deal with small vessels and aircraft not regulated by the Washington Naval Treaty. The statement issued by Senator Johnson tonight declared that what Senator Borah had proposed was in reality an abandonment of "the traditional policy of America."

Guilty of Bad Faith

"An economic parley," said Senator Johnson, "of necessity must consider not only present conditions in Europe, but the debts due to us, and, of course, the reparations due from Germany. We are to invite the interested nations to discuss these subjects in order to arrive at understandings and agreements with mental reservations to take no part in the ultimate solution; we would be guilty of a species of bad faith, of which America has never been guilty and which Americans cannot tolerate.

Abandon Traditional Policy

"If we bring the nations of the earth here to Washington to such a conference we will dump into America's lap the economic ills of Europe and the reparations muddle. If officially we sit down with the other nations who meet at our invitation and reach an understanding and agreement, we are in honor bound to carry out and execute that agreement, and the very instant we undertake to carry out an agreement to enforce reparations, that instant we abandon the traditional policy of America. We become a part of the European scheme of things, and we enter upon that course from which we have so recently escaped and which our people so overwhelmingly repudiated."

GENEROUS GIFT FOR JUBILEE HOSPITAL

Mr. Joseph Sayward Drops Cheque for $5,000 Into Board of Directors' Christmas Stocking

The Jubilee Hospital board of directors were as gleeful as a small boy yesterday when they peaped in the Christmas stocking they have so diligently hung out for many years past at this season and found a cheque for $5,000 staring them in the face. It was from Mr. Joseph Sayward, who in his accompanying note of Yuletide greetings modestly hoped "that it might be of some assistance in the erection of the new hospital."

"Which, needless to say, it will be," declared Mr. Charles Williams, chairman of the finance committee, in declaring the glad tidings to The Colonist. The whole board is greatly appreciative of Mr. Sayward's generous action, and particularly thankful for the seasonable suggestion which it may offer to other citizens who are in a position to do likewise.

"We are just waiting to acknowledge further gifts," stated Mr. George McGregor, president of the board. "This is the first Christmas gift of such generous proportions that we have received, and we are indeed grateful to Mr. Sayward. When the public realises that the directors are ready to accept such gifts we shall be able to proceed forthwith with the completion of the building."

Mr. Sayward's gift was entirely unsolicited and has no strings attached. It will be applied to the hospital building fund. Tenders have been called for the plastering, carpentering and other finishing work in connection with the new building. Until these figures are available, the board cannot arrive at any proper estimate of the amount required to complete the new structure, but even without any figures the finance committee, Mr. Williams assures The Colonist, is quite aware that there will be a big deficit unless the public promptly emulates the very fine example of the generous donor of the $5,000.

SAYS NO REVOLUTION THREATENS IN GREECE

Complete Calm Prevails Throughout Kingdom Is Statement of the Greek Legation

LONDON, Dec. 23.—The Greek Legation denies reports today that Athens is on the verge of a counter revolution, attributing them to "an anti-patriotic attempt by a handful of constitutionalists to discredit the revolution abroad."

The Legation said there was complete calm throughout the Kingdom.

"Long Live Republic" Cry Creates Disorder In Hungarian Assembly

BUDAPEST, Dec. 23.—Cries of "Long live the Republic" were raised by the Socialist and opposition deputies in the National Assembly today during discussion of the coming centenary of the birth of Sandor Petofi, Hungary's greatest lyric poet, who played an important part in the Kossuth revolution of 1848-49.

The cries were the signal for disorder, the Government deputies storming the opposition benches, shouting: "Hungary is still a Kingdom; we will suppress in blood any attempts for a Republic."

New Proprietor of Chatham Daily News

CHATHAM, Ont., Dec. 23.—The announcement was made this morning that the good will and plant of The Chatham Daily News, also the weekly Banner News, together with the job printing and bindery, has been acquired by Mr. W. J. Taylor, publisher of The Woodstock Sentinel-Review. The formal transfer will take place on January 1. Mr. Taylor will continue his Woodstock publications.

Soviet Unification Is On Agenda of Congress

MOSCOW, Dec. 23.—Unification of all the Soviet Federated Republic, with the capital at Moscow, is one of the principal questions on the agenda of the All-Russian Congress, which opened here today.

The proposal for unification originated in the Ukraine with a view to centralization of Government affairs in Moscow, which now controls the military, finance, railroad, food and foreign affairs, while the republics govern the local matters only.

Among the delegates from all parts of the country are 130 from the Far Eastern republic. The congress will last about a week.

A Merry Christmas and Prosperous New Year To All

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I take this opportunity to thank my patrons for their kind patronage during the past year, and to wish them a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.
CHARLIE BO
Junior
713 Pandora Avenue

Civil and Military Offenders Pardoned

ROME, Dec. 23.—The amnesty decree just signed by King Victor Emmanuel covers all civil or military crimes connected with the national movements or aims, or also crimes caused by disturbances due to economic or social causes, with the exception of those for which imprisonment for more than three years had been imposed. It does not apply to offences committed for exclusively personal motives.

MINISTER OF FINANCE SAILS ON JANUARY 6

Has Had Number of Interviews With Different Departments of Imperial Government

LONDON, Dec. 23.—Hon. W. S. Fielding, Canadian Minister of Finance, according to present arrangements, hopes to sail for Canada on January 6. This week he had a number of interviews with different departments of the Imperial Government, and has resumed discussions on matters in which the Dominion and Great Britain are interested.

Hon. J. A. Robb, Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, who has been in Australia for some time negotiating a reciprocal treaty agreement between Canada and Australia, is not expected to reach England until some time in January.

MUSICAL SERVICES

In connection with the special music at Christ Church Cathedral today at evensong, at 7 o'clock, the choir will render Maunder's anthem "Christians Awake, Salute the Happy Morn," with solo by Master Stanley Stanier.

The following carols will be sung by the choir and congregation: "See Amid the Winter's Snow," "First Noel," "Holy Night," "In Excelsis Gloria," "Good Christian Men Rejoice," etc. Also Mr. Tom Kelway will sing two arias from "The Messiah, "Comfort Ye My People" and "Every Valley Shall Be Exalted."

EX-KAISER PLANS BIG CHRISTMAS FETE

Also Trades in Photographs of Recent Wedding by Selling English and American Rights

DOORN, Holland, Dec. 23.—The former German Emperor has sold to a London and New York company the rights in what he describes as the first official photograph of his recent wedding. The price paid was $10,000. The picture shows the former Kaiser in the uniform of a field marshal. Princess Hermione is wearing the famous diadem, the wedding gift of her husband.

It is understood that the ex-Kaiser was considerably annoyed when he learned of the profits that had been made from the sale of his portrait by unofficial and unauthorised photographers, and this consideration, together with a desire to augment his income, induced him to make the sale.

Elaborate and extensive preparations are being made at Doorn Castle for the Christmas season.

POPE MAY CALL A RALLY OF CHURCHES

Possible Meeting in Rome Next Jubilee Year, 1924, Is Mentioned in Papal Encyclical

ROME, Dec. 23.—The probability that the Pope will call a meeting of the entire Catholic Church in Rome during the next Jubilee year was announced in the Papal encyclical issued today. Such a meeting would be a continuation of the Ecumenical Council which was held in Rome in 1870.

Pope Pius' encyclical recalls the recent conflicts in Italy and the efforts of the church to quiet them. Among the peaceful events of recent years it calls attention to the 28th International Eucharistic Congress and the great religious manifestation attendant upon the transportation of the Image from Rome to Loretta.

Present World Evils

The letter, enumerating present world evils which it says are caused by a greediness of material things, says that the remedy is chiefly to be found in a return to Christ, which means peace, justice and love among all peoples, respect for order and authority and combatting materialism, as well as teaching true democracy and brotherhood.

Meeting in Rome

Pope Pius announces the probability of his summoning a meeting of the entire episcopality of the world in Rome in the course of a preaching jubilee year as a continuation of the Ecumenical Council at the Vatican held in 1870.

The Pontiff praises efforts at universal pacification. He condemns divorce, modern dances and immodest fashion. He expresses the hope that all those who are still outside the Church of Christ may enter it. The Pope says he is encouraged in this hope by the fact that nearly all the states of the world have entered into relations with the apostolic See. He regrets that Italy, his country and the seat of the papacy, is not among these, and protests against the situation of the holy See in this country which, he says, has nothing to fear from it.

Jubilee in 1924

The encyclical ends with an exhortation to prayer and with the bestowal of the apostolic benediction.

The Jubilee Year is observed in the Catholic Church every 25th year, the last ordinary jubilee was observed in 1900, beginning on the eve of Christmas, 1899, and ending Christmas Eve, 1900, the next Jubilee Year is due to begin on the evening of December 24, 1924, continuing until Christmas, 1925.

RUSSIAN COMMUNIST MEMBERSHIP DROPS

MOSCOW, Dec. 23.—The membership of the Communist party has dropped from 560,970 to 422,276, according to a statement published in the Moscow Isvestia. It is reckoned that 46.5 per cent of the members are industrial workers; 25 per cent peasants; 24.2 per cent Government employees, while 4.3 per cent are gathered from various classes.

The central committee of the Russian Communist Party has published the number of Communists in the Red Army on October 1, 1922. The percentage has fallen from 12 to 8.3 per cent in a year. The number of so-called "cells," or units, of the Communist army organization is given at 4,732. Each "cell" averages about seven members, so that the Communists in the Red Army number about 33,000.

The largest percentage of Communists is in the special detachments of the cavalry, while the smallest percentage falls to the irregular cavalry.

The smallest atom known is the atom of hydrogen gas.

Removes Warts

"ENGLISHWOMAN" writes to the *Montreal Star*:
"I read a letter in your paper asking for a remedy for warts, and as I found one that took an ugly one off the side of my forehead I will give it to you. I had a bottle of Minard's Liniment in the house that I use for rheumatism, and casually reading directions I saw it was a good thing for corns and warts, so being so simple I tried it. Just dab it on with the cork two or three times a day letting it dry on. Well it all went away in about two weeks, dried up and came off by degrees.
"Another also appeared on my cheek but so large, but I applied the same remedy and could pick it off like the other."
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT
YARMOUTH, N.S.

CANADIANS' THANKS TO POSTOFFICE WORKERS

Through Their Devotion to Duty and Toil That Spirit of Christmas Is Diffused Through Land

OTTAWA, Dec. 23.—Hon. Charles Murphy, Postmaster-General of Canada, has sent the following Christmas message to the postal workers of the Dominion: "At this season of the year the public realizes that it is through your devotion to duty and your unremitting toil that the spirit of the age-old message, 'Peace on earth, goodwill amongst men,' is diffused throughout the land.

"Allow me, then, to give voice to the gratitude of your fellow-Canadians by wishing each of you a Merry Christmas. And with all of you let me join in repeating the words of Tiny Tim, 'God bless us everyone.'"

SIX NATION INDIANS' TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP

Produce Old Wampum Belt to Back Up Claim to Title to Reservation in Ontario

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—An old wampum belt, just discovered among the relics at the museum of the American Indians, will figure prominently in the appeal of the Six Nations of Ontario to the League of Nations for intervention to save them from alleged encroachment by the Canadian Government.

From Dutch Settler

The belt was found by Deskaheh, chief of the Six Nations, in a search for historical data to back up the claim that they hold title to a reservation in Ontario from King George III. It was presented by the Indians years ago to Volkert P. Douw, a Dutch settler, as a consolence upon the death of his daughter. While it does not figure directly in the case against Canada it will be cited as an evidence of mutual friendship between the Indians and the people of The Netherlands, whose government has been asked to bring the Indian claim before the League of Nations.

LAUSANNE VINEYARDS GIVE WAY TO HOTELS

Swiss Resort, Where Near East Conference Is in Session, Bids for Fame as Conference City

LAUSANNE, Dec. 23.—In ancient times Lausanne was a series of vineyards scattered along the jagged foothills overlooking Lake Leman. The vineyards have given way to immense resort hotels and boarding schools, among which winding roads loop the loop, and cog railways afford transportation to folks who are in a hurry.

Winding Streets

Delegates to the Lausanne conference have discovered that whenever one wants to go anywhere in Lausanne, one starts in the opposite direction and is liable to recross his path several times before arriving at his destination. There is no such thing as a straight street line in Lausanne. Things which are not curved are angular. Even the bridges which span the numerous ravines are seldom straight. Streets, churches, houses and parks are scattered over the irregular heights in a helter-skelter manner which gives the city great charm, but is maddening to newspaper correspondents and delegates who lack the mountain climbing ability of a chamois and find it necessary to visit the scattered delegations and conference centres.

On Mountainside

Lausanne's chief business centre is located about half way up the mountainside and adjoins the Casino, where the opening session of the conference was held. The Turkish and French delegations live at the Palace Hotel, which is on the same level with the Casino. Also the main telegraph office is on this level. But the Americans, British and Italians live on the lake shore, near the Hotel du Chateau, where the meetings of commissions are held. This is probably half a mile from the Casino, as the crow flies, but the winding roadways run the taxicab meters up to two miles, and no stranger can find his way without a guide.

The Greks, Russian, Bulgarian and other minor delegations are scattered at different levels between the heart of the city and the shoreline. Many of their hotels are far from cog railways and tramlines. Consequently Alpenstocks and hobnailed boots are in great demand among newspaper men who must keep in touch with the far-flung delegations.

In Secluded Hotels

New delegations are being discovered almost daily in secluded hotels tucked away in mountain groves at resorts miles from Lausanne. Montreux, Territet, Vevey and other resort towns along the lakeshore within twenty miles of Lausanne are the seats of all sorts of would-be delegations from Egypt, Arabia, Mesopotamia and other distant lands which are holding rump conventions and forwarding protests to the general secretariat, which never get publicity.

Jealous of Rivals

Lausanne is in great dread of all these rival meetings. There is constant fear that some other point on the lake may manage to capture a treaty signing, and rob Lausanne of the right to attach its name to whatever documents may be agreed upon in the conference. Rapollo's capture of the treaty between the Germans and the Russians at Genoa is fresh in the minds of the loyal citizens of Lausanne.

TO REFORM BANK

MADRID, Dec. 23.—Negotiations for the reformation of a Spanish bank in New York have been virtually completed, according to the newspaper Economist. The new institution, the paper says, will be named the Spanish Transatlantic Bank and will work under the American laws, in connection with the Federal reserve system.

The majority of the capital is to be furnished by the Companie Transatlantica, the Banco Espanol de Credito and the Banco Hispano Colonial, while the balance will be provided by an American financial group.

SETS OPENING DATE OF MOTOR HIGHWAY

Last Link of Six Hundred-Mile Scenic Tour Through Western Canada Ready June, 1923

OTTAWA, Dec. 23.—The official opening of the Banff-Windermere motor highway through the Canadian Rockies has been set for June 30, 1923, it was announced today by the Commissioner of Canadian National Parks. On that date the last link in the great six hundred-mile scenic tour through Western Canada and the United States will be thrown open to traffic, making the national parks of the two countries accessible for motorists from Mexico to Western Canada.

Ceremony at Vermillion

The opening ceremonies will take place at Vermillion, the crossing point on the road midway between Banff, Alta., and Windermere, B.C. The road is built through the heart of the Rockies, 73 miles of it being through virgin mountain and forest country, and crossing two mountain passes. The main range of the Rocky Mountains is crossed via Vermillion Pass, 5,060 feet in height. The grades, however, are remarkably low, the average being three per cent, with the maximum being four hundred feet, or nine per cent.

By B.C. Government

The new highway is 93 miles long, of which the thirty miles lying in Rocky Mountain Park previously had been constructed by the parks branch, and another ten miles by the British Columbia Government. The road gives a standard wheelway of sixteen feet surfaced with screen gravel. The average cost of the highway built by the parks branch was $7,700 a mile, though in the heaviest construction, which included rock cuts from 40 to 50 feet high, the cost reached $27,000 per mile.

WIRELESS AMATEURS ARE GIVEN ADVICE

Local Enthusiast Tells How Interference From Spark Stations Can Be Reduced

Methods by which interference from local spark stations can be alleviated are set out in the following article contributed to The Colonist by one of the local amateur radio enthusiasts:

Many radio amateurs who complain of interference from local spark stations may improve the selectivity of their receiving sets by overhauling the ground system. In many cases the earth connection consists of water pipes; these have a fair amount of surface, but possess a rather high resistance to the passage of radio frequency currents. If a variation of primary tape or the primary condenser in a set makes little or no difference to signals from some station it is usually due to a high resistance ground. A point should be found where the primary circuit is in tune with the secondary within a limited number of degrees on the condenser scale or inductance switch. To remedy this broadness of tuning several No. 14 or larger wires, the same length as the aerial, should be buried underneath it at least a foot deep. These wires are joined at one end and a lead brought up to the set and used in place of the regular ground. Signal strength may be slightly decreased, but it will be made up for by greater selectivity in tuning.

Owners of spark stations will do well to improve their transmitters if interference is to be reduced to a minimum. The transmitter may be improperly tuned. That is the wave length radiated by the power-making circuit may be a little different to the wave length of the open oscillatory or aerial circuit. When this is the case the resultant wave radiated will be broad and difficult to tune out. The distance between the two coils of the oscillation transformer may be too small and energy from the secondary is retransferred to the primary. The magnetic lines of force change, the wave length is increased and decreased and a short and long wave is radiated, known as a double-humped wave. This broad wave is hard to do away with when a plain spark gap is used, due to the metallic particles remaining in the air between the gap.

If the ground system has too high a resistance the waves in a wave train will be highly damped and the transmitter will emit an interfering wave. Again, if the transmitter is using high power or if it is fairly close the oscillations from it may strike the receiving aerial with great strength and it will be heard on many different waves and will be hard to eliminate. Once an amateur knows his set and its various peculiarities he can accomplish wonders in tuning out undesired signals, but this takes a long time usually.

Parks Airplane Like Ordinary Automobile

PARIS, Dec. 23.—Aviator Becheler today introduced the airplane into the already complicated traffic problem of Paris when he visited the air station in a little tourists' machine, crossing the Champs Elysees only forty feet from the ground, and landing exactly opposite the entrance to the exhibition.

The police saw him coming and stopped all traffic to prevent an accident. Then as Becheler folded the wings of his airplane and pushed it against the curb like an automobile, they served him with notice to appear in court on a charge of violating the ordinance against flying low over the city.

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ISLAND SAWMILLS PRODUCE HEAVILY

Big Increase Over Last Year's Output Reported by Operators—Better Prices Predicted

Vancouver Island's lumber production this year will amount to approximately 330,000,000 feet, according to the preliminary estimates of the principal sawmills. This shows an increase of about 50,000,000 feet over last year.

The biggest single producer, as usual, will be the Victoria Lumber & Manufacturing Company, of Chemainus, with an output for the year amounting to 42,000,000 feet. The Canadian Puget Sound Lumber & Timber Company, of Victoria, will rank second, with 32,000,000 feet, and the Cameron Lumber Company, Victoria, and the Genoa Bay Lumber Company, of Genoa Bay, both owned and operated by the Cameron interests, of Victoria, will stand third and fourth respectively, with an annual production of 26,000,000 and 24,000,000 feet. The Straits Lumber Company, which operates a mill at Sahoose Bay, will have an output of approximately 24,000,000 feet.

Nearly all the mills of British Columbia are now shut down for their annual overhaul, and operations will not be resumed again until late in January, in the majority of cases.

The Alberni-Pacific Lumber Company reports an output for the year amounting to 23,000,000 feet, which is considerably heavier than usual. The Sidney Mills, Ltd., also broke previous records, with an output of 22,000,000.

Car Service Better

The car shortage has been substantially relieved, the mills on the line of the C.P.R. and its subsidiaries being well provided for, although some of the mills located on the Canadian National report difficulty in getting adequate space for Eastern shipments.

The Sidney Mills, for instance, which has to depend on the Canadian National system, has been restricted to only three cars a week, whereas it could use as many as twelve, there being a market for all the lumber that can be put on the rails.

The outlook for the lumber industry next year is decidedly bright. This has been a year of unusually heavy production, but prices have been far from satisfactory, and many of the mills which have been producing steadily all year will be unable to report a margin of profit. The Atlantic seaboard, buying by way of the Panama Canal, has been the salvation of the industry this year, just as Japan was a year ago. During the last few weeks there has been a brisk mid-continent demand, although the Canadian prairies will not start buying until the thaw commences.

Australia has placed some large orders in the British Columbia market lately, and indications are that the export business will be much improved all round next year, with better prices ruling.

PETITION ALONE CAN PROCURE REFERENDA

Saanich Council Informed of Procedure Required to Get Vote on School Matters

The Saanich Council has no power to submit the referenda requested by the Saanich School Board on three different questions unless a petition, signed by at least one-fifth of the electors of the municipality, is received.

This was the information contained in a letter from the municipal solicitors received by the Council at its meeting yesterday afternoon. It was decided to so inform the School Board.

The questions which the trustees desire to have placed before the ratepayers at the January elections were those of High School fees, payment by each ward of its own education costs, and election of trustees by wards.

The Board has already decided that if the legal opinion received by the Council was to the effect that a petition was required, it would ask the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council to give authority for the submission of the referenda without petition owing to the great difficulty of securing the necessary number of signatures.

MR. ALEX. W. STAPLES DEPARTS FOR SOUTH

Popular Victorian Will Enter Business in Los Angeles—Promoted Canadianism While Here

Mr. Alexander W. Staples, a well-known and popular Victorian, leaves this morning on the SS. Ruth Alexander for Los Angeles, where he will join three of his brothers and will probably continue his legal work. During his eighteen years of residence in this city Mr. Staples has gained a wide circle of friends, who will regret to learn of his departure for the South.

Born in Canada, Mr. Staples has long been identified with organizations that have helped to foster Canadian ideals and institutions in the Dominion. He was one of the founders and a charter member of Victoria Assembly, No. 1, Native Sons of Canada, and is the Grand Second Vice-President of the Grand Council of the Native Sons of Canada. He has always proved to be an energetic worker in promoting the cause of Canadianism in the communities in which he has lived.

On his arrival in Victoria some years ago, Mr. Staples studied law with Mr. W. J. Taylor, K. C., to whom he was articled. He was called to the bar in 1913 and two years ago he started practice here, his offices being located in the Union Bank Building, where he has made steady progress in the legal profession.

Mr. Staples has taken a keen interest in federal, provincial and municipal politics while living in Victoria, and he is at present the first vice-president of the Victoria and District Liberal Association, having for several years been secretary of that organization. He is also conductor of the Liberal orchestra, which gained many compliments by its efficient playing. He is a member of Camosun Lodge, A. F. & A. M.

The state of Kentucky recently purchased the house in which Stephen Foster wrote "My Old Kentucky Home," paying $50,000.

REGULATIONS FOR SALMON FISHERIES

Report of Commission Will Not Affect Operations for Coming Year—Number of Licences

A Vancouver dispatch says: Telegraphic advice has today been received from the Marine Department at Ottawa to the effect that no action will be taken on the Fisheries Commission report that will affect next season's operations and that the existing regulations and policy, including the reduction in Oriental licences, decided upon and advised through the press last August, will govern the industry during the season of 1923. As far as the reduction in the number of licences which will be issued for the season 1923 to other than resident white British subjects or Canadian Indians is concerned, the following will obtain:

Salmon Gill-Nets: District No. 1, 15 per cent; District No. 2, Naas River, 10 per cent; Skeena River, 10 per cent; Rivers Inlet and Smith's Inlet, 50 per cent; all other portions of this district, 15 per cent; District No. 8, 15 per cent.

Salmon Trolling — The reduction will be 50 per cent of the number issued for the season 1922, which equals another third of the number issued in 1921.

Herring Purse-Seines and Gill-Nets —The reduction in the number of these licences will be a general one of 15 per cent of the number issued in 1922.

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL HAS BREAKING UP

Annual Prize Giving Brings Parents and Friends Together—Bishop of Columbia Presides

The annual Christmas "breaking up" of Collegiate School took place on Tuesday night last, the big gymnasium being crowded with parents and other friends of the boys. The Lord Bishop of Columbia presided, and the annual prize giving ceremony opened with the reading of the school report by the headmaster, Mr. A. D. Muskett. The report spoke well of the progress of the school, both in studies and sports. The prizes were then distributed by the Bishop, after which His Lordship delighted the audience with an extremely interesting address. Cheers were given by the boys for the Bishop, for the headmaster and staff, and for "The Visitors."

Following the formal part of the programme the visitors were invited to the form rooms to partake of refreshments, and later the younger members of the gathering joined in a very jolly dance in the junior wing of the school.

Following is the prize list with the winner and the prize donor mentioned in that order in each case:

Upper Fourth—Maths., Osborn, Mrs. Savage. Form prize, Form IV, Archbold, Mrs. Phillips. Divinity, Phillips, The Bishop. History, Thorne, Mr. R. E. Honour. English, Deans 1, Miss Beedham. Languages, Archbold, Mr. G. W. Clinton. Maths., Archbold, Mrs. Ruttan.

Form prize, Form III—1, Ruttan I, Mr. P. F. Curtis; 2, Garrard, Mrs. T. O. Mackay; 3, Newbury, Mrs. S. F. Morley. Maths., Ruttan I, Mr. G. W. Clinton. Divinity, Garrard, Mr. R. E. Honour. English, Ruttan I, Mr. R. E. Honour. Neatness, Ruttan I, Mr. J. C. Newbury. Good conduct, Gilmour, Mrs. A. D. Muskett.

Form prize, Form II—1, Ruttan III, Mrs. G. Cook; 2, McMaster, Mrs. Dawley; 3, Wilson.

Form prize, Form I—1, Dunn II; 2, Rashleigh; 3, Butchart, Mr. R. G. L. Parker. Good conduct, Carmichael.

HON. DR. MACLEAN TO ADDRESS MEETING

Minister of Education Speaks at Annual Conference of B.C. Library Association This Week

The Hon. Dr. MacLean, Provincial Secretary and Minister of Education, will address the annual conference of the British Columbia Library Association which is being held at the Provincial Library, Parliament Buildings, on Thursday next. There will be three sessions, 9:30 a.m., 2:30 and 8 p.m. The following is the programme in detail, those who are to take part in the symposium of the evening session being Miss Wolfenden, Miss Marjorie Holmes, Miss M. B. Jones, Miss Woodworth (Vancouver), Rev. R. Connell and Mr. T. W. Cornett:

Presidential address, Mr. J. Hosie; business meeting, reports of committees, etc.; address by the Hon. Dr. MacLean, Provincial Secretary and Minister of Education; "The Provincial Archives," John Forsyth, Provincial Librarian and Archivist.

Afternoon session, 2:30 o'clock—"The Public Libraries Commission," Miss H. G. Stewart, librarian, Public Library, Victoria "The Work of the University Library of British Columbia," Miss Dorothy Jefferd, University Library, Vancouver; "The Library Situation in Canada Today," Herbert Killam, secretary, Public Library Commission, Victoria; "Shack Literature," John Hosie, Legislative Reference Clerk, Provincial Library, Victoria.

Evening session, 8 o'clock—"Some Thoughts About Victorianism," Professor G. G. Sedgewick, Associate Professor of English, University of British Columbia; symposium, "The book that gave me the greatest jolt this year."

CLYDE SHIPBUILDERS TWENTY PER CENT HIGH

LONDON, Dec. 23.—The recent statement by Lord Maclay, former Controller of Shipping, that the high estimates quoted by Clyde shipbuilders indicated inefficiency on the part of the Clyde shipworkers, has raised quite a storm. Lord Maclay has sent a letter to the secretary of the Independent Labor Party of Glasgow in reply to one received, and mentions that a few months ago Glasgow shipbuilders quoted over 20 per cent above the quotations of the northeast of England shipbuilders for extensive repairs to a steamer. He thinks the masters and men should give some reason why Clyde shipbuilders ask £150,000 more for building a battleship than is quoted by shipbuilders elsewhere.

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APPROVE DATE FOR WATER BOARD VOTE

Saanich Councillors Agree to Proposal That Municipalities Take Poll on February 10

Consent to the taking of the vote on the water board scheme on February 10 was given by the Saanich Council yesterday afternoon after hearing a letter from the Greater Victoria Committee asking approval of this date.

Councillor Horner thought that there would be insufficient time for an educational campaign, following the Saanich municipal elections. Reeve Watson thought that the month available would be sufficient.

The Council authorized the payment of the $250 which it agreed to contribute to the funds of the Greater Victoria Committee on condition that satisfactory legislation was secured.

The Transandean Railway, which connects Argentine and Chile, crosses the Andes at 10,530 feet above the sea.

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Sunday, December 24, 1922

CHRISTMASTIDE

There is always cause for happiness at Christmas. It is the children's time which the little ones look forward to all through the year. It is a time of all round merriment, for there are but few who can see children happy without being happy themselves. Christmas is the heart-opening period of the year. There is a greater spirit of comradeship abroad. Everywhere, in every Christian land, among the rich and the poor, there are special efforts put forth to make the season one of festivity. The great occasion in the world's history, of which Christmas is the anniversary, is brought home by a brief era of spontaneous peace and joy. It is, in short, the greatest festival of the human race.

There is no festival that has a more lasting effect than Christmas. It is the time when the old endeavor to become young again, when the middle-aged renew their childish enjoyments, when the children are the most important personages in a household. It is the season of home delights, when domestic felicity is at its highest. Much could be spared from the sum of human life but we could ill afford to do away with Christmas, for it is an annual tonic that would be sorely missed. In Christmas lies the hope and promise of a future, the assurance, in the peace that perpetuates a tremdous event, of the peace that is eternal. It is the time of high thoughts and noble resolves to all who call to mind the significance of the day.

When Christ set a little child among His disciples at Capernaum He drew from it the moral of the lesson of childish innocence and happiness. "Whosoever shall receive one of such children in My name, receiveth Me; and whosoever shall receive Me, receiveth not Me, but Him that sent Me." The message is clear and has finality. The natal day of the Babe of Bethlehem has been set aside for the children. It is the time of innocent amusement of happy childhood. The giving of presents on this anniversary comes down to us from the time when the Magi of the East brought their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to the Child who, when grown to manhood, said that it was of such as children that the Kingdom of God is composed. "Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein."

Tomorrow all can sit at the feet of the children and derive the thrill of pleasure from their innocent prattle, from their keen enjoyment, from their wholesome enthusiasm and from the knowledge that it takes so little to promote their happiness. There can be no higher reward to a clean consciousness than encouraging enjoyment for others. At no stage in life is gratitude so keenly displayed as in childhood. In entering into children's amusements and sharing their happiness we become clean-hearted and pure in thought. Keep innocency, for it is a pearl of great price. Learn the lesson from those who are innocent in thought and deed. The influence of the young, with their freedom from the corroding and carking cares of life, is an influence which should be cultivated, not only at this period of festivity but throughout the twelve months. It receives its sign manual at this festival, and therein, in some part, lies the significance of the anniversary, for it is the annual period when special emphasis is laid on the innocent pleasures of childhood and their potency for good in relaxing the mental tension of humanity. The influence of Christmas must never be allowed to wane, for there is darkness and strife, sorrow and suffering enough in this world of ours.

One more thought to leave with our readers. In the folk-lore of this immemorial Winter feast which was the origin of what we know as the Christmas celebration, we are told that it was the custom to commemorate the dead. Songs were sung in their honor; their healths were drunk; a share of the banquet was laid out for such as legendary history would have it might desire to revisit their earthly dwelling-places. In many a home, bereft by the Great War, there will be, this Christmastide, if only in the mind's vision, a share of the banquet so laid out. It will be the Benjamin's mess of the Christmas banquet of love and union. The loved ones who have gone before always have their place in the heart's shrine of most sacred memory. It is ever fitting to do them honor, and, especially so, because they gave us, by their sacrifice, happiness, pride and freedom as a joint Christmas gift. Tomorrow, because of all it stands for, through associations that can never pale in their significance, each Christmas dinner, no matter how frugal, will be a love feast. It is the children's day, the day of innocency, the day of remembrance; the day of forgetfulness, too, of the wrongs and sufferings of the past. It is the day when the unmuffled Christmas bells are the voices of our heart's gladness; when we can say with thankfulness and elation:

"God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay"

Christmas Thankfulness

By G. E. Altree Coley

The true spirit of Christmas is composed of two elements that are inseparable from each other—Sacrifice, which should give meaning to all giving, and Thankfulness, which should beautify all receiving. With the first aspect, the giving of gifts, we have been made sufficiently familiar by countless homilies. The other aspect too often is not only ignored but even tacitly avoided. It consorts ill with our pride to think of ourselves in the position of receivers.

Yet the spirit of thankfulness is essential to the enjoyment of Christmas, for of what use is the costliest gift if it is not received with appreciation? We all know something of the chill disappointment experienced upon finding that a gift has not given the pleasure we had designed. We all shrink from tendering gifts to the critically appraising friend whose appreciation of the gift is in proportion to its price. The generous giver must be met half-way by the generous receiver. Giving is one side of the coin, receiving the other side; one cannot exist without the other.

"Hunger is the best sauce," the old saying grimly asserts; but it is not. Thankfulness is better, and sweeter. With it the humblest meal is a feast, the smallest gifts delightful, the simplest pleasures reveals astonishing possibilities. No doubt such innocent estimates are scorned by the worldly-wise. But then the worldly-wise have neither part nor lot in Christmas. They ought to take a long nap, not as long as Rip Van Winkle's, just long enough to insure their escape from the Christmas season. The rest of the year and all its good times they may have—but not Christmas. That forever and irrevocably belongs to the childlike in heart.

Be Happy

Still, there are some who from an honest heart frankly wonder what there is in their lives to be specially thankful about. Let me assure them that their difficulty is due solely to the direction of their mental outlook. It is a common human failing. An ancient book of Eastern origin gives the correct mental treatment to be used against it. "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate." In other words, don't worry about the people who have more than you have, think of the people who have less. Instead of envying, as you rumble along in your snub-nosed car, the driver of a car that is like a small ocean liner, just think of the pedestrian who has no car at all. It will surprise you how much better you will feel. Why go on being unhappy when one can be happy for nothing? You can go further, and fairly hug yourself over your luck that you are not a Chinese coolie and not only have to walk but also carry a load.

Perhaps you have murmuringly queried, "I'd like to know why I can't have the good times Mrs. Croesus has?" It is quite as reasonable to ask, "Why am I not one of those homeless Greeks?" Two minutes of this mental exercise a day will be worth more to you than a big legacy, for big as the legacy might be there is always room to wish that it was bigger, while a right-about-face in your mental outlook will guarantee happiness apart from any change in external circumstances. On the contrary, external things will change their appearance almost miraculously. After a brief glance at the chill world of penury one's own fireside becomes unbelievably snug, though it must be said that the good work is only half done if the thankful sense of contrast does not ripen into a desire to share its glow with those less fortunate than oneself.

Thankfulness

These reflections, it may be demurred, are very well, but the writer seems to have forgotten that it is only a few weeks ago that we observed a day specially set apart by Government for thanksgiving. I have not forgotten it, and the official appointment of the day is well done. When we compare our lot nationally not only with other nations at the present but also in the past we run no danger of being too grateful for our benefits. The danger lies in a false, strained morality that shuts its eyes to undoubted blessings lest their acknowledgment might seem to imply a partial and even unjust Providence who can so unequally distribute His favors. But such a view is possible only when the consciousness of privilege has been divorced from an equal recognition of responsibility, for this sense of responsibility towards others in less favored circumstances has always sprung from hearts most conscious of their blessings. The ungrateful heart is like the rock which receives rain and sunshine but which yields nothing in return.

But though Thanksgiving Day is an excellent institution, its associations and its very origin connote blessings of a more of less material character. It is relatively modern and its inception sprang from a comparatively trifling incident, though no doubt it acquired meaning of a more spiritual and enduring sort since the Puritan colonists filled it with significance borrowed from Christmas which had, from certain abuses of it, fallen into disrepute. The Puritan mind was far too conscious of its dependent humanity, far too nobly humble to remain without some acknowledged day for the expression of gratitude to the Unseen, and since Christmas was not permissible, Thanksgiving Day must do.

The Lesson of Christmas

It is with a right instinct, however, that mankind considers Christmas the superior festival. It is fraught with meaning as high as heaven, as deep as the uttermost need of man. The story of the birth of a little child, the manger, the gentle mother, the message to the shepherds, is all fraught with tenderest pathos. Yet the mysterious indications that this is no ordinary child, the strange pilgrimage of the wise men from the East, the splendid symbolism of their gifts, the angels' Gloria in Excelsis, Mary's song of exultation, Simeon's satisfied Nunc Dimittis surround the lovely story with a halo of divine effulgence.

It is this that makes the story supreme. It satisfies completely. There is not a need in all our complex nature that is not met by the Creator Who became man. The uneasy sense of inward sin is met by the assurance that He came to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. The central, essential loneliness of the human spirit flees before His presence. It is the revelation of a person both human and divine that captivates us. This is Browning's argument:

"The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face my hands fashioned, see it in myself.
Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
And thou must love Me who have died for thee!'"

This is the message of Christmas. There may be, even in our favored land, hearts crushed beneath well-nigh insupportable burdens, inevitably there are some whose loneliness is made more poignant by contrast with the joy of others. Yet even they are not shut out from joy. The Christmas spirit reveals Christ offering to them—even Himself. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable Gift!"

By the Way—

(Copyright, 1922, North American Newspaper Alliance.)

IT is because of the warm Chinook winds that cattle on the prairies of Alberta, Canada, can graze in the fields all Winter, a snowfall of a foot or more disappearing in a few hours before the warm, dry breath of the Chinook. Not all the warm winds of Montana and the regions north and south have their origin west of the Rockies. Various causes contribute to the formation of descending air, and when the descent is a number of thousands of feet, the winds resulting are always warm. Such winds blow over prairie regions west of the Missouri, but not always adjacent to the Rockies. Similar warm winds are known in other parts of the world, as in Switzerland, where they are called Fohn winds.

Cattle Graze in Alberta Fields All Winter

A Christmas Thought—"Following the Star"

(Contributed)

Doctor Harlow Shapiy, Director of the Harvard College Observatory at Cambridge, Mass., in his lecture before the Royal Astronomical Society at Ottawa a few weeks ago, paid a glowing tribute to the work of the Dominion Observatory at Victoria, B.C., and he stated that no other country in the world was so effectively and successfully carrying on the work of astronomy as was Canada.

Doctor Shaply's words convey a far deeper significance than is apparent at a passing glance. It seems to us that they embody a mighty psychological truth. The fact which they express may prove to be one of the beacon lights of the history of mankind.

The study of the heavens meant the birth of science. It gave rise to the greatest and noblest works which mankind has wrought for the benefit of humanity at large. Among the earlier names known to us in connection with the study of other worlds than ours are those of Anaximander and Pythagorus; belonging to later periods there are names which are more familiar, Huygans, Bruno, Galileo, Newton, and there follow a long procession of eminent men down to our present day, who have been and are associated with the same fascinating theme, the study of the heavens.

"Astronomy," writes Proctor, "has all the charm belonging to subjects which men in all ages delighted to discuss, while it is associated in the most intimate manner with the progress of modern scientific research." It is the most wonderful science in the world because it is limitless, and in a greater degree than any other is inseparably intertwined with the worship of God.

Being the oldest science in the world, its beginning was clouded by what we term superstition, and gave rise to many and varied forms of worship not reconcilable with the great religious beliefs with which we have become familiar in the last two thousand years. But during those same long centuries men and women were striving, as we strive today, to get a little nearer the Ultimate, the Alpha and Omega of existence, by whatever name it may be called, Love, Truth, God, Jehovah, Allah. The nomenclature cannot matter so that the effort to reach upward and onward is there.

An Indecipherable Book

The utmost we have learned of the heavens themselves in studying astronomy is almost infinitesmal. They are still an indecipherable book even to the most erudite, the outward form being incompletely discernible, with a brilliant but untranslatable letter—to carry the simile further—standing out here and there more plainly than the rest. That man perseveres in such a gigantic undertaking is evidence of his sublime patience, his endless endeavor, and the urging divinity within him, striving to come more closely in touch with the Divinity which is infinite.

That Canadians should be first in this great field of astronomy is therefore a thought which should give us pause, and which makes us ask ourselves the question why it should be that out of this little nation of less than nine million souls we should take the lead.

From time immemorable the strongest and most virile people have come out of the temperate north. To be sure, the piratical hordes which have overwhelmed civilisation at various periods in the world's history have been little better than savages. It was largely their physical invulnerability, their immense brute courage which carried all before them. But there must have been something back of that, some impelling force greater than physical strength which animated the Goths and the Vandals, the forces of Attila, "the scourage of God"; and the armies of Genghis Khan; perhaps a sense of vision toward which they were striving, but which they, in their untutored minds, felt could be attained only through brute force, and the destruction following upon the exercise of that force.

In drawing an analogy between the peoples of the temperate northern countries it is interesting to consider the similarity in regard to physical characteristics. What was true a thousand or more years ago ought to be as true today.

A Land of Energy

Canada lies in the temperate north. Its temperature, its air currents, its atmospheric changes, make for abundant energy, which means perfect health and an unfailing optimism and confidence. Northern people have always been dauntless people, and surely we can claim for the founders of this Dominion a dauntlessness which is not excelled by any other race of pioneers. We all know the heroic spirit of self-sacrifice which inspired the United Empire Loyalists, and that spirit still lives and moves in the hearts of their descendants today. Therefore great things ought to come out of Canada, and perhaps it is not too much to say that already Canada has given splendid evidence of what she is capable of doing, not only in the aggregate, but individually. Is it not a very salient fact that a born Canadian stands at the Empire's helm today?

The vision of a healthy, hardy people, possessed of high intellectual attainments, must be an unclouded vision. The moral courage of such a people ought to be very great. Is this why we have dared to lift our eyes to the heavens and to endeavor to unravel the secrets of the stars? Is this why we have

"Come on that which is, and caught
the deep pulsations of the world,
Aeonian music, measuring out
The steps of time."

There are some of us who like to believe that a new race of men shall come out of this north of ours—children of her limitless spaces, her lordly rivers, her forests and her hills. The world has grown too far away from Nature in our efforts towards civilization. We are no longer very closely akin t othe shepherds who saw the visions in the skies and heard the morning stars sing together. But Canada is a new land, almost fresh from the hand of God, and in her we have the noblest heritage that ever a people possessed. Perhaps if we follow the Star, literally as well as figuratively, we shall help in the fashioning of a new heaven and a new earth, from which all old and hampering things shall have passed away.

"Christmas Morn"

Awake! awake, the morn is here,
The day the Christ child doth appear.
Shake off your earthly cares, and rise
And let your anthems cleave the skies.
He comes again fresh peace to bring,
Our Saviour, and our deathless King.

O! great and glorious is His name,
The King of Kings, who to us came
In lowly guise, to poor estate
Who is the Lord of heaven's high gate.
Ring out you Allelujahs ring
A royal message to your King.

M. L. Hope.

"The Angel's Song"

"Glory to God, and peace to all men"
Hark to the message sublime!
What is the power behind those words
That challengeth change and time?

Ah! can it be but a hopeful dream
Of the soul that will not despair;
Or only a string of beautiful words—
Come down from the days of prayer?

"Glory to God, and peace to all men"
But where is their place today
In a world that teaches God is a dream
And man—but animate clay?

Nor further from the truth are they
Than ye who would shout His praise;
With lengthy prayer and solemn mien
Proclaiming His wondrous ways.

Exalting the sinner to come and repent
With a voice so harsh and loud,
Seeing your God in everything else
Except in the heart of the crowd.

Ye wonder the soul of the world is dead,
And the spirit of God has flown;
Yet ye have taken the life from the bread
And given to man a stone!

"Glory to God and peace to all men"
What irony do we hear;
How can we hope to glorify God
When we pierce His son with a spear!

For man is God's son—each and every one
And this is the message of Love:
When we glorify God in Man
We glorify Him above.

But p'raps the day is not far away
When rightly we'll understand
The meaning of Glory to God in heaven
And peace all over the land!

CHRISTMAS DAY

The moon broke bright: the thronging people were
Their best; but in the general face I saw
No touch of veneration or of awe.
Christ's natal day? 'Twas merely one day more
On which the mart agreed to close its door;
A lounging-time by usage and by law
Sanctioned; nor reached they, beyond this, one straw
Of any meaning which for man it bore!
Fated among Time's fallen leaves to stray,
We breathe an air that savors of the tomb,
Heavy with dissolution and decay;
Waiting till some new world-emotion rise,
And with the might of the unchained simoon
Sweep hence this dying Past that never dies.

—William Watson.

It has been said that altogether there have been taken from American ores only about 2 1-2 ounces of radium.



That your home may be the scene of a right joyous reunion this Christmas, is the sincere wish of

WEILER BROS LIMITED

Complete Home Furnishers
Government Street — Opposite Postoffice

Store Open All Day Tuesday and Closed Wednesday at 1 o'Clock.

"Christmas"

A sacred influence fills our mind
To ponder o'er Judea's theme;
How Christ his heavenly throne resigned,
And came to earth man to redeem.
Mystery above all mysteries this;
It is beyond the grasp of thought;
There is unseen a deep abyss
Where worldly reason reacheth not.
But to the simple soul there seems
No cause for doubtings or despair;
No myths, no fancies wild, no dreams,
But grace, love, mercy everywhere.
Faith hears the music of that night;
Sees with clear eyes the open plains;
Beholds the gladsome angels bright,
Communing with the simple swains.
Faith sees the dawning of the day,
Which prophets longed and waited for:
It sees from Eden's gates the way,
That led to Calvary's rugged tor.
And from Mount Olive's sacred brow,
It sees the pathway to the skies—
A living way to pilgrims now,
From earth and sin to Paradise.
For this we love to celebrate,
With songs of gladness and of praise,
The Advent of our Potentate,
Who stooped to be a babe of days.
Thus year by year as Christmas comes
We join in chorus to His birth,
The anthems from the christian homes,
From all the corners of the earth.

—H. S. Hocking, 1281 Balmoral Rd., Victoria, B. C.

"Yuletide Dyspeptics"

'Twas the day after Christmas, and all through the land
Were people with unwelcome presents on hand—
The boy who expected a pair of new skates
Got a pair of yarn mittens that weren't quite mates.
The girl who had looked for a solitaire ring
Got a monkey that ran up and down on a string.
The lover who longed for a token of hope
Received but a cake of perfumed shaving soap.
The husband who wanted a couch for his den
Got a box of cigars—about seven for ten.
The wife who had wished for a nice sealskin coat
Wept over a crisp little five-dollar note—
'Twas the day after Christmas, alas and alack!
How many there were who'd have liked to get back
The presents they'd given to folks who had not
Returned anything for the presents they'd got!

—F. W. G.

Victoria, B. C., December 23, 1922.

Adon Hoffman, of New York, invented the steam clothes press.

"THE GREAT ADVENTURE"

"I, who am lover of brown paths that lead into deep, cloistered forests,
Happy if only they bend, like my vagabond thoughts, to new vistas;
I, who see never the tangle of glistening and musical waters
Unmoved by desire to companion them on to the goal of all streamlets;
I, who in boyhood would race with the round, drifting clouds of the June-time,
Coveting all that they whisper to mortals of voyage and vision;
I, who was tranced by the call of the Walkyrie storm in the midnight,
Awed by the pageant of stars and the vanishing glory of rainbows—
How can I fear the Unknown, the zest of the night and the morning?

"I, who meet strangers as possible friends to be sought for and cherished,
Knowing that once the most cherished of friends was a possible stranger;
I, to whom sach is a ship on a virginal sea, within hailing,
Craving some news of the port, some correction of chart or of compass;
I, tempted to good or to bad by a venturous quest after beauty,
Sure it alone will remain beyond our illusions and changes;
I, who in time of dismey believe that all wrong is forgetting,
That Man is no plaything of Fate, to be broken, discarded and wasted—
How can I fear the Unknown, the hope and the friend of the fearful?

"I, who see Love as the gift of all gifts, as an instinct of beauty,
Stirring the lowest to climb to his dream on the far-seeing summit;
Law as the bond of the stars; Need as the thirst of the human;
Nothing as good for ourselves that is not the birthright of others—
How, in the candor of night, can I shrink from the Power that gave us
Heart for the joy and the struggle, mind to engage with the darkness,
Little by little revealing the prints of His footsteps eternal?
Think you that all shall be told, that the last day is naught but a curtain?
Hail to the Mystery Glorious, the path of our greatest and dearest!"

—Robert Underwood Johnson, in Scribner's Magazine.

A full grown sea lion measures 14 to 18 feet, and weighs up to 3,000 pounds.

A Merry, Merry Xmas
Is Our Sincere Wish



Dan Poupard
1105 Douglas Street
Phone 3321
Corner Fort and Broad Streets
Opp. Times Bldg.

CHRISTMAS "OATLINE" FOR HUNGRY HORSES

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—Hungry horses as well as hungry people are to be cared for in Chicago this Christmas, Dr. H. J. Streibert, superintendent of the Charity Society, announced yesterday. An "oatline" for horses will be formed today, he said, and one hundred bushels of oats will be given to horses whose owners are not able to provide them with sufficient feed.

FIFTY YEARS AGO TODAY

(From The Daily British Colonist of December 26, 1872.)

Esquimalt Buried—The fall of snow in the Esquimalt district reached three feet on the level. It has caused damage to several buildings at Mr. Switzer's manufactory. At the barracks (150 by 30 feet) the roof broke in from the weight of snow.

Seven Ministers'—In another paragraph we have sounded a note of alarm upon the proposed creation of one additional minister to the five now authorized by the constitution. We have since learned that at the new cabinet meeting yesterday it was decided to increase the number of ministers to seven! Thus in a House of twenty-five, with the Speaker in the chair, there will be but seventeen presumably independent members on the floor. Why not take the whole twenty-five in?

ESTABLISHED 1885

May This Christmas Bring You Gladness and the New Year Greet You With Happiness and Prosperity

Is the Wish of

Maynard's Shoe Store

Christmas, 1922 Victoria, B.C.

WHERE MOST PEOPLE TRADE

Winter Scratch Food Contains More Corn and Wheat

VICTORIA FEED COMPANY, LIMITED

Phone Two-Nine-Oh-Eight 1901 Government Street

Our Own Brand — Central Creameries Ltd. Calgary, Alberta

A Merry Xmas To All

CENTRAL CREAMERIES OF B.C., LTD. 1311 Broad Street Phone 2464

JAMESON'S

Victoria, B.C., 1922-23.

Greetings:

This Season of the Year is to us a special opportunity to send you our Best Wishes and our appreciation of the part you have had in the success we enjoy.

W. A. Jameson....Manager
J. R. Jameson....Factory
C. B. Jameson....Sales
Gordon Jameson....Sales

Cordially Yours

W. A. JAMESON COFFEE COMPANY
VICTORIA—VANCOUVER



TERRY'S The Christmas Gift Store

Gifts Which Are Sure to Please

There are so many splendid gift suggestions at the Terry Stores that none will find a difficulty in choosing a gift that is sure to please. Here are a few random selections—

Perfumes, Colognes, Lavender Waters and Smelling Salts. Prices, $5 down to.......25c
"Cutex" Manicure Sets. Prices, $3.00, $1.50 and..60c
Kodaks from $50.00 down to.......$2.00
Photo Albums, $2.50 to $1.50
Military Hair Brushes, $6.00 to.......$1.50
Thermos Bottles, $5 to $1.50
Hot Water Bottles from $1.00
Writing Papers, $3.00 to 50c
Chocolates, $3.50 to......50c

French Ivory, 25% off regular prices.

TERRY'S TWO STORES
DOUGLAS AT FORT DOUGLAS AT PANDORA

FROM FARMER TO CONSUMER
MILK, 10c
A QUART
Delivered to any home in the city and surrounding districts
V.I.M.P.A.
Vancouver Island Milk Producers' Association
Telephone 663 930 North Park St.

Merry Xmas
We Wish All Our Friends the Compliments of the Season.
Murphy Electric Co.
615 Fort Street Phone 3805
Opposite Kirkham's

Canadian Puget Sound Lumber and Timber Co., Ltd.
Common Fir Dimension, dressed 4 sides. Boards and Shiplap, dressed 2 sides. Clear Fir Flooring, Ceiling, Siding, Partition, Finish, Mouldings, Etc.
SEE OUR SPECIALS
Very Low Prices on Short-Length Material. Highest Grades. Perfect Manufacture. Prompt Deliveries
Foot of Discovery St., Phone 7060

WOOD
JORDAN RIVER FIR
Large Double Load $4.00
Kiln Dried Kindling $5.50
LEMON, GONNASON CO., LTD.
Phone 77 2324 Government Street

CHRISTMAS MINUS A GOOD LIGHT
Would be terrible. Let us fit you out with a Coleman Gasoline Lamp or an Aladdin Oil Lamp. They both give a big white light, are easy to operate and inexpensive to maintain. Gasoline, $11.50 and $13; Aladdin, $13.50 and $15.50. R. A. Brown & Co., Douglas and Johnson.

LIQUOR STORES HAVE RECORD SALES DAY

Christmas Rush Manifests Demand for Everything in Stock—Better Than Last Year

The Government liquor stores were crowded all day yesterday, and a considerably better business was reported for this Christmas season than last year's.

Although officials of the Board were unable to state definitely last night the amount of the revenue taken in during the day, it was stated that record sales had been made, there being a lively demand for all lines.

"Buyers showed no preference for any particular stock," stated Mr. A. S. Ashwell, manager of the Johnson Street store. "Everything seemed to be wanted, and everyone went away with good spirits."

Weather Worn Seedy Hats
You will admit look badly. If you will bring them in for cleaning and blocking, we will do wonders with the old tile.
Victoria Hat Factory
1104 Broad St. Phone 1729
Opposite "Times" Block

$130,133,000.00
Security Back of Our Policies
McTAVISH BROS., Agents
Quebec Fire Assurance Co.
918 Government Street Phone 2612

Blackmail

The Story of a Millionaire's Love Adventures

By JOHN GOODWIN

CHAPTER XIII (Continued)

The Ultimatum

Kenneth Thorne stood motionless, as if turned to stone. The scrawled words upon the paper danced before his eyes as he realized what the message meant to him. Twenty-one days! He had just twenty-one days in which to save himself, or else to take Rivers' place in jail, and leave the woman he loved to the mercy of his enemies.

He felt a hand laid softly on his sleeve. Marion had stepped forward, and was looking anxiously into his white face.

"What is it, Kenneth—bad news?"

"Wait for me yonder by the seat," he whispered huskily. "I must speak to this man."

As she withdrew Thorne turned to the bearer of the missive, who was looking at him curiously.

"You brought this from Thorne?" said Kenneth keenly. "How did you get hold of it?"

"I was in the next cell to his at Blackhaven," answered the ex-convict, "and I promised to deliver the message to you. But you aren't like the man he told me to watch for," added Clarke anxiously. "Have I done right? He said a man with a dark face and pointed beard, who——"

"Yes, that's right; you've made no mistake. I'm the man this is intended for," said Thorne impatiently. "But how did you find me?"

"I've been shadowing Miss Rivers for five days. Thorne told me to. He told me the man that would meet on the quiet would be the man the note was for."

"He told you to shadow this lady?" said Thorne grimly, his eyes beginning to shine dangerously. "Kenneth Thorne, at Blackhaven, told you that? And you've been doing it by his orders?"

"By his orders," replied the ex-convict simply.

Thorne's eyes searched his face.

"For five whole days! And what were you to get for this piece of work?"

"Nothing," said Clarke, evasively. "My time was up—his wasn't. I reckon chaps in trouble ought to help each other."

Thorne made no reply to this.

"This message is not in Thorne's writing," he said keenly.

He knew Rivers' hand by the scribbled address that had been given him at Eastbourne.

"No, it isn't; it's my own," replied Clarke. And he explained how he had communicated with the supposed Kenneth Thorne by means of code signals rapped upon the cell wall. "I carried the message in my head," he concluded, "an' wrote it down as soon as I was out of jail. I'm a trained telegraphist, and can remember any message. You don't want to be afraid that the letter isn't correct. It's as Kenneth Thorne told me, to the last word."

Thorne folded the missive and put it it away.

"You are well acquainted with this message, then," he said, eyeing the man. "What do you think of it?"

"Think of it!" said the ex-convict, with a sudden, savage emphasis. "Why, I think that if you can help Kenneth Thorne you ought to do it! I don't know what that message means, but it's plain he thinks you can help him, an' that you owe him something. You've got to help him, whatever it costs you!"

"Why?" asked Thorne, looking at him keenly.

"Why? Because he killed that hound Wentmore," said the ex-convict, in a fierce whisper—"the scourge of London, the man who got me put away!" Clarke, shaking with passion, gripped Thorne's arm. "Thorne did the world a service by murdering him! If I had got out in time, I'd have had my hands on the blackmailing villain's throat, and saved Thorne the trouble! Yes; I'd have swung for it cheerfully!"

Thorne, despite himself, gave a shudder, and drew back from the man's grasp.

"You want to do something for Thorne?" pursued the ex-convict eagerly. "I'll help you to help him. You can count on me for anything you can put a name to."

Kenneth Thorne thought rapidly for a few moments.

"You've been a convict at Blackhaven," he said; "tell me, is there any chance of a man escaping from there?"

"I reckon not," said Clarke, with a glum shake of his head. "Never a lag got away from the place yet—even for a few hours. Other shops, chaps have escaped from. But not from Blackhaven; it's just impossible. And now this new governor's come," he added, "there's less chance than ever. He's a brute beast, he is! The sort that drives a chap crazy, an' gets him into worse trouble. I'm sorry for Thorne. He'll have get a rough time of it under Slade."

"Slade!" exclaimed Thorne, with a slight start. "Is he governor of Blackhaven? Sir Verney Slade!"

"That's him. Came there three weeks back; used to govern Longmoor."

Thorne drew a deep breath. Sir Verney Slade, governor of Blackhaven Prison! A light flashed in upon the quick brain of the financier. He began to see his way forward.

"Look here," he said rapidly to the ex-convict, "give me an address of some sort where I can get a word to you if you're wanted. I've got to trust you and you may be able to help. It will be worth your while."

"You trust me, guv'nor," said Clarke earnestly. He scrawled two lines on a scrap of paper and gave it to Thorne. "I'm right on the spot if I'm wanted, and there isn't much I'm not up to."

"You'll hear from me within two days."

The ex-convict nodded, hesitated a moment, and then turned sharply and walked off in the direction of the law courts.

As soon as the man was out of sight, Thorne went back again to Marion's side. She was standing near the lamp, her violet eyes wide with anxiety and fear.

"What was it the man said, Kenneth? He brought news of Martin?"

Thorne handed her the letter.

"This will tell you everything, dearest," he said quietly. "It is useless to keep it from you."

Marion Rivers, swaying slightly under the lamp, read the written threat from her brother. She gave a piteous sob as its meaning came home to her, and turned deadly pale. In a low voice Thorne explained how the message had been sent.

"It means that he will betray you, Kenneth," she said shuddering.

"Betray me! He has every right to betray me!" was the reply. "Why should he suffer this fate on my account? It is his betrayal of you that horrifies me! To buy his freedom at the price of a woman's, and you his sister!" Thorne spoke passionately. "I am innocent as he, and if I could save you from misery by any sacrifice I would count it honor and reward enough. I cannot believe it of him, when he was ready to give his life for you."

"His life was forfeit then, or he believed it to be so. The surgeon saved him," whispered Marion, and said no more.

She could not tell Kenneth what she knew—that her brother would not let his sister's honor stand in his way if life and all that it held were still open to him. She knew, too, that, though Martin would protect her all he could, once free, the huge fortune she now owned would be a bait that her errant brother could not resist. He naturally cared nothing for Kenneth Thorne.

"It is useless to blame him," said Thorne bitterly. "I would take his place if I could, but that is impossible without a new trial. And then all that I have fought to conceal will be made public."

"You mean my own danger?" said Marion eagerly. "Ah, Kenneth, let it be made public, and let me bear the punishment!"

"Never!" said Thorne fiercely. "While I live nothing shall make me consent to that! Sweetheart, ask me anything in the world but this one thing! It would be worse than death to me!" A fear came over Thorne that she would sacrifice herself in spite of him, and he sought quickly for a reason that would convince her. "Listen, Marion! Do you see that, even if you told all that you know, I should still be done for? The bargain that I made with Martin—that he should take my place in the dock—is a great crime in the eyes of the law. Even if they did not hang me for the murder, they would send me to penal servitude for the part I played. Either way, I must fail!"

"I would kill myself sooner than say a word that could harm you!" said Marion, choking back her tears. "Ah, Kenneth, your fault is in loving me too much!"

"It is a fault I shall carry to my grave, Marion!" he said.

"I mean that you are punished so bitterly for loving me," Marion said with a little sob.

"I love even the punishment, sweetheart!" he said softly. "It is for your dear sake."

Marion took courage as she looked into her lover's strong, steady eyes—eyes that men were accustomed to obey, but to her were always full of love and tenderness.

"I feel safe from all the world when I am with you, Kenneth!" she said passionately. "And now——"

"Now I am threatened with penal servitude, or even the gallows, and you with infamy worse than either, if I fail to fulfil Martin's conditions in twenty-one days from now."

"What is to done, Kenneth?" she said, trembling.

"I shall help Martin Rivers to escape!"

"Escape! From Blackhaven?"

"I will find a way," returned Thorne grimly. "I accept his challenge, and will set him free!"

"Is it right?" faltered Marion.

"Why not? We are both innocent. Why should Merton Wentmore's villainies cause any of us to suffer, now that he is dead? Your brother has a right to his freedom. I will restore it to him. If I fail, I will take his place!"

Marion looked into his face, hard set with resolve. He did not tell her that if Martin Rivers betrayed him the police would never take him alive.

For a long time they stood under the gloom of the trees, making the utmost of love's short hour. When the time came for parting, they went together through the narrow alley to the north of the Fields, where it entered upon the glare and bustle of Holborn. Suddenly Marion caught at her lover's wrist.

"Kenneth! Look there! The man who brought you the message from Blackhaven!"

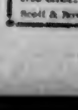
A huge, half-closed motor came gliding swiftly along through the traffic. In it, upon the rear seat, were Lightfoot and Myra Vesey-Stanhope, on their way towards Cornhill; and facing them in the car, sat the ex-convict Clarke, who, but half an hour before, had delivered to Thorne the message from Martin Rivers.

Thorne stepped back swiftly into the alley, his brows knitted fiercely as he saw in whose company the man was.

"It's the convict," he muttered—"the man I was going to trust! He has sold me to the enemy!"

(To Be Continued)

Enrich the Diet
When the diet is deficient in health-building vitamines, children and adults suffer in body and strength.
Scott's Emulsion
of pure cod-liver oil abounds in health-building vitamines. If the body is run down in vitality, add the pure vitamine-richness of Scott's Emulsion to the diet. It builds up health.
Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 22-27



THREE INJURED IN TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS

Five-Year-Old Boy Hurled From Automobile in Collision—Other Mishaps During Rush

Congested streets and wet, slippery pavements contributed to several traffic accidents yesterday afternoon during the Christmas shopping rush.

At 5:20 p.m. Victor Dear, aged five, was thrown to the ground when an automobile driven by Mr. Claude Dear collided at the corner of Yates and Quadra Streets with a car driven by Mr. Percy Taylor. The lad was sitting in the front seat when the two machines came together and the impact threw him out over the side. He was slightly cut over the eye and was taken to hospital. Dr. Duck attended.

Miss Kinnock, of 217 Beechwood Avenue, was knocked down by an automobile driven by Mr. William Gibson, of 972 Walter Street, at the corner of Pandora and Douglas Streets about the same time as the other accident. She was only slightly bruised and was attended by Dr. Melbourne Raynor.

At the corner of Gorge Road and Carroll Street motors driven by Mr. Isaac Herman, of 3150 Carroll Street, and by Major A. S. Humphreys, of Shasta Avenue, collided, both machines being badly damaged. A lady occupant of Major Humphreys' car was slightly injured.

A messenger boy employed by the Stocker Service was run down by an unidentified car on Oak Bay Avenue. The boy was not injured, although the bicycle which he was riding was demolished.

SAANICH DECIDES ON BUS PURCHASES

Will Secure One White, One G. M. C. and One Graham Truck for Lake Hill Run

The decision as to what vehicles would be operated on the Lake Hill route in the new municipal bus service was reached by the Saanich Council at a meeting yesterday afternoon.

One 1-ton White truck, one 1-to-2-ton G. M. C. truck, and one 1½-ton Dodge Brothers' Graham truck will be purchased, with suitable bus bodies, for a total cost of approximately $14,000.

The Council's decision came only after lengthy discussion. At its previous meeting the Council had heard agents of the various makes of trucks, and on Friday witnessed a demonstration of the machines. Yesterday afternoon the councillors arrived at the Municipal Hall to be met by the agents again. A number who had not had an opportunity to speak at the previous session gave their sales talks, and then the flock of business-seekers was asked to leave the Council Chamber while the matter of trucks was discussed. The councillors displayed evident relief when they were alone once more.

One factor which entered into the Council's final decision in regard to truck purchases was the belief that a municipal service between the city and the new cemetery at Royal Oak would have to be provided, and that for this a speedy bus of moderate capacity was desired. Then again it was felt that by purchasing three different makes of machines an opportunity would be provided to secure a test which would be of value in deciding what vehicles to buy in case of developments in municipal bus ownership later on.

Question of Bodies

The question of the bodies with which the busses will be equipped is still a matter for arrangement. It was felt that the new service could not be inaugurated before February 1.

The price for the White truck, complete with body, was $5,900. The White machines are sold by Rennie-service Garage, 1717 Cook Street. Mr. George Slater, representing the White factory, was in the city to assist Mr. Rennie in making the sale. His headquarters are at Vancouver. The municipality is purchasing the White on terms of a cash payment on delivery, followed by monthly payments, with interest at 4 per cent.

The quotation on the G. M. C., complete with body, was $4,450. This make of truck is handled in Victoria by H. A. Davie, Limited, agents of the McLaughlin-Buick cars.

The price for the Dodge Brothers' Graham was $4,395, it being sold by the local agents, the A. E. Humphries Motors, Limited.

The Council has received over 20 applications for positions as drivers of the new busses, but no appointments have been made.

Councillor Macnicol stated last evening that, if a member of the 1923 Council, he would advocate that the new bus service be supervised by a public utilities committee consisting of the councillors for Wards One and Two and other member of the Council. This small body would keep a careful watch upon the bus system.

MANY ESTATES PROBATED

That of Mrs. Mary Simpson, Who Died at Esquimalt Last September, Is Largest of List

The estate of the late Mrs. Mary Simpson, who died at Esquimalt on September 19, 1922, amounting to $64,718.98, was the largest of those probated in the Supreme Court during the week. Others are: Mr. James Pim, ex-councillor of Saanich, who died at Victoria on September 1 last, $16,787; Maria Knowles Rice, died at Maple Bay November 25, $7,500; Canon William F. L. Paddon, formerly of Mayne Island, died at Ganges Harbor August 29, $6,594; Mr. George A. Ringland, formerly of this city, died at Portland, Ore., October 19, $6,000; Mr. John Sinclair Campbell, died in Vancouver, November 22, $3,594.72; Victoria Downing, died in Snohomish County, Washington, estate, $9,276.22; Ellen Thomas, died in Victoria June 2, $1,036; Mr. John August Dahlstrom, died at Seattle May 1, 1920, $600; Sarah N. Dallaway, died at Victoria April 29, 1918, $325; Mr. William Clegg Warburton, died at Victoria January 21, $315.



MERRY CHRISTMAS
Scurrah's
728 Yates Street Phone 3983
Wishes Its Many Friends and Patrons The Compliments of the Season

SCHOOLS OF OAK BAY SECURE TWO PRIZES

Strathcona Trust Awards This Year Go to Oak Bay High School and Willows School

Oak Bay has reason to be proud of the fact that two of its schools have succeeded in winning prizes in the Strathcona Trust competitions in connection with physical training.

Division Four of the Oak Bay High School, under Mr. G. Downes, has won the prize for the leadership among High School classes in this inspectorate, while the Division Three of the Willows School, under Miss A. M. Brown, has come out at the top of the public schools' competition. While the High School has been victorious on previous occasions, this is the first time that an Oak Bay public school class has succeeded in winning a Strathcona Trust prize.

The inspectorate within which the Oak Bay High School led includes the whole of Vancouver Island, Fraser Valley and the high schools along the main line of the C.P.R. in British Columbia.

The Willows school won out over the public schools on the southern end of Vancouver Island.

OBITUARIES

BRASS—There passed away Friday evening at the St. Joseph's Hospital, after a lingering illness, Acting Sergeant Charles Lot Brass, of the 11th C.M.R., aged 45 years, a native of England and a resident of this city for the past four years, late resident of 728 Vancouver Street. He leaves to mourn his loss his widow and one daughter in England. The deceased was a member of Vancouver Quadra Lodge, No. 2, A.F. & A.M. The remains are reposing at the Thomson Funeral Home, 1625 Quadra Street, whence the funeral will take place on Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The late veteran will be buried with full military honors. The remains will be laid to rest in Ross Bay cemetery.

BELL—The funeral of the late Mrs. Mary Jane Bell took place yesterday afternoon from the B. C. Funeral Chapel, where service was conducted by the Rev. Daniel Walker. There was a very large attendance of friends, and many beautiful floral tributes covered the casket and hearse. The hymns sung were "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "O God, Our Help in Ages Past." The following acted as pallbearers: Messrs. G. Neill, J. Petrie, R. Cruickshank, F. Fader, W. Neill and J. Beaton. The remains were laid to rest in Ross Bay Cemetery.

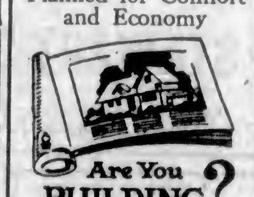
GREEN—Funeral services over the remains of the late Mrs. Ann Gibson Green were conducted yesterday afternoon at the B. C. Funeral Chapel by the Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick. Many friends and relatives were present, also Brothers C. E. Copeland, dictator, and J. F. Pearce, secretary, representing the Loyal Order of Moose, and Messrs. C. J. Bailey, E. Hayes and J. W. Wallis, representing the Canadian Legion. Many floral offerings covered the casket. The hymn sung was "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." The following acted as pallbearers: Messrs. E. H. Madden, V. A. Green, G. Garrett, C. J. Bailey, E. Hayes and J. W. Wallis. The remains were laid to rest at Ross Bay Cemetery.

GATES—The funeral of the late Benjamin Gates, who passed away at his home, 910 Pandora Avenue, last Wednesday, took place yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Sands Funeral Chapel. Relatives and many friends were present, and the casket was covered with beautiful flowers. The hymns sung were "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross." The pallbearers were Messrs. G. W. McIntosh, H. Clark, A. Elmhirst, W. C. Petticrew, P. Smart and J. Roney. Interment took place at Ross Bay Cemetery.

To Our Customers
As per Tiny Tim.
God Bless Us Every One
Fox's 1239 Broad Street

Christmas Greetings
To our customers, our friends, and the people in and out of Victoria, we extend sincere wishes for Christmas joy and New Year prosperity.
Silks Cheaper Now!
Silks, 27 inches wide. Sale, yard 69c
Silks, 36 inches wide. Sale, yard 95c
Pongee Silks, 34 inches wide. Sale, yd. 95c
Yuen Chan Tea, wonderful flavor, 2 pkgs. 25c
Fire Crackers—For New Year Celebration........5c
GOLDFISH ON SALE
LEE DYE & CO.
715 View Street Phone 134
Just Above Douglas

Planned for Comfort and Economy



Are You BUILDING?
Attractive in outside appearance. Conveniently arranged inside. Inexpensive to build.
Remember we have a new plan service so extensive that it is possible to suit almost every taste and every purse. You are welcome to come and inspect these new home designs.
See Us For Free Building Helps
Cunningham H. McMillan
Builder
Phone 3831R

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.
THERAPION No. 1
THERAPION No. 2
THERAPION No. 3
No. 1 for Bladder Catarrh. No. 2 for Blood & Skin Diseases. No. 3 for Chronic Weaknesses.

"Let's be merry and happy, for it's Christmas."
Season's Greetings
For you and yours may Christmas chimes ring more joyfully than ever before is the sincere wish of our staff.
HERBERT KENT, CAPT. M. A. KENT, MARJORIE LEACH, ORVILLE G. LEACH.
Kent's Phonograph Store
1004 Government Street

A Merry Christmas
To One and All

Thomas Plimley, Ltd.
Broughton Street Phone 697 Victoria, B.C.
Phone 2019 Oak Bay Branch

Winning Letters to Santa Claus

224 McNeil Avenue, Oak Bay, Victoria, B.C., Dec. 22, 1922.

Dear Santa Claus,—I was in with my daddy seeing the cars Santa Claus had in your showrooms, and the one I liked best was the Willys-Knight car he was driving around town with. I like that style of car because you can close it right up when it is very rainy, and you can have it open in nice weather. I like it, too, because the engine made very little noise when it was running, and I like a car that runs quietly. I hope I win the dolly as it would be a nice Christmas present to give to my little sister.

Yours faithfully,
DOROTHY SCOTT.

Age 7, Monterey School.

234 Gorge Road, Victoria, B.C.

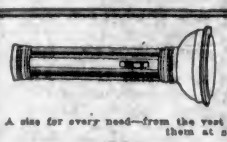
Dear Santa Claus,—I like the Packard car the best because it is comfortable, handsome, and it makes a Ford look like a wheelbarrow. The Packard looks to be a powerful car, and it has a left hand drive. I live out at the Gorge, and I see the cars going by, and I can always tell the Packard because it runs so smoothly and quietly. Some cars make an awful noise. The Packard must be a good car because you never see one for sale secondhand—if you look in the papers you will see that I am correct. When I grow up and get a job I am going to save all my money until I can buy a Packard, and then I shall be able to write a better letter about it.

Yours truly,
JOHN CLEGG.

Aged 10.

We Wish You All
A Merry Christmas
and a
Happy and Prosperous New Year

H. O. KIRKHAM & CO., LTD.
612 FORT STREET 749 YATES STREET



WATCH YOUR STEP WITH AN
Eveready Flashlight
A size for every need—from the vest pocket kind to the 200-ft. spotlight. See them at our Salesrooms.
Hawkins & Hayward
Electrical Quality and Service Stores
1108 Douglas Street Telephone 2627
1097 Douglas Street Telephone 643

SHOE SNAPS
AT
STEWART'S



Great Christmas Shopping Sale. Every Pair a Bargain.
NOTE ADDRESS: 1321 DOUGLAS STREET

Phone
536
and with our fleet of motor trucks we guarantee the quickest possible delivery of highest grade
COAL
J. E.
PAINTER & SON
617 Cormorant Street
Phone 536



Kirk Coal Co.
Wish their customers and friends a
Merry Christmas



Neu-Tone
A sanitary, washable flat finish for the interior decoration of your home. It is better than wall paper, more durable than kalsomine, more beautiful than either. Apply it yourself. Obtainable in eighteen tints.
The Melrose Co.
LIMITED
Fort Street, Victoria, B.C.



The Tea Kettle
Miss M. Washbrook
Phone 4899
Closed All Day Tomorrow Christmas Day.
Cor. Douglas and View Streets

ALL FOR TEN CENTS
Just to get new trade, we will send one package handsome Silk and Satin Remnants for Fancy Work, 2 yards beautiful Lace, one Fancy Centrepiece, one pkg. Embroidery Silk, and handsome Ring. All these goods sent post paid. Only 10c. Three Lots, 25c. Money back if not well pleased. Address:
SEVILLE LACE CO.
Box 517 Orange, New Jersey

An edition of the New Testament 3-4-inch by a little over 1-2-inch and 1-4 inch thick is in the Congressional Library at Washington.

City & District

Extend Thanks—The Ladies' Aid of the Catholic Church wish most gratefully to thank the Catholic Women's League and all others for their most generous donations to the Christmas boxes.

Gambling House Raided — Four Chinamen, Way, Lon Hin, Lee Hing and Pop, were arrested last night about 10 o'clock in a police raid on an alleged gambling house in Fantan Alley. Chief Fry and Sergeant Boultea made the raid.

Carol Service—A Christmas carol service for children will be held this afternoon in Christ Church Cathedral at 2:30 o'clock. The cathedral choir boys will attend. Parents are invited to bring their children to this service.

Christmas Day Services—At Grace English Lutheran Church, corner of Blanshard and Queen's, Christmas Day services will be held at 6 a.m. and 11 a.m. The Women's Aid Society will hold a silver tea at the parsonage, 2307 Blanshard Street, on Friday afternoon, December 29.

St. Columba Services—At St. Columba Presbyterian Church special services will be held today both morning and evening. There will be Christmas music in the morning, while in the evening selections from the "Messiah" will be given by an augmented choir.

Theosophical Society—Owing to the fact that Christmas Eve falls on Sunday the Victoria Theosophical Society will hold no meeting tonight. The usual study class will be held next Thursday at 8:30 p.m., and on the following Sunday the public lectures will be resumed.

Christmas Tree Friday — Courts Canada and Excelsior Juvenile Foresters will hold a Christmas tree and entertainment on Friday at 7:30 in Foresters' Hall. The children will sing carols, Santa Claus being in charge of the gifts, and the ladies will serve refreshments.

Appointed Returning Officer—Mr. R. R. F. Sewell, municipal assessor and collector, was appointed by the Saanich Council yesterday afternoon as returning officer for the annual municipal elections to be held on January 13. The polling places in the various wards were also decided upon.

Reeve's Holiday Wishes — Reeve Watson, at the meeting of the Saanich Council yesterday afternoon, extended Christmas wishes to his colleagues, remarking that while they had not always seen eye to eye during the year, no personal animosity should exist among them.

Extended Good Wishes—The G. W. V. A. has remembered the Christmas season by issuing a very neat card conveying good wishes from the president and members of the Victoria branch. The Colonist news staff was remembered among the numerous list of those numbered among the friends of this organization.

Walking Doll—The walking doll, Lady Isla, which has been shown for the last week in the Leather Goods Store, Douglas Street, was drawn for last evening, and was won by Mrs. McRay, 617 Michigan Street. The doll was donated to the Young Beavers, a branch of the Junior Red Cross, by Miss Jean Roberts.

Sunday School Entertainment—The Sunday School of the Emmanuel Baptist Church are holding their Christmas tree and entertainment on Wednesday evening next, in the schoolroom. A good programme will be given by the children, including carols, drills, recitations, etc. A banquet will precede the entertainment.

11th C.M.G. Brigade—The Officer Commanding No. 1 Company, C.M.G. Brigade, extends to all ranks heartiest Christmas greetings and wishes for a prosperous and happy New Year. The usual weekly parade will take place on Thursday next, Dec. 28th, at 7:30 p.m., at which all ranks will sign the pay list.

G.A.U.V. Smoker—The smoking entertainment last night by the Grand Army of United Veterans was an instantaneous success, and attended by a large number of members. A splendid programme of vocal and instrumental music was enjoyed, and the G.A.U.V. orchestra enlivened the gathering with a number of greatly appreciated selections.

To Entertain New Council—At the Tuesday luncheon of the Kiwanis Club, Mayor-Elect Reginald Hayward and the members of the 1923 Council will be the guests. Kiwanian James Forman will speak on municipal matters on behalf of the club, while Kiwanian Hayward—for the Mayor-Elect is a member—will reply on behalf of the guests.

Bureau of Industries—A meeting will be held on Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Board room, Belmont Building, to organize a permanent association for the purpose of establishing industries in Victoria. Several experts on the subject will speak, and the Mayor-Elect and members of the 1923 Council have been invited to attend.

County Court Decision—Judgment awarding the sum of $360 to plaintiff was given by His Honor Judge Lampman in county court yesterday at the conclusion of the case of Mr. F. E. Sinnott versus Mr. W. H. Drewitt and Mrs. M. H. Brennan, wherein plaintiff claimed the sum of $480 as wages for work done in repairing the engine of defendants' boat, Gunhild. Mr. F. J. Sinnott appeared for the plaintiff, Mr. D. S. Tait for Mrs. Brennan, and Mr. H. W. Davey for Mr. Drewitt.

In Possession of Cocaine—Wing Sang Chong and Chew Non, two Chinamen, were apprehended by Police Inspector Heatley and Constable Dreever late Friday night, when the Orientals were found to be in possession of a quantity of cocaine. They also had in their possession a number of glass and rubber eye-droppers, evidently for use as syringes. In police court yesterday they asked for a remand until they could secure the services of a lawyer, and Magistrate Jay laid their case over until Tuesday morning.

Graduate Nurses—At a special meeting of the Victoria Graduate Nurses' Association, which is being held on Wednesday, December 27, at the Victoria Club, Campbell Building, arrangements will be made for the B. C. Association's quarterly meeting which is to be held at the Nurses' Home, Jubilee Hospital, on Saturday, January 13. Victoria's contributions to the National Memorial to the Nursing Sisters will be sent forward and a nominating committee for election of officers for the coming year will be appointed.

Estimate of Timber—In order to determine with some degree of exactitude the resources of British Columbia along the route of the Pacific Great Eastern Railway, a general survey will be made as part of the programme of reconnaissance work next year, according to a statement issued yesterday by Hon. T. D. Pattullo, Minister of Lands. Definite information will also be secured by the Lands Department respecting the reported destruction of considerable areas of timber in the Anyox district due to fumes from the Granby smelter.

Friendship Club—A big dance will be held at the K. of P. Hall, North Park Street, December 26, under the auspices of the New Friendship Club. The management has made all preparations for a pleasant, merry social, the music being supplied by Hunts' Orchestra, who has promised a good selection of up-to-date and spirited music. The sit-down supper will be under the supervision of Mr. A. C. Hill, who catered for the police ball at the Armories, and he has promised good things. The decorations for the occasion is complete and a real good time is promised.

A. and N. Veterans—Between 200 and 300 members of the Army and Navy Veterans' Association gathered last night at a grand smoking entertainment which was held in the Hamley Building, and which proved to be one of the most successful ever conducted by the organization. Comrade Thomas Jones, first vice-president, took the chair. The programme was as follows: Community sing by E. Down; song, T. Obee; song, Chief P.O. Clarke; comic song, C. P. Askey; song, C. B. Cave; coster recitation, Chief P. O. Jones; duet, Messrs. Clark and Cave; comic song, H. Hemstalk; duet, E. and J. Worth; comic song, W. Cobbett; song, Mr. Barrington; song, Mr. Bray, and selections by the banjo trio.

ASKS DOUKHOBORS TO RETURN TO RUSSIA

More Than 20,000 Have Returned From America and Canada in Last Two Years

MOSCOW, Dec. 23.—Ludwig Martens, former Soviet representative in America, has become chairman of a special commission organized by the Soviet Government to assist in the return to Russia of Russian-Americans and Russian Doukhobors from Canada.

More than 20,000 Russian-Americans already have come back to Russia from America during the last two years. The greater part of these men are agricultural workers, and they have brought with them agricultural implements valued at $50,000.

A big scheme is now on foot to bring from Canada between 30,000 and 40,000 Doukhobors, men who, under prosecution, were forced to emigrate from Russia in 1895. These families intend to bring with them their entire property, consisting of agricultural implements, tractors and livestock. The Soviet Government is assigning to them 25,000 acres in the Ukraine. In addition to the existing Soviet laws exempting conscientious objectors from military service, the central executive committee of Soviets has given to the delegates of this sect, who recently came to Moscow to carry on negotiations, a signed undertaking exempting their whole community from military services and all other duties connected with the bearing of arms.

MYSTERIOUS LIGHT IS SEEN IN SKY

Superstitious Peasants in Angers, Preparing to Celebrate Christmas, Ask "Is It Star of Bethlehem?"

ANGERS, France, Dec. 23.—The superstitious peasants in this district, who are preparing to celebrate Christmas, are mystified by a huge bright light which has appeared in the heavens for the past two days, and are asking "Is this a new star of Bethlehem?"

The light was of varying appearance, now like a luminous star and again like a crescent of the moon. The official meteorological surveyors are puzzled and thus far have been unable to explain its prolonged presence, though attributing it to a meteor swarm. The light was first seen Thursday morning gleaming feebly 18 degrees above the horizon. On Friday it was higher up and more pronounced, moving at an angular rapidity of one twenty-fifth of one degree. The whole countryside watches for its daily reappearance, and is wondering what special significance attaches to the light.

THE WEATHER

Meteorological Office, Victoria, B.C., at 8 p.m., December 23, 1922.

SYNOPSIS

An ocean storm is hovering on the Coast, and abnormally mild weather extends to Alberta.

TEMPERATURE

	Min.	Max.
Victoria	44	52
Vancouver	44	50
Kamloops	32	50
Barkerville	20	38
Prince Rupert	44	50
Atlin	30	34
Dawson, Y.T.	8	4
Calgary, Alta.	26	50
Winnipeg, Man.	30	36
Portland, Ore.	42	50
San Francisco, Cal.	52	58
Seattle, Wash.	46	52
Penticton	34	44
Nelson	34	44
Kaslo	32	44
Cranbrook	34	42
Edmonton, Alta.	30	32
Prince Albert, Sask.	16	16

SATURDAY

Maximum	52
Minimum	44
Average	48
Minimum on the grass	44

Rain, .37 inch.
Bright sunshine, 12 minutes.
General state of the weather, cloudy.

A baked Premium ham, with its rich delicacy of flavor and succulent tenderness, available on buffet during Christmas and New Year holidays, is a real treat and so convenient for the busy housewife

SALVATION ARMY GIVE CHRISTMAS DINNER MONDAY

For the benefit of the homeless wayfarer within the city, the Salvation Army, with its usual thoughtfulness, will serve a Christmas dinner tomorrow at 1 p.m. at its industrial department in the Metropole Building, Johnson Street.

MAYORALTY CONTESTS IN ONTARIO TOWNS

Many Become Chief Magistrate by Acclamation—Elections Will Be Held in Other Cities

TORONTO, Dec. 23.—The following were elected by acclamation in Ontario cities and towns yesterday:

Sault Ste. Marie—James Dawson, Mayor (re-elected).
Wiarton—H. T. Gilpin, Mayor.
Port Hope—F. L. Curtis, Mayor.
Palmerston — G. G. Lawrence, Mayor.
Hespeler — D. N. Hannabaker, Mayor.
Almonte—Mayor Thornburn.
Seaforth—W. H. Golding, Mayor (re-elected).
Milton—John Irving, Mayor.
Durham—Dr. J. L. Smith, Mayor.

Nominated

The following nominations for Mayor were made:

Brantford—Mayor J. C. Parker and Alderman F. N. Billo.
St. Catharines—Mayor E. C. Graves and E. J. Lovelice.
Thorold—J. B. McCleary; Leslie McMann, Claude Kins, Joseph Battle, William McMillan and William McGill.
Perth—Wellington Douglas.
Prescott—F. W. Dubrule.

MAY USE AIRPLANES TO SMUGGLE LIQUOR

Bootleggers Off New York Coast With Christmas Supplies Unable to Run Blockade With Boats

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Rum running by airplane is the next move anticipated from the few desperate sea bootleggers who still are marooned off the coast with their Christmas cargoes, prohibition officials said today. The bootleggers, lolling off the three-mile limit, cannot get small boats to run the blockade; their supplies are running dangerously low, and every night pirates are putting to sea and are making life for the bootleggers anything but a joy, the dry navy officials declared.

According to John D. Appelby, zone chief in charge of the dry navy for the prohibition agents, big airplanes have been requisitioned. He said today that he had received information that fifteen planes were being prepared on the Long Island coast or along the Jersey marshes in the hope that they can beat the enforcement game.

Officials at headquarters assert that the bootleggers have practically given up hope of putting liquor into New York for Christmas, but they still think they can land some for New Year's Day. The dry navy, it is said, has not lessened its blockade.

"HERE'S THOUSAND TO BUY A TURKEY"

In Excess of Christmas Goodwill Chicago Man Lands in Police Station Still Feeling Generous

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—An excess of Christmas goodwill tonight landed Gus Mallackas, aged 48, who says he is an Idaho farmer, in the psycopathetic hospital. En route to Chicago on a Chicago and Northwestern train, Mallackas, carrying $1,820 in cash and two suitcases, each secured with a huge padlock, began distributing his money among the passengers and crew. The conductor, after receiving a $650 present, collected the funds and turned the farmer over to the police. At the police station Mallackas handed the captain's secretary $1,000 and told him to go out and buy a turkey for Christmas.

CABINET MINISTERS LEAVE FOR CHRISTMAS

OTTAWA, Dec. 23.—Several Cabinet Ministers have left or are leaving today to spend Christmas out of town, and it is probable that the holiday will find fewer than half-a-dozen members of the Government in the capital. The Premier will, it is expected, spend the holiday in Ottawa, and Hon. Charles Stewart, Minister of the Interior; Hon. D. D. McKenzie, Solicitor-General, and Hon. H. S. Beland, Ministers of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, who has just recovered from a slight illness, will also remain in the capital.

Determined Suicide by Elderly Toronto Man

TORONTO, Dec. 23.—Harry Sheftel, 70 years old, was found dead in a gas-filled room by his wife today in his home. He had locked the door and placed a mattress against it to prevent air coming in and then removed the top from the gas jet.

BANDITS MORTALLY WOUND PAYMASTER

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 23.—Ross Dennis, paymaster for the Pittsburgh Coal Company, was mortally wounded and $30,000 stolen by masked bandits on a lonely road ten miles south of the city today. The robbers escaped. Dennis died while being taken to the hospital.

Rob Window in Midst Of Christmas Shoppers

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Descending from an automobile into the midst of the throng of holiday shoppers on Upper Broadway, three men tonight smashed the window of a jewelry store with a brick wrapped in towels and escaped with 71 diamond rings which they snatched from trays in the display windows. The rings were valued at $10,000.

Western Canada's Largest Music House Wishes Its Many Friends the Compliments of the Season.



Fletcher Bros.
New Address:
1110 Douglas Street

We Take Pleasure in Wishing Our Customers and Friends
A Merry Christmas
G. HALLIDAY & SONS, LTD.
743 Yates Street Phone 855

Tuesday Will Be BAZAAR DAY
in our
Oriental Rug Dept.
If you are a good trader, come and try your hand—make your own offer for any rug in stock and we will try to make a trade with you. This will bring genuine Oriental bazaar trading right to your door. Here is a chance to get a good rug cheap, and lots of fun to boot.
CARTER ORIENTAL TRADING CO.
705 Fort Street. Here Since 1895

ELECTROPLATING
All kinds of nickel plating done in first-class style.
Automobile work, including bumpers, headlights and reflectors, a specialty.
Albion Stove Works, Ltd.
GOVERNMENT AND PEMBROKE STREETS

New Polish-Japanese Trade Treaty Drafted

TOKIO, Dec. 23.—A new Polish-Japanese treaty of commerce and navigation will shortly be signed, the draft text having already been completed. Similar treaties, according to the Japanese authorities, also will be concluded with the Czecho-Slovakian Government, Roumania and Finland.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Cut Glass, China Riveting, 657 Fort.

Doctors H. H. Hare and R. E. McKeon have moved to their new offices 1206 Woolworth Bldg., corner Douglas and View, Suite 305.

A Delicious Xmas Dinner will be served at the Dominion Hotel on Monday, from 5 to 8:30, for $1.25. Make your reservations now.

Superfluous Hair Permanently Destroyed. Moles Successfully Removed—scientific, antiseptic, safe; absolute cure guaranteed; 15 years' practical experience. Miss Hanman (certificated London specialist). 32 Winch Building.

The Victoria Graduate Nurses' Association will hold a special meeting on Wednesday, Dec. 27, at the Victoria Club, Campbell Building, at 8 p.m. Business, the sending forward Victoria's contribution to the National Memorial for Nursing Sisters and to arrange for the quarterly meeting of the B. C. Association, to be held on Saturday, Jan. 13, at the Nurses' Home, Jubilee Hospital.



Brown's Victoria Nurseries, Ltd.
Leading Florists. Flowers For All Occasions.
Member, F.T.D.A.
613 View Street Phones 1369, 210
"Say it with Flowers"

See Our Big Display of
Toys, Furniture and Flower Pots
To Clear at Half Price
WANG SUNG LUNG
630 Cormorant St., 2 Doors From Fire Hall

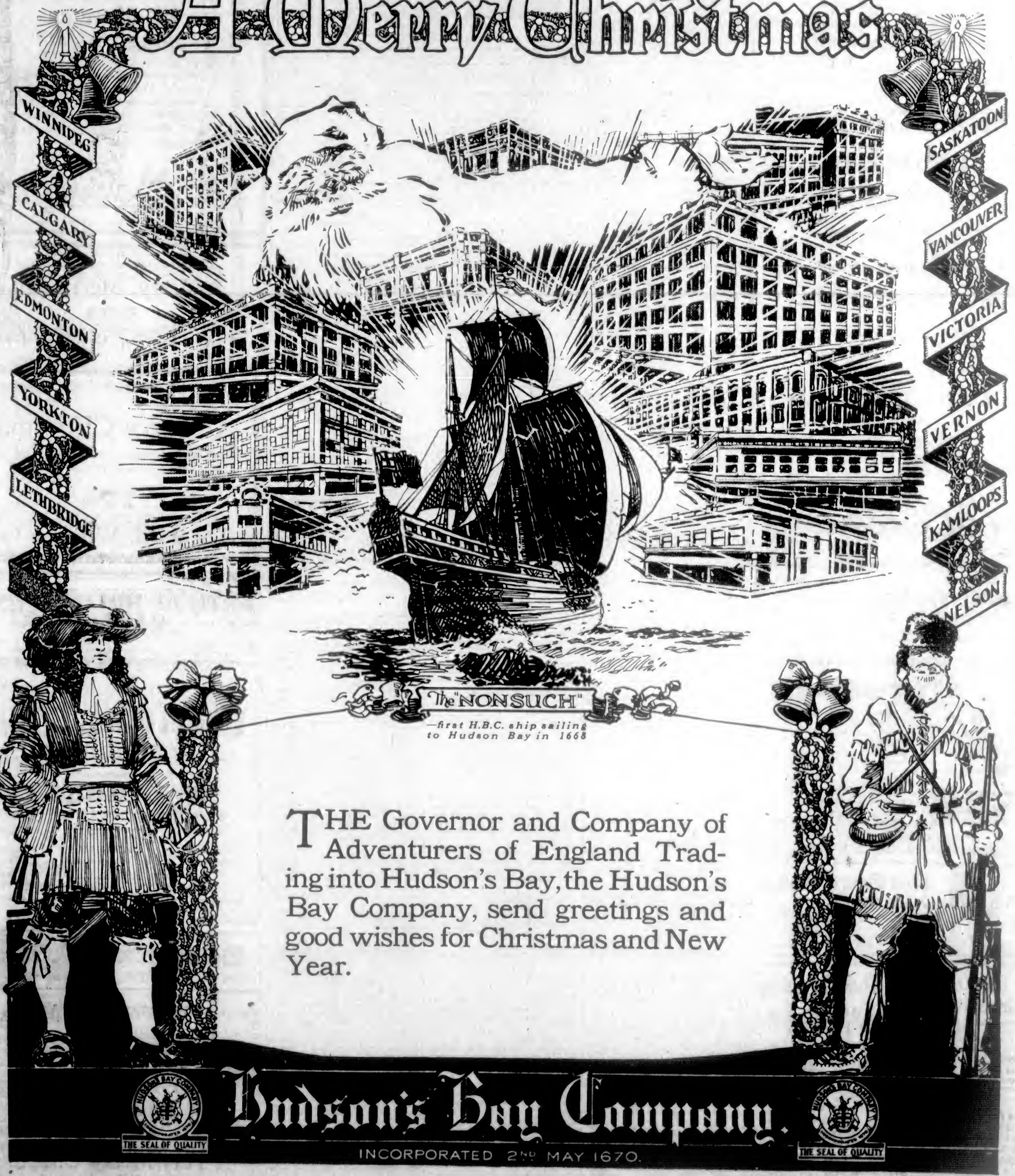
THE BOY—
HIS PRESENT

Let it be a Pocket Knife, 75c to $5; Watch, $3.50 to $13; Flashlight, $1.40 up; Roller Skates, $3.60; Carpenters' Tools, all prices. R. A. Brown & Co., Douglas and Johnson.

Rich radium minerals are said to exist in Congo.

K S A F E T Y F I L M ++

A Merry Christmas



THE Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay, the Hudson's Bay Company, send greetings and good wishes for Christmas and New Year.

Hudson's Bay Company.

THE SEAL OF QUALITY

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

THE SEAL OF QUALITY

Christmas Groceries—Copas & Son's

Kindly Order Early—Prompt Delivery

New Crystallized Ginger, per lb.	35c	New Singapore Pineapple, per can, 20¢; or 5 cans for	98c
New Mixed Nuts, 2 lbs. for	45c	Nice Table Apples (Jonathans) per box, $1.85 and	$1.00
Fresh Novel Oranges, 3 dozen for	$1.00	Fresh Made Creamery Butter, Lawndale Brand. Per lb.	41c
Fancy Jap Oranges, per box	60c	Independent Creamery Butter, nothing nicer. Per lb.	47c
Finest Mixed Chocolates, 5-lb. box	$1.65	Swift's Premium Ham per lb.	36c
Fancy Xmas Biscuits large tin	75c	Burns' Selected Ham, per lb.	33c
Cape Cod Cranberries, per lb.	33c	Selected Picnic Ham, per lb.	20c
Malkin's Best Mincemeat, per lb.	20c		

Xmas Bonbons, Stockings, Plum Puddings, Candies, Fruit and Vegetables of All Kinds.

Fine Cauliflower, each 20¢ and 25¢

See our windows.

COPAS & SON ANTI-COMBINE GROCERS

Corner Fort and Broad Streets Phones 94 and 95

Street Car and Interurban Schedules for Christmas and New Year's Day

Street Cars will operate under the usual Sunday schedule during the morning hours, but THE LAST CARS FOR ALL POINTS WILL LEAVE THE CITY AT THE USUAL WEEK-NIGHT HOUR.

On the Saanich Interurban, trains will be operated throughout the day on the usual Sunday schedule.

B.C. Electric

Traffic Dept. Phone 1969

Wishing Everybody A Merry Christmas

Phone 410 **NORRIS & SONS** Exclusive Leather Goods House 1320 Gov't St.

Velvet **Greetings!**

To the many friends of this popular Ice Cream;
To others who will be friends by eating some.

Christmas dinner and any holiday occasion complete with a perfect dessert. Bricked Velvet Ice Cream. May we suggest a choice of the following:

"Northwestern" Christmas Special, "Velvet" Neapolitan, "Velvet" Grape, Pineapple Bits

Special Delivery Service All Day Christmas

"Northwestern" Creamery Butter; Also Whipping Cream

Velvet Phone 1782 Northwestern Creamery, Limited 1311 Broad St.



The Posy Shop

We aim to please

Your requirements for the Holiday Season will have special attention

For Those Absent

You may use our service as member, Florists Telegraph Delivery Association

Victoria's Flower Phone 1001 613 Fort St.

For the Younger Generation

The Sandman Series, The Burgess Books, Boys' Own Scout Annual, Chums, Chatterbox, and thousands of others.

VICTORIA BOOK & STATIONERY CO. LTD.

1008 Government St. Phone 62

Best Christmas Cards in the City

Lumbago Belts	$2.50 up
Anti-Chill Belts	$3.25 up
Chamois Lined Belts	$4.50
Retainer Belts	$2.50 up
Riding Belts	$1.50 up

We have a full assortment in all standard sizes

VICTORIA OWL DRUG CO. LTD.

J. G. MacFARLANE MGR.

DOUGLAS & JOHNSON STS. VICTORIA, B.C.

The Cameron Lumber Co. Limited

SPECIALS

Short length stock of all descriptions in Shiplap, Boards, Flooring, Ceiling and Siding, at attractive prices.

Building Material of All Descriptions

Prompt Delivery

Phone 864 or 3760

Mills on Garbally Road

Y. W. C. A.

YATES STREET

Christmas Dinner

Will Be Served to the Public at 1 o'Clock Christmas Day, 75c

Any lonely and friendless girls are cordially invited to share the hospitality of the Y.W.C.A. for Christmas Dinner.

ALBERTA HUNSBERGER, General Secretary.

Will Entertain Children

The Ladies' Auxiliary to St. Andrew's and Caledonian Society have arranged to hold a Christmas tree for the children of members on the afternoon of Thursday, Dec. 28, from 3 to 4 p.m. The regular meeting will take place at 7:30 and after the meeting the sisters invited the brothers to join them in a social time.

Social & Personal

Farewell Party

An enjoyable evening was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Mylrea, Malvern Street, Esquimalt, on Friday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Doidge and family, who are leaving for Los Angeles today, where they intend making their future home. Music, singing and recitations were given. Mr. Reg. Mylrea, Mr. Frank Pimm, Mr. C. P. Askey formed the orchestra; songs were rendered by Mrs. S. Doidge, Mrs. Pimm, Mrs. R. Mylrea, Mr. Chas. Askey, Master Reginald Askey and Mr. George Wise, while the portrayal of an inventor's wife by Mrs. White certainly proved the event of the evening. Refreshments were served during the evening. The following guests were present: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Doidge and family, Mr. and Mrs. David Doidge, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Doidge, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Askey and family, Mr. and Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. Norrish, Mr. and Mrs. Wise and family, Mr. and Mrs. Pimm, Miss Amy Richardson, Miss Velva Cole.

• • •

A Family Party

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Brown, Fernwood Road, have a family party during the holiday season, their house guests being Mr. and Mrs. McVicar (nee Katie Brown), and their little daughter, from Canonville, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. James McDonald (nee Ethel Brown), of St. Ann Street, Seattle, and Mr. and Mrs. James Brown and their little son, from Duncan.

• • •

Attended Dansant

Among the many who attended the regular Saturday afternoon dansant in the ballroom of the Empress Hotel yesterday were noticed the Humphrey-Baynes, Major and Mrs. Seal, Colonel and Mrs. Homer-Dixon, Major Harvey and party, Mrs. Laurie and party, Major Hughes, Miss Grey, Miss Bunbar, Miss Nash, Mrs. Cyril Child, of Calgary; Mr. and Mrs. Norman Yarrow, Miss Helen Brody, Major and Mrs. Sherman, Captain and Mrs. Bishop.

• • •

The Dansant

Mrs. J. A. W. Loureiro and Mr. Victor H. Lourlero entertained at the The Dansant at the Empress Hotel yesterday afternoon. The invited guests were the Misses Kathleen Colpman, Jessie Winterburn, Maple Winterburn, Helen Colpman, Barbara Allan, Marjorie Andros and Kathleen Ross, and Messrs. Dudley Burbidge, Laurel Alexander, John Proctor, Jimmy Cunningham, Jack Christie and John Hodson.

• • •

Sustains Injury

The many friends of Mrs. Abe Ellis will regret to hear of an accident which has compelled that lady to become an inmate of the Jubilee Hospital. A few days ago Mrs. Ellis had the misfortune to slip and fall heavily on the sidewalk near her home, and sustained a compound fracture of one leg, which will necessitate her remaining in hospital for some weeks.

• • •

Victorian Promoted

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. William Watson, late of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, who left Victoria for Southern California early last April, will be pleased to know that they are nicely settled in their new life. Mr. Watson was recently promoted to the position of auditor of the Union Bank and Trust Co., of Los Angeles.

• • •

To Visit Here

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Lang, Miss Sally Lang and Mr. Norman Lang, of Vancouver, are to be guests of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. W. C. Nichol at Government House.

• • •

Here for Holidays

Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Rogers and Miss Donna Rogers arrived yesterday from Rathdrum, Idaho, to spend the holidays with Mrs. Rogers' parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Bogart, of 1124 Oxford Street.

• • •

At Mount Edwards

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yeo, of Regina, Sask., have arrived in the city to spend the Winter and have taken a suite at the Mount Edwards Apartments, Vancouver Street.

Visiting in Vancouver

Miss Alice Decker, of Drs. Raynor and Fowler's office, has left for Vancouver, where she will spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Decker.

• • •

Christmas Visitors

Mr. and Mrs. Clement R. Sneyd, Glencoe Lodge, Vancouver, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dyde Lindsay, Oak Bay, for the Christmas holidays.

• • •

Visitors From Kamloops

Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Crawford, of Kamloops, are spending the holiday season at the Coast, and are registered at the Empress Hotel.

• • •

Over From Seattle

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Booth are over from Seattle to spend the Christmas week-end in Victoria. They have registered at the Empress Hotel.

• • •

Gone to Seattle

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman, of Langford Street, left this afternoon for Seattle to spend Christmas week with their son there.

• • •

Spending Christmas Here

Rev. Dr. Unsworth arrived from Alberta yesterday, and will spend the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Unsworth at Glenshiel Inn.

• • •

Here From Kamloops

Mr. Dick Martin, of Kamloops, is spending the Christmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Martin, of Cobble Hill.

• • •

Visiting in Vancouver

Mr. M. Gillespie, Oak Bay, left on Saturday to spend the holidays with her daughter, Mrs. S. C. Cornelle, Vancouver.

• • •

Visiting Friends

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Dale, of Seattle, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ross, 2507 Blanshard Street.

• • •

Visiting Her Home

Miss Jessie Stewart has returned to her home in Victoria from Balmoral, where she has been teaching for the last term.

• • •

Gone to Squamish

Mr. and Mrs. E. Yarwood, Lee Avenue, left for Vancouver on Friday en route for Squamish to spend the Christmas holidays with their son.

• • •

Here for Christmas

Mr. John Stevenson, of Vancouver, will be the guest of Mrs. Dunsmuir at Hatley Park for Christmas.

• • •

Here From Nanaimo

Dr. and Mrs. McIntyre, of Nanaimo, are spending the Christmas holidays with friends in Victoria.

• • •

Visiting Parents

Mr. A. McKinnon, of Vancouver, is spending the Christmas holidays with his parents in Victoria.

DUNCAN

Carol Singers Perform

On Thursday evening carol singers from St. John's Anglican Church delighted many residents east of the railway track, and last evening they visited many homes on Buena Vista Hill and west of the tracks. The money collected goes towards a Christmas treat for the children.

• • •

Teachers Disperse

Many of the teachers from the local staff will spend the holidays at their respective homes. Miss Rowa will spend Christmas in Nanaimo, Miss Peggy Inches has gone to Victoria, Miss Brooks, Miss Griffin and Miss Davidson go to their homes in New Westminster.

• • •

In Victoria on Business

Messrs. H. W. Bevan, E. F. Miller and J. I. Mutter, representing the Cowichan Bay Railway Company, have been in Victoria this week in connection with the company's interests.

• • •

Christmas Visitors

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Lomas, of Cowichan Lake, are coming down to spend Christmas in Duncan, and their daughter, Miss Gladys Lomas, who has been teaching at Faulkland, will be home for the holiday season.

• • •

Will Visit Parents

Miss Mabel Knocker, who has been teaching school near Kamloops, is expected home this week-end to spend the holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Knocker, Maple Bay.

• • •

Gone to Vancouver

Dr. C. French, Mrs. French and children have gone to Vancouver, where they will spend the Christmas holidays, the guests of Dr. French's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. French.

• • •

In Victoria

Mrs. W. Prevost, Master Basil Prevost and Mrs. Lomas go to Victoria today to spend Christmas with Mrs. Lomas' daughter, Mrs. H. N. Cingue.

• • •

Home for Holidays

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Corfield, jr., are expected down from Courtenay to spend Christmas with Mrs. Corfield's mother, Mrs. Holt Wilson.

• • •

Home From School

Miss Norah Dwyer, who has been attending Normal School in Victoria, is expected home today for the holiday season.

• • •

On Vacation

Miss Gladys Macmillan, who has been attending the Sprott-Shaw School, came home last evening for the holidays.

• • •

Returned Home

Mr. Basil Jackson, after spending the past few months at Hat Creek, near Asheroft, has returned to his home, "Fairburn."

• • •

In Hospital

The many friends of little Patricia Carr-Hilton will be sorry indeed to know that she is ill in the King's Daughters' Hospital here.

NANAIMO

Recovering

The many friends of Albert Patterson, the six-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Patterson, 611 Haliburton Street, who was seriously injured in an auto accident on Haliburton Street ten weeks ago, will be pleased to learn that he has been able to leave the hospital for home, and a complete recovery is anticipated.

• • •

Gone to Vancouver

Miss Willa McGirr has left for Vancouver, after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. McGirr, Victoria Road.

• • •

Will Visit Sister

Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Morrison have gone to Vancouver, en route to Victoria, where they will spend the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Morrison's sister, Mrs. Cox.

• • •

Visiting Victoria

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. McIntyre have gone to Victoria to spend Christmas with friends.

PORT ALBERNI

Arrives From New York

Mr. H. A. Dent, managing director of the Alberni Pacific Lumber Co., Ltd., returned yesterday from New York, where he had been for a few days, and is leaving for Seattle again tomorrow.

• • •

Visits Parents

Mr. Elliott, of the Bank of Montreal staff, is going to Duncan tomorrow to spend the holidays with his parents.

• • •

Inspects Wharf

Major J. C. Johnstone left on the SS. Maquinna on Thursday night for Quatsino to inspect some wharf work for the Government.

• • •

Christmas With Friends

Mr. O. Matson is spending Christmas in Vancouver with friends.

SOOKE

Holding Whist Drive

Next Tuesday evening, December 26, a whist drive will be held at Sooke Hall, to be followed by a dance at which the music will be supplied by the Sooke Orchestra.

• • •

Visits Parents

Miss Bertha Muir is spending the Christmas vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Muir.

NORTH SOOKE SCHOOL

Pleasant Reunion Marks Closing of Institution for Christmas Holidays

SOOKE, Dec. 23.—On Friday afternoon the parents and residents of North Sooke met at the schoolhouse for a short concert given by the school children. The following carols were sung:

"While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," "The First Noel," "Fields of Bethlehem," followed by "Jingle Bells."

Marian Diplock and Wilfred Showyer gave a dialogue entitled "The School Teacher," which was very creditably rendered. The programme closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

At the close of the entertainment Mrs. M. E. Jackson handed out presents to the children attending the school, after which a very hearty vote of thanks was tendered Miss Lorna Creedon for the decorations and the able way in which she had trained the children. Three hearty cheers were given for Miss Creedon.

Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Doran and Mrs. Gent served refreshments to all, and a most enjoyable time was spent.

DECORATED WARDS

The Daughters of Pity on Friday afternoon visited the Jubilee Hospital, and, following their usual custom, brightened the corridors and public wards with Christmas decorations. In the children's ward especially the members took particular trouble to fill every niche with some Christmas suggestion, and when they left the place presented a very gay and festive appearance. A gift for each little sufferer was a further reminder of their visit.

Smaller trees in the wards were likewise ornamented, and a small remembrance was left for each patient on the branches. The society announces that the doll donated by Spencer's, Ltd., at the recent bazaar, has been won by Miss A. Fox, 2837 Ines Drive.

WEDDINGS

Blyth-Parsons

The marriage of Miss Betty Parsons, of Victoria, daughter of Mr. James A. Parsons, Sydney, Nova Scotia, to Mr. Merrill Blyth, son of Mr. A. P. Blyth, 2930 Qu'Appelle Street, Victoria, took place in Seattle on September 9. Mr. Blyth is now in Los Angeles, taking a post-graduate course in optometry, and will shortly be joined there by Mrs. Blyth.

Shur-on Glasses

We wish our many friends and patrons JOY, PEACE AND PLENTY this Christmastide

Victoria Optical Parlors

Gordon Shaw, Mgr.

She May Live in United States



PRINCESS ANASTASIA

Who Has Arrived in New York With Her Royal Husband, Brother of Constantine, ex-King of Greece. They Are Expected to Reside Permanently in Long Island, N.Y.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor will hold his usual New Year's Day reception at Government House on New Year's Day, from 3 to 5 o'clock.

SEEK RE-ELECTION TO ESQUIMALT COUNCIL

Councillors Alex. Wilson and George Bridle Decide to Again Become Candidates

Councillors Alex. Wilson and George Bridle have announced their intention of seeking re-election for seats on the Esquimalt Council.

Seasonable Recipes

Raisin Caramel Frosting—¾ cup brown sugar, ¼ cup hot water, 1 stiffly beaten egg white, ¼ cup chopped Sun-Maid raisins. Cook sugar and water until it threads when dropped from the tip of a spoon. Remove from fire and when bubbling ceases stir slowly into egg white. Beat until thick enough to spread. Add raisins and spread on cold cake.

Recipe for Baked Premium Ham

Place in cold water, heat slowly and simmer gently, allow thirty minutes to pound. Remove the rind; rub fat with brown sugar and pierce with cloves, then bake one hour in a moderate oven. Served warm it is the height of meal-excellence and will make the most delightful Christmas and New Year dinner.

Councillor Wilson, who resides at 465 Grafton Street, was elected as councillor for the first time last year and held the post of chairman of the finance committee. He has lived in the municipality for over seventeen years, and during the war he was in the thick of the fighting in France, serving there with the 87th and 102nd Battalions.

Councillor Bridle, 549 Lampson Street, has lived for many years in Esquimalt, where he is well known, and has served a number of terms on the council, last year coming second in the councillors' poll.

After January 1st We Will Be Located in Our New Premises, New Woolworth Building, 1212 Douglas Street

A Merry Christmas

We Move on January 1st

Just to remind you that this is the last sweep of Mallek's Removal Sale, so you will have to hurry if you wish to take advantage of the many huge bargains offered. Every garment in the house greatly reduced in price.

721 Yates Street **Mallek's** Telephone 1901

To our many patrons and friends we wish

A Merry, Merry Xmas

Irish Linen Stores, Ltd.

Phone 3576 1017 Government Street

A Merry Christmas

To all our good customers, large and small, and to all who we wish were our customers.

The J. M. Whitney Co.

Corner of Yates and Broad Streets

ARTHUR HOLMES Clothing and Furnishings

Prepare for colder weather. Reefer Overcoats for boys; Suits and Overcoats for men and boys.

1314 Broad Street Phone 4211

Prompt Delivery Best Prices

Puget Sound Wood IS GOOD WOOD

Distributed by

W. L. MORGAN

Distributor of Wood from Canadian Puget Sound Lumber Co.'s Victoria Mills

Dry Kindling Pure Bark	MILLWOOD Big Blocks—4ft. Slabs	Cord Wood Hog Fuel
Phone 766	Largest Dealer in Victoria	Office at Mill

Eighth DRAMALOGUE

NEW THOUGHT TEMPLE, JANUARY 8, 2:45 P.M., 50 CENTS

The Management and Staff of

HEINTZMAN

& Co., Ltd., "Ye Olde Firme"

Wish You A Very Merry Christmas

A Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for Your Prosperity in the Coming Year



W. H. Wilkerson
"At the Sign of the Big Clock"
Jeweler and Watchmaker New Address: 647 Yates St.



And may the New Year bring you happiness and prosperity
MUTRIE & SON
Two Stores:
1203 Douglas Street 1621 Douglas Street

We Wish One and All the Compliments of the Season
The Red Cross Workshop
514 Fort Street (Below Government) Phone 2169

BIRD STORE 1316 Government Street. Phone 896
Home of pets of all kinds. Guaranteed singing canaries from $5.00; small tame monkeys, white mice, parrots, foreign finches, goldfinch mules, dogs, cats. All kinds of correct feed, fresh seeds, Spratt's biscuits. Bird cages and supplies. Try our song tonic and red mite destroyer.

CHRISTMAS TREE FOR INVALID CHILDREN

Santa Claus Last Evening Distributed Gifts to Youngsters at Jubilee Hospital—Good Programme

A giant Christmas tree, strung with tiny Japanese lanterns and other pretty colored decorations, brought joy to the hearts of the little patients of the children's ward at the Jubilee Hospital last evening. Numbers of the older patients, some wheeled into the ward in their cots, joined the gay gathering, which included nearly all the nurses on duty, the members of the board of directors, and others who came to share the fun, and today and tomorrow and all the week will be the happier for the memories left by the jolly party.

There was a very nice little programme first, arranged by the Misses Jean and Kathleen Roberts, consisting of the following numbers:

Piano solo, Rowena Horsey; fairy dance, led by Miss Doris MacMorran as the queen, and Eileen Reilly, Beatrice MacMillian, Marjorie Tubman, Ray Robinson, Kathleen Meldram; solo, "Christmas Bell," Miss Iona Robertson; Highland fling, Sheila Tait; duet, violin and piano, George Dyke and Kenneth Bostock; Irish jig, Mary Malcolm, Rowena Horsey, Herman Copas, Johnnie Slater and Ralph Mawhinney; recitation, Miss Iona Robertson; rosebud dance, Dolores Pettinwell; solo, "Christmas Pipers," Miss Iona Robertson. The accompaniments were played by Miss Murray, Miss Blankenbach and Miss Roberts.

Mr. George McGregor, president of the Hospital Board of Directors, gave a short address about half-way down the programme, wishing all the children and other guests a very happy Christmas, and referring to the prospect of being in the new building by this time next year.

Santa Claus

Santa Claus was a great success. Arrayed in crimson and white, he had a string of sleigh bells for a girdle, and jingled rhythmically as he trotted about distributing the presents from the huge pile at the foot of the Christmas tree. In this work he was ably assisted by Miss Jessie Mackenzie, the lady superintendent, and the fairies and boys in green, who had taken part in the programme. There was something for everyone, and it took quite half an hour to read out the long list of names and get the gifts to the right people. When it was all over Santa Clause and Rev. A. deB. Owen stood up and led the singing of the National Anthem, which brought the proceedings to a close.

The hospital directors were represented by the president, Mr. George McGregor, Mrs. Rhodes, Messrs. Bamfield, Parfitt, Drake, Wallace, Charles Williams, Roberts and Dr. Miller. Dr. Ogilvie, the house surgeon, and Mrs. Hasell were other guests who attended the proceedings.

Miss Mackenzie came in just as everyone was leaving, and from a well-laden tray distributed baskets of candies to the little girls who had taken part in the programme.

GIVE CHINA; IT ALWAYS PLEASES

Bonbon Dishes, 15c up; Spoon Trays from 25c; Cake Plates from 50c; Salad Bowls from 94c; Creams and Sugars from $1.00. Berry Sets from $3.49; Whipped Cream Sets, 95c; Nut Bowls, 95c; Celery Trays, $1.95; Marmalade Jars, Biscuit Jars, Tea Sets, Dinner Sets, etc. R. A. Brown & Co., Douglas and Johnson.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF BANK OF COMMERCE

TORONTO, Dec. 22.—Profits of the Canadian Bank of Commerce for the fiscal year ended November 30, 1922, were maintained, as is shown by the annual statement just issued. The total net was $3,002,435, as compared with $3,116,126 the year previous. As the balance at the credit of the profit and loss account brought forward from 1921 was $1,946,745, the total amount for various appropriations was $4,949,180. Dividends at the rate of 12 per cent per annum and a bonus of 1 per cent absorbed $1,850,000, while Government taxes took $325,000 and the sum of $400,000 was written off bank premises.

After transferring $176,687 to pension fund account, the balance carried forward into the current year was $2,097,502, as compared with $1,946,745 the year before.



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GOLDSBOROUGH HALL HOME OF PRINCESS

Ancient Yorkshire Seat Fitting Place of Residence for Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles



GOLDSBOROUGH HALL

Princess Mary is a great lover of the past, and thus it is singularly fitting that her future home, Goldsborough Hall, should be permeated with memories of bygone centuries.

After the announcement of the engagement of Princess Mary to Lord Lascelles it was reported that his lordship's father, the Earl of Harewood, would present Harewood House, his principal Yorkshire seat, near Leeds, to the young couple, but that during the earlier part of their married life they would make their country home Goldsborough Hall, the Dower House of Harewood. Lord Harewood himself resided there for fourteen years, and for the past twenty-six years it has been inhabited by Mr. W. R. Lamb, a well-known Yorkshire magistrate, and his family. Mr. Lamb gave up possession last April, and during the Summer the Hall was prepared for the Royal bride.

Standing in a park and gardens of over 100 acres, Goldsborough Hall, which is an early Jacobean red brick house, is a home of which the Princess may well be proud. It has strong circling walls, massive and imposing gateway, reminiscent of days long ago, a magnificent sixteenth-century staircase, Stuart embellishments, Adam ceilings, and sumptuous furnishings. It is a hall worthy of Britain's Princess at its chatelaine.

History of House

Goldsborough Hall, situated in the village of that name near Knaresborough, was first owned by the Goldsborough family, who came to ruin by litigation and feuds, which in the sixteenth century led to the gagging of keepers, the killing of deer in the park, and the burning of the original house. In 1601 the hall was bought by a lawyer named Sir Richard Hutton, a cavalier in the days of the Stuarts, who gave his life for his King in 1665, after a gallant defence of York. At that time the Hall proved a refuge for many a Royalist who fled there from the disaster of Marston Moor.

For five generations Goldsborough Hall played a notable part in the history of Yorkshire before, in 1766, it was bought with its lands by Daniel Lascelles, brother of the first Lord Harewood, who migrated to it from the neighboring Hall of Plumpton, and inaugurated there a new and still more splendid era.

Daniel Lascelles engaged the famous brothers Adam, who were then decorating Harewood House, to repair and alter Goldsborough Hall. The winding oak staircase is one of the special features of the Hall, while the boudoir, decorated in 1766 by the brothers Adam with old Italian ceiling and oak panelling, is a perfect specimen of that period.

Historic Ground

The surrounding country is, like the Hall, rich in romance of long ago. Conflicts which lasted through generation after generation were waged around the site of a Saxon Stronghold, which some have stated as being the original site of the Hall, before King Alfred won his crown. And for many centuries the Hall and park were the heart of a royal forest, where, in the days of William Rufus, the chase was held, and where the wild boar, the red and fallow deer, and other beasts were hunted.

Close to Goldsborough Hall is the cave chapel which was the hermitage of St. Robert, seven centuries or more ago, and where the altar is enshrined at which he paid his daily devotions, the entrance being guarded by a rudely sculptured Knight Templar. Further afield may be seen the carved stones and pieces of the columns which once formed part of the Priory founded by Richard Plantagenet, son of King John, about 1257. Here also is the famous dropping-well, the most remarkable petrifying spring in Britain, which in a few months converts anything immersed in it into stone.

Knaresborough brings further interesting and picturesque memories into the scene, with its ruins of an ancient castle, in which Richard II. was imprisoned. The castle was dismantled in 1648, and has since lain in ruins, holding the secrets of its history dating back to Roman times. More modern connections are found in Knaresborough also, for it was from here that Dick Turpin took his wonderful mare Black Bess, and it was the near-by village of Scotton Guy Fawkes had his cradling, and with his confederates planned his Gunpowder Plot.

HAMPERS DELIVERED TO VICTORIA POOR

Friendly Help Sent Out Two Hundred Boxes Of Christmas Cheer During Past Week

A very generous response was given to the Friendly Help Association's Christmas appeal a few days ago, and at four o'clock yesterday afternoon the ladies dispatched the last of the two hundred hampers which were sent out to cheer the eight hundred people represented in the different needy families of the city at this season. At each hamper was a gift of meat for the Christmas dinner, Pat Burns having very generously supplied at the rate of half a pound per person with each hamper.

Among the much appreciated gifts which came to the Friendly Help during the last few days was $35 collected by a number of Sooke children, who went around singing carols.

RECENT INVENTION IN PROPELLING LIFEBOAT

The Newly Approved Device Avoids Danger From Oars Becoming Brittle and Useless

Among the many recent inventions concerned with life saving at sea, one of the most interesting is a new form of mechanism for propelling a lifeboat. Case after case has happened where lifeboats have been launched and the oars, owing to long exposure to sun and air, have become brittle and have broken almost at the first stroke. Further, oars are exceedingly difficult things to bring into action under the usual conditions in which lifeboats are launched.

The new invention consists of a very simple form of hand propelling gear operated by six levers, arranged three on each side of the boat. The lower end of each lever is connected with rods and cranks, so that when the levers are moved backwards and forwards a screw is propelled. The screw can be reversed by the helmsman without affecting the movement of the levers in any way.

If necessary, ropes can be fixed to the top of the levers so that several persons may take part in the work of propulsion. The same inventor has devised a collapsible hood which protects the occupants of the boat against all weathers.

Both of these devices have been officially approved by the British Board of Trade, which allows a reduction of fifty per cent on the usual oars required under the life saving appliances rules.

Four important vegetable acids can be prepared from ordinary beanens.



Compliments of the Season

Gordon Dryspale LIMITED



CHILDREN OF MEMBERS WILL RECEIVE GIFTS

Welsh Society Holding Christmas Tree on New Year's Day in Campbell Building

The Welsh Society's Christmas tree will be held on New Year's Day, on the top floor of the Campbell Building, at four o'clock in the afternoon, when all the children of members will receive a gift from Santa Claus.

Tea will be served to all between the hours of five and half-past six o'clock, and the ladies are asked to furnish the refreshments.

Mrs. D. Thomas will be in charge of the refreshments.

AGENTS GIVEN ADVICE IN WRITING POLICIES

Mr. Douglas A. S. McGregor Gave Practical Address at Fire Insurance Meeting

The monthly meeting of the Victoria District Fire Insurance Agents' Association was held on Friday under the new president, Mr. S. Clegg.

After the usual business was finished, Mr. Douglas A. S. McGregor, district manager of the organization, gave an address upon "Some Common Errors in Policy Writing and Agency Work, With a Few Suggestions of Avoiding Them." Mr. McGregor said that the commonest error, he believed, in policy writing was in the issuing of non-concurrent policies. He said that insurers relied upon the agent as to the correctness of their policies. It is estimated that in the United States and Canada there are thirty-three million fire insurance policies, and that probably not more than one per cent of these are read by the holders. It is vitally essential that all policies existing upon the same risk should read alike; often it is only after a fire has occurred that a discrepancy is found, and then the insurer probably suffers through the neglect of the agent.

Particulars of ownership, proper endorsations, the co-insurance clause, use and occupancy, care in description of details, rating differentials and many other particulars of the fire insurance business were gone into by Mr. McGregor, and in summing up he said that he did not think the average agent considered his work in a sufficiently serious manner. There is too much inclination to obtain an agency and then wait for business to come in, or to treat fire insurance as a very secondary side-line. He commended the local association for its endeavors in trying to lift the business to a higher plane, thereby giving the insuring public a better and more efficient service, and educating the agent in a business which is a greater public necessity than any other.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the speaker at the close of his address.

Seven inches of rain fell in 90 minutes at Cambridge, Ohio, July 14, 1914.

KELWAY'S FOR XMAS



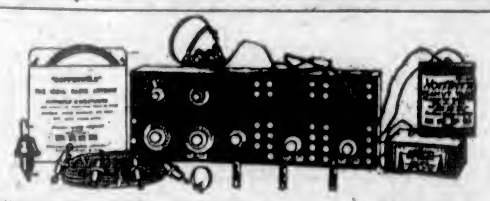
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SPORTING NEWS

SIKI STARTS HIS FIGHT IN COURTS

KERVES SUMMONS AGAINST BOXING FEDERATION PRESIDENT

Claims Pugilist's Disqualification Inflicted for Alleged Offences Not Connected With Boxing

PARIS, Dec. 23.—Battling Siki, former European heavyweight champion, has started legal proceedings against the French Boxing Federation, which recently deprived him of the title he won from Georges Carpentier and suspended him for nine months upon charges of various escapades brought against him by French sportsmen.

A summons has been served on Paul Rousseau, president of the federation, directing him to produce within three days the records upon which Siki was disqualified. The document asserts that the disqualification was based upon alleged conduct not relating to boxing.

OLD COUNTRY FOOTBALL

LONDON, Dec. 23.—Results of league football games played in the Old Country today follow:

English League

First Division

Huddersfield 4, Arsenal 0.
Newcastle United 0, Aston Villa 0.
Everton 2, Birmingham 1.
Bolton W. 3, Blackburn R. 0.
Oldham A. 1, Burnley 1.
Manchester C. 5, Cardiff C. 1.
Tottenham H. 3, Chelsea 1.
Nottingham F. 1, Liverpool 3.
Stoke 0, Middlesbro 0.
West Bromwich A. 1, Sunderland 1.
Preston N. E. 2, Sheffield U. 6.

Second Division

Crystal Palace 3, Portvale 0.
Fulman 0, Bradford City 0.
Hull City 0, Blackpool 0.
Leeds U. 1, Coventry C. 0.
Leicester C. 0, Derby 1.
Rotherham County 0, Bury 0.
The Wednesday 2, Barnsley 3.
Southampton 0, Notts C. 1.
South Shields 3, Clapton Orient 0.
Stockport 1, Manchester U. 0.
West Ham U. 1, Wolverhempton 0.

Third Division—Northern Section

Accrington 2, Walsall 3.
Ashington 2, Barrow 6.
Bradford 3, Crewe A. 0.
Durham C. 2, Wigan 2.
Grimsby 0, Hellfax T. 1.
Hartlepool U. 1, Lincoln C. 2.
Nelson 3, Darlington 0.
Stoleybridge C. 3, Wrexham 2.
Tranmere R. 2, Chesterfield 3.
Rochdale 3, Southport 2.

Southern Section

Aberdare A. 4, Swindon 5.
Brentford 0, Bristol R. 1.
Brighton and H. A. 2, Newport C. 1.
Bristol C. 3, Queen's Park R. 2.
Exeter City 2, Merthyr Town 1.
Luton 0, Portsmouth 2.
Milwall 0, Swansea Town 2.
Northampton 5, Reading 0.
Norwich C. 1, Gillingham 1.
Plymouth Argyle 1, Watford 0.
Southend U. 0, Charlton A. 0.

Scottish League

First Division

Aberdeen 0, Airdrieonians 1.
Albion Rovers 1, Hearts 3.
Alloa 0, Rangers 2.
Ayr United 4, Clyde 1.
Celtic 1, Kilmarnock 3.
Falkirk 1, Dundee 0.
Hamilton A. 3, Third Lanark 1.
Hibernians 0, Morton 1.
Partick Thistles 3, Relth Rovers 0.
St. Mirren 3, Motherwell 3.

Scottish League

Second Division

Dumbarton 2, Boness 0.
Queens Park 4, Stenhousemuir 1.
Armadale 7, Johnstone 2.
Broxburn 1, Vale of Leven 1.
Dunfermline 2, Clyde Bank 2.
East Fife 1, St. Johnstone 3.
Lochgelly 2, Bathgets 3.
St. Bernard 0, Cowdenbeath 0.
Arbroath 0, Kings Park 1.
Forfar 2, East Stirling 0.

Irish Association City Cup

Linfield 1, Distilleries 1.
Glentoran 2, Cliftonville 0.
Queen's Island 3, Glenevan 0.

Rugby League

Barrow 3, Salford 39.
Bramley 4, Wakefield 3.
Broughton 14, St. Helen's 3.
Dewebury 11, Huddersfield 13.
Featherstone 40, Bradford 2.
Halifax 2, Oldham 15.
Hull Kingston 33, York 0.
Hunslet 3, Hull 23.
Keighley 12, Battley 6.
St. Helens Rec. 16, Leeds 0.
Swinton 30, Leigh 6.
Warrington 5, Wigan 18.
Wigan Highfield 3, Widnes 9.

Rugby Union

Harlequins 7, Navy 13.
Richmond 6, Blackheath 11.
Bridge End 9, Mountain Ash 6.
Cross Keys 9, Crumlin 0.
Neath 6, Maesteg 0.
Rlrca 6, Pentypool 0.
Coventry 0, Leicester 14.
Beford 11, Old Leisians 5.
Bristol 35, Old Merchant Taylors 5.
Bath 6, Old Blues 3.
Aberaven 16, London Welsh 6.
Cardiff 39, Portsmouth Services 0.
Northampton 13, Candeford 10.
Newport 19, Pill Harriers 0.
Gloucester 0, Swansea 6.
Plymouth 10, Camborn 6.
Llanelly 19, Watsonians 6.

Scottish Trial Match

Scotland 25, The Rest 14.

RINK WILL BE OPEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Monday being Christmas Day, the Arena will be open for skating. There will be two sessions, at the usual hours of the afternoon and evening.

VANCOUVER MEETS METS TOMORROW

CHRISTMAS DAY GAME WILL BE PLAYED ON MAINLAND

Cougers Do Not Perform This Week Until Friday, When Maroons Will Be Visitors

The Vancouver Maroons are going to receive tomorrow, Christmas Day, at the Terminal City hockey arena, when the guests of the day will be the Metropolitans from Seattle. Following the Mainlanders' victory over the Regina crew on Monday night, the Vancouver fans are unshaken in their belief that from now on the Maroons will travel like wildfire, and will continue the series of successes tomorrow.

Four points separate the Vancouver and Seattle teams, the latter sextette being in the premier berth at present. These two crews play twice this coming week, tomorrow night in Vancouver and Wednesday evening in Seattle. If the Maroons should grab two victories in as many starts, then the Vancouver folks will be resting on even terms with the league leaders. Pete Muldoon's clan, on the other hand, would like nothing better than to secure two wins and then sit eight points ahead of Vancouver and ten points in front of the Cougars.

Frank Patrick's outfit will have had the advantage of a week's rest since they figured in the last contest. Sometimee the absence of work seems to help a team, while on other occasions the boys, on account of not being in the limelight all the time, get rether stale and enter the match es though they wers ready to retire for life. The Maroons will likely be reinforced by the services of Corbett Denneny, whom the Vancouver club has secured from the Toronto St. Patricks in exchange for Jack Adams, who was a star performer on the Mainlenders' roster for several seasons.

Seattle has a fast-going bunch of puckchasers who can be expected to make the Terminal City players extend themselves if they have any ambitions of copping the holiday struggle. Frank Foyston will lead his crew of ice dogs, all of whom will be ready after several days rest, to give a good exhibition of the great pond entertainment.

The Victoria Cougars have a week's holiday to prepare for their next game, which will be with Vancouver on the local ice on Friday evening. If Seattle succeeds in picking up two victories at the expense of the Maroons, then the Cougars, by defeating Vancouver, will be tied with the Terminal City's representatives for second place in the Pacific Coast Hockey Association League. But if Vancouver snatches either one or two games, then the blue and gold squad will have to obtain a couple of wins at least to bring them onto even terms with the Maroons.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST TENNIS RANKINGS

VANCOUVER, Dec. 23—Following are the official rankings in the Pacific Northwest Lawn Tennis Association issued todsy by Secretary E. V. Young:

Men's Singles

1, Leon Turenne, Seattle.
2, H. V. D. Johns, Seattle.
3, St. L. K. Verlsy, Vancouver.
4, Catlin Wolfard, Portland, Ore.
5, Fanimore Cady, Spokane.
6, Marshall Allen, Seattle.
7, A. S. Milne, Vancouver.
8, Wallace Scott, Tacoma.
9, G. H. Peers, Vancouver.
10, W. H. E. Richards, Vancouver.

Men's Doubles

1, Turenne and Merlan, Seattle.
2, Laisure and Burr, Seattle.
3, MacVeagh and Wolfard, Portland.
4, Bailey and Cady, Spokane.

(Secretary's Note—It is impossible to rank British Columbia pairs because leading players changed partners in almost every tournament during the season).

Ladies' Singles

1, Miss MacDonald, Seattle.
2, Mrs. Diamond, Vancouver.
3, Mrs. Bragdon, Seattle.
4, Miss Leeming, Victoria.
5, Mrs. Milne, Vancouver.

(Secretary's Note.—Data is insufficient for further ranking).

Juniors

1, Armand Marlan, Seattle.
2, Isadore Westerman, Portland, Ore.
3, Beardsley Merrill, Spokane.
4, Sidney Smith, Tacoma.

Boys

1, Louis Brophy, Spokane.
2, Howard Langley, Seattle.
3, Fred Walker, Tacoma.

The deepest oil well in the United States is at Fairmont, West Virginia.

Bays Beat Nanaimo By Try to Nothing After Close Match

Hornets' Forwards Played Fine Game Throughout on Rain-Sodden Field, Local Team Showing Superiority Behind the Scrummage—Only Score Results From Fine Run by Humber

INTERESTING MATCH SPOILED BY CONTINUOUS DOWNPOUR

FROM the point of view of the spectators who saw yesterday's rugby match between the Nanaimo Hornets and the J. B. A. A., it was a great pity that heavy rain started to fall just at the kick-off, and fell with increasing persistence and intensity all through the game. But for this, undoubtedly a very interesting game would have been seen. As it was it was a good match, won by the Bays by a try to nothing, but on a dry ground it would undoubtedly have been even more interesting to see the outcome. The Hornets showed considerably better forward work than that of the Bays, or, certainly, forward tactics more suited to the heavy ground, while the indications were that, had the Bays' three-quarters had the benefit of a dry field, they would have shown considerable superiority over the back division from Nanaimo. As it was, the Hornets got the ball out of the scrum nearly every time, but were unable for the most part to make use of this advantage gained by their good forward work. Their forwards packed better, and did not show such a tendency to try and shine individually in the loose as did those of the J. B. A. A., at any rate in the first half of the game.

McInnes Shows Speed

The Bays were the first to look dangerous from the kick-off, and McInnes showed up with a good run which might very possibly have resulted in a scors had there been anyone backing him up on the wing to take a pass. Nanaimo, however, soon worked the ball back in the other direction, and had it within ten yards of the Bays' line before the latter managed to get the leather into midfield. For a while there was considerable loose work with honors even, but several useful kicks by Boss Johnson helped to work the ball up to the Nanaimo line. A couple of good kicks by Hornets brought it back again to the Bays' twenty-five, and another very fine kick proved unlucky in just going into touch in goal. The Hornets continued to press for a considerable time before the ball was again brought to the middle of the field. The Nanaimo men were tackling well and giving the Bays' backs little chance to get away. Play was very even, and the ball was in midfield when D. A. Davies, the referee, whistled for half-time.

In the second half the Bays had more of the play, and, although the Hornet forwards were still doing well in the scrum, their backs failed to take advantage of their good heeling. Indeed the heeling was too good at times, the forwards sending the ball back when they should have taken it with them on several occasions when the play was near their own line and the ground was getting increasingly wet and heavy and the ball correspondingly greasy.

A Fine Try

The Bays were pressing hard, and after play had been resumed eight minutes Humber got possession, and with a very fine run went round all opposition for the only try of the match—a fine piece of work. Taylor tried the kick at goal, but failed to raise the heavy ball.

The Bays had all the better of this half, and nearly scored again when McInnes got the ball from a line-out, and, after a punt, raced the Hornet fullback behind the posts, coming in a good second. With the exception of one or two occasions when the ball was taken into Bays' territory, the local team was doing most of the attacking in the second half, although there was very little advantage and a little luck might have given the Nanaimo forwards the reward they deserved for the excellent game they played.

By virtue of yesterday's victory, the Bays will now meet Cowichan in the final for the Cowichan Trophy.

The teame wers as follows:

J.B.A.A.—Ryan; Totty, McInnes, Johnson and Humber; McLean and McMillan; Taylor; Miller, Davis, Sweeney, Norris, Johnson, Travis and Brynjolfson.

Nanaimo Hornets—Edmonds; Pitt, Grant, Colling and Todd; Hanlon and Aitken; Dykes, Kirkbride, Dobeson, Gartner, Bate, Blackburn and Edmonds.

HINDLE WINS FINAL

The final match in the Two Jacks billiard handicap was played last night between Hindle and Spencer. Hindle, owing 350, beat Spencer, receiving 50, by 74 points. The winner did not make any very large breaks last night, but was playing a steady game and scoring consistently throughout.

ST. PATRICKS WIN FROM THE TIGERS

GOALKEEPING IS FEATURE OF MATCH AT TORONTO

Ottawa Senators Defeat Canadiens by Three to Nothing—Jack Adams Scores Four for Pats

TORONTO, Dec. 23.—St. Patricks defeated Hamilton here tonight by 9 to 4, in a game in which the goalkeeping of Forbes and Roach was sensational. Forbes was given poor support, while the local sharpshooters had a field day, pepparing him from all angles with terrific drives. Jack Adams, former Pacific Coast League star, scored four goals. He has added strength to the world's champions. Forbes and his teammates weakened in the last period and the locals got seme easy goals.

MONTREAL, Dec. 23.—The Ottawa Senators defeated the Canadiens here tonight before a crowd of 6,000 fans, by the score of 3 to 0.

Joe Malone, who was captain of the Hamilton Tigers last year, made his appearance in the Canadien colors tonight and received a great welcome.

Summary

First period—1, Ottawa, Broadbent, 15:20.

Second period—2, Ottawa, Deney, 14.

Third period—3, Ottawa, Broadbent, 10.

O.H.A. Junior Hockey

Hamilton St. Mary's 3, Oakville 1.
Hamilton Tigers 6, Grimsby 3.

Exhibition

Preston 6, Kitchener Union Jacks 1.
Kitchener Intermediates 6, Aura Lee Seniors 1.
Burlington Intermediates 3, Milton Intermediates 3.

ANNUAL EVENT FOR YACHTS IS PLANNED

INTERNATIONAL CROSS-ATLANTIC RACE LATEST PROPOSAL

British and American Yachtsmen to Test Their Sailing Skill in Small Schooners

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The Duke of Leinster, famous Irish sportsman, today announced that an annual international yachting contest to be sailed across the Atlantic Ocean in small schooners for a cup, probably will be inaugurated in the near future

Plans for the race were mapped out tentatively, the Duke said at a luncheon at the Hervard Club several days ago, when prominent American yachtsmen, including Capt. William Washburn Nutting, who is to race the Duke to England this Summer, offered to contribute a cup to be contested for by American and English yachtsmen.

The rules for the contest are expected to be completed before the Duke's departure for England next month. He said that it is his idea to make his race with Capt. Nutting this year, the first of a series of annual contests.

"We probably will start the race this year in July," the Duke declared. He explained that it had been agreed that Captain Nutting and he would have built in an American yard two identical boats. The American boat, he said, will be rigged as a schooner and the English one as a ketch. An English motor will be pitted against and American motor. Both boats will carry only a small quantity of gasoline to protect the yachtsmen against the possibility of being becalmed.

Danny Kramer to Box Joe Gorman in Final Featherweight Fight

PORTLAND, Dec. 23. — Danny Kramer, of Los Angeles, and Joe Gorman, of Portland, will battle ten rounds or less here New Year's afternoon for the Pacific featherweight title. This match, the final tilt in the tournament which has been running several months, was closed yesterday by Matchmaker Harry Hansen.

Kramer, by his decisive victory over Weldon Wing Thursday night, won the right to fight to fight Gorman on the New Year's card. Gorman has won two bouts in the tournament, beating George Burns and King Leopold. Gorman has been training at his home in Grant's Pass for the last two weeks.

With the main event all set, Matchmaker Hansen is lining up his preliminary card. Hansen will attempt to bring Georgs Burns, of Portland, and Charley Burns, of Vancouver, B.C., together in the semi-wind-up.

GRASS HOCKEY NOTES

Yesterday, in spite of weather conditions, a most enjoyable practice game took place on the Jubilee ground. Everyone was in poor condition after the enforced rest, but in overcoming mud and panting lungs much fun was experienced. On Monday (Christmas Day), there will be another game at 2:30, at which it is hoped a goodly number of enthusiasts will be present.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS

Rugby

J.B.A.A., 3; Nanaimo Hornets, 0.

Soccer

Sons of England, 2; Thistles, 1.
Victoria Wests, 11; Metropolis, 0
Sons of Canada and Crusaders, called off.
Saanich Thistles and Victoria Wests won junior games by default.

NORMALS LOSE TO ROWING CLUB

Intermediate Rugby Honors Go to Mainland, Rowing Club's Second Fifteen Winning the Province Cup

VANCOUVER WINS BY SIX TRIES TO NIL

Winners Had Game Their Own Way Throughout — Greasy Ball and Heavy Ground Interfere With Score

VANCOUVER, Dec. 23.—Displaying convincing superiority in all departments of the game, the Rowing Club second rugby fifteen defeated the Victoria Normals by 18 points to nil, thereby capturing The Province Cup and the intermediate championship of British Columbia. The scarlet and white lads had absolute control of the contest—at all stages, penning the visitors almost uninterruptedly in their own territory and romping over for six tries.

In view of the weather conditions that have lately obtained, the grounds were in remarkably good shape as the result of the attentions of groundkeeper Reid, and the footing was far from being so treacherous as might have been expected. The ball was, however, very greasy and difficult. There was, in consequence, a considerable amount of fumbling, and not a single kick at goal was successful.

The Rowing Club forwards got the ball away smartly to their threes and also pulled off a number of clever dribbles. Behind the line the backs worked with smoothness, and several of their runs were really spectacular.

The first score of the game came as a result of a dribble by the forwards, who drove the pigskin over the line, where Sherwood went down on it for a try.

Half-Time, Six to Nil

Before the interval, Stewart went over from a loose scrum near the line, and the half-time score was 6-0 for the oarsmen.

Early in the second half the Rowing Club received a free kick near the centre. Allan punted, and, following up his own kick, dribbled over and scored.

The fourth try was the result of a pretty piece of combination. The forwards heeled the ball cleanly to the threes, who combined cleverly, Tait being sent over at the end of a snappy bit of passing.

Shortly afterwards, from a loose dribble, Stewart went over for his second try.

Just before the call of time came the prettiest score of the afternoon. The ball came out to Tait, who faked a couple of passes and went clear around on his own hook to plant the ball behind the goal.

DOGGIE DOINGS ARE FULL OF INTEREST

Kennel Club Members Optimistic Over Present Conditions in Local World of Canine Fanciers

The Kennel Club will hold their parlor show early in January. The December show was postponed on account of inclement weather.

Some newly-imported blue blooded dogs are expected to be shown in January in a large store on Government Street. Mr. MacVicar, of the Tiswilde Kennels, Prospect Lake, has just imported two valuable Bostons, including Tug-of-War, a son of the great winning Globe League of Nations, and this fine young dog will prove a valuable asset to the Island breeders, and will no doubt be well among the silver plate at the coming shows.

Mr. Dodds has sold a promising young wire fox terrier to Mr. Ackerman, an American fancier, for $200. Mr. Rasmussen has a nice addition of three litters to his well known Scottie kennels. Mr. Dick Teale also reports a litter of aristocratic Scotties. Mr. Maurice has just sold two nice West Highland white terrier puppies to California. Mr. McLaggan is expecting a valuable cocker spaniel sired by an Old Country champion. Mr. Jack Holgate's praise of the high quality of the dogs he saw at the big show here in September has caused widespread interest in Eastern Canada and the States, and local breeders have been unable to fill the demand, and in a sporting way have refused good offers for their best dogs, preferring to keep the best blood on the Island.

Prospects look bright for 1923, and it is probable that Victoria's Spring show will be the biggest on record, as Coast fanciers were loud in their praise of the last show, and the clean, sanitary and efficient manner it was run. Mr. Bert Pritchett, the hard working secretary, received compliments all round, including high commendation from the Canadian Kennel Club.

The annual general meeting of the club will be held early in January, and new members should send in their names to Mr. Pritchett, 2172 Qu'Appelle Street, or phone 7349L, when they will receive every courtesy. The annual membership fee is $3.

Headaches may sometimes be cured by pushing on the roof of the mouth.

To the Motorists of Victoria—



We extend best wishes for a happy Christmas, and may the year 1923 be the most prosperous in your experience.

WEILER AUTO SUPPLY HOUSE

Douglas St. at Broughton (New Otto Weiler Building)
TELEPHONES: Office, 659; Battery Dept., 669; Night Phone, 68

To Our Patrons and Friends—

We Wish You All a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year

JIM BRYANT

Bicycles and Repairs—Toys

627 Johnson Street Phone 7781

THE HOUSE OF SERVICE GASOLINE STATION



Tip for Santa Claus

All you wives of those sterling husbands and fathers who have for years striven with joy to do mors for their families—incline your ear and listen to a whisper from Santa Claus.

One of the most enthusiastic elderly golfers I have ever known has for the last year been a member of one of the Chicago clubs at which I do a good deal of golfing. This player was put in the club's stocking last year by Old Nick. And Santa Claus has seldom done a better job of picking the right time and the best recipient for his kindly benefactions. Meet this convert to golf from Santa Claus:

He is about fifty years old. He is the father of four children, three boys and a girl. He is the average type of successful business man, not conspicuously wealthy, but comfortable financially. He had given his whole life to his business and his family, but principally his family. His sole diversion has always been his wife and children. Whatever he denied himself was denied that they might enjoy.

Striving to do more for his family, he had practically denied himself and real form of recreation for himself alone. The great spread of golf favor came on, but he didn't see it. Everybody in his wife's circles seemed to be interested in bunkers, traps and putts, but all this was to him a foreign tongue.

Then Christmas neared—last year. And the wife of this sterling husband and father had an inspiration. She wrote a letter to Santa Claus. The day of days arrived, and behold! In our hero's sock a membership in the golf club had been chucked by Santa Claus when he scampered down the chimney. His wife then discovered that the speed boy with the reindeer hed put a bag on the Christmas tree, and when the father came on the scene later the children brought him golf clubs one by one until he had a complete set, the baby coming in last with the putter.

One of the strange things about this tale is that it is true. The interesting thing about it, perhaps, is that there are thousands of opportunities for wives and mothers everywhere to beckon Santa Claus on a similar mission. And when he responds the wife may feel as her reward that she has accomplished something for her husband that will do him the most good over the longest period of time.

The golf club membership will operate to meke him live longer, better and heppier since it will promote his health. And there will be no chance of the gift missing firs because no one has ever been known to hit a golf ball and then quit the sport. It engages and holds everybody.

Santa Claus is listening! Write him quick!

THISTLES LOSE TO SONS OF ENGLAND

AN INTERNATIONAL BATTLE AT ROYAL ATHLETIC PARK

English Score Twice, While Scotch Tally Once—Rain and Mud Make Play Difficult

Scotch and English battled in a dense downpour of rain at the Royal Athletic Park yesterday afternoon, the lads from the land of the Thistle eventually acknowledging defeat by a scors of two goals to one. When the state of the ground is considered and the handicap thereby placed on the play, the game was an exceedingly good exhibition. Despite the rain pelting down upon them, both sides put up a strong struggle, were on or after the ball all the time, and generarally allowed nothing to dampen their energy howsver much their jerseys were soaked.

What won for the Sons of England was their lucky beginning with a goal five minutes after the start. From a corner, Tostevin, centre forward, headed the ball in for a tally that influenced the whole trend of play thereafter. With the gradual conversion of the field into a slippery expanse of mud and water it became increasingly difficult to handle the ball, and the Thistles were forced to adopt desperate tactics in an attempt to even up.

Thistles Press

After a ding dong first half, that ended with the Sons maintaining their single goal lead, the Thistles with the resumption of play resorted to the one back game, and pressed for all they were worth. As a result, although they controlled most of the play and staged a series of hot attacks on the English net, when the Sons forward line managed to get away they invariably had little trouble evading the lone Thistle back and would have scored several times but for the slippery condition of boots and ball. As it was, on one such rush, Tostevin, with only the goalkeeper to beat, put in a second count for the Sons of England. Concentration of offensive play, to the weakening of their defence, was undoubtedly what lost a draw to the Thistles.

The Thistles lone score came close to the finish. Ginger Bloom was responsible, capping an aggressive attack by slipping a shot past Hetherington that the latter had no chance to reach. Encouraged by this success the Scots put forth redoubled efforts to draw level, but in the few minutes remaining were unable to do so.

On a dry field it is difficult to say which team would have finished on top. Both had numerous opportunities to score what would have been sure goals if weather conditions had been more favorable.

The spectators enjoyed the game. From the shelter of the grandstand they watched the players sliding along on all portions of their bodies, ears, necks, everywhere in fact except feet. Rare acrobatic exhibitions occurred every half minute.

RUGBY PRACTICES

Practices for the "rep" rugby team will be held in the J.B.A.A. gymnasium on Tuesday and Thursday evenings of this week at 8 o'clock.

Win for the Tourists

MANILA, Dec. 23.—The baseball team from the United States, composed of players of the two major leagues, defeated the Fort Mills army team today 9 to 6.

"The Hunt for Port Wine Supremacy" ends with Warre & Company's

Convido

The world's oldest wine growers and this the oldest wine. Judge for yourselves. Established 1670.



Sold by All Government Liquor Stores

WESTS BEAT METS IN EASY FASHION

SCORE IN SOCCER MATCH IS NINE TO NOTHING

Torrents of Rain Made Good Football Impossible, But Issue in No Doubt From Start

Officially the soccer contest staged between the Metropolis and the Wests at Beacon Hill Park yesterday was termed football, but to the few webbed-toed spectators, who on account of their peculiarity, were able to withstand a considerable current and stuck on the lines, it looked more like an animated exhibition of water polo. In any event, the tons of water which poured out of the sky and swept across the field did not agree with the Mets, as they were unable to find the net of their opponents on a single occasion. Not so the Wests, however, they scored at least eleven times—they may have scored a few more unnoticed ones because the official eyewitness on several instances had all he could do to save himself from drowning and had no time for witnessing.

In parts, the first half was not so bad, and some football was played, Clarkson scoring the first for the Wests and Youson charging in two more before the whistle sounded. With the score 3 to 0 against them, the pigskin as heavy a cannon ball and enough water on the field to float a battleship, the Mets fared badly in the final session. It might be a good idea if football is to be played under such conditions to issue each player with a surf board and a grass petticoat.

The Lineups

Wests: Leeming, goal; Muir and White, backs; Thomas, Popham and Baker, halfbacks; Sherratt, Merryfield, Youson, Peden and Clarkson, forwards.

Mets: Weir, goal; Church and McElry, full backs; Gillingham, English and Dryborough, halfbacks; McKenzie, Bromage, Dowds, Davis and Hayward, forwards.

Referee: Lock.

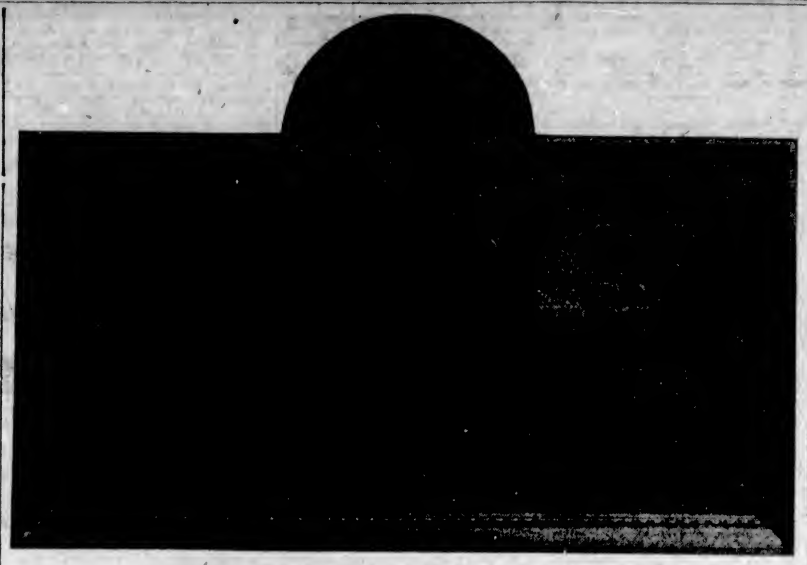
TIJUANA RACING

Following are the results of yesterday's racing at Tijuana:

First race, three-quarters of a mile—1, Nebraska Lad (Petsoldt); 2, Tom Craven (Ralls); 3, Shelbyville (M. Fator). Time 1:14.

Second race, mile and sixteenth—1, Eugenia K (Petsoldt); 2, Leta (Stevens); 3, Walter Dan (Ralls). Time 1:08.

Third race, three-quarters of a mile—1, Col. Snider (Long); 2, Don Jose (Molter); 3, I. W. Harper (Martines). Time 1:14 4-5.



VICTORIA GOLF CLUB'S HONOR ROLL

Above is a reproduction of the handsome memorial tablet subscribed for by members of the Victoria Golf Club, which will be erected in the clubhouse at Oak Bay in memory of the members of the club who fell in the Great War. The tablet is a beautiful piece of work, designed by Mr. S. Maclure, and cast in solid bronze by Bromsgrove Guild, Limited, Bromsgrove, Worcestershire.

Fourth race, five and a half furlongs—1, Brian Kent (M. Fator); 2, Lady Leonid (W. Pool); 3, Bowsprit (J. Peters). Time 1:05.

Fifth race, one mile—1, Supercargo (M. Fator); 2, Breeze (W. Pool); 3, Bastille (Claver). Time 1:41.

Sixth race, three-quarters of a mile—1, Mayeville (Flynn); 2, Bill Blackwell (Molter); 3, Romulus (M. Fator). Time 1:14.

Seventh race, five and a half furlongs—1, Payoff (M. Fator); 2, John Jr. (Claver); 3, Full Moon (Millerick). Time 1:07 3-5.

Track fast.

Overnight Entries

First race, five furlongs—Norfield, 91; Marion Zorain, 111; Dora Arvi, 111; Helen Majors, 111; Toyon, 111; Ella Waldo, 111; Tornette, 111; Sherman A., 111; Merry Lass, 111; View, 113; Dragoon, 113; Lodging Star, 115.

Second race, mile and one-eighth—Drifting, 103; Elroy, 109; Silex II, 109; John Arbor, 109; Madge F, 109; Rhymer, 109; Judge David, 111; Dr. Cunard, 113; Swenson, 113; Wodan, 113; Cork, 113; Hickory Nut, 113.

Third race, six furlongs—Bookworm, 104; Aurevoir, 104; Dr. Tubbs, 103; Orleans Girl, 110; Eva Song, 110; Dancing Girl, 111; Flame, 113; Gensar, 113; She Devil, 113; Missoula, 114.

Fourth race, five furlongs—Four Leaf, 103; Bess Welch, 103; French Nurse, 108; Tom Roach, 108; Shelbyville, 110; Joe Tag, 111; Right Angle, 113; Hamilton A., 113; Mistake, 113; Hazel Dale, 113; Celebrate, 113; Little Pointer, 118.

Fifth race, mile and seventy yards—Shore Acres, 100; McGee's Pink, 101; Justright, 101; Mannikin II, 109; Cavalcadour, 111; Rajah, 110; Charlie Boy, 111; Frank Fogarty, 107.

Sixth race, six furlongs—Bill Rendared, 90; Sangrando, 96; Black Deer, 98; Jim Daisy, 100; John S. Reardon, 110; Freelance, 110; Abadane, 114; Dr. Johnson, 116.

UPLANDS GOLF CLUB

The following New Year competitions have been arranged to take place at the Uplands links: On December 31 a men's medal competition will be held. This will be a sweepstake event, and the entry fee will be 50 cents, all names to be in by December 29 at 3 p.m. On January 1 a mixed foursome will be played, all entries for which must be in the secretary's hands before 3 p.m. on December 29.

Seventeen holes of the course are now open for play.

Seventh race, five and one-half furlongs—Mart Bunch, 100; Dick Terpin, 100; Fireplace, 106; Blind Baggage, 111; Sister Susie, 111; Spinaway, 114; Kinglike, 116.

Eighth race, five furlongs—Love Bird, 93; Rosa Atkins, 110; Eugenia K., 110; Honest George, 110; Ask Jessie, 110; Candorose, 113; Harry D., 115.

Racing Chart, Friday, Dec. 22

First race, mile and seventy yards—3, W. G. McClintock, 113, E. Fator, nose; 5-2, Gen. Byng, 103, Ralls, 3½ lengths; 15, Obstinate, 103, Long, 3½ lengths; 2, Wise Judge, 108, Martin, half; 7-2, Miss Dunbar, 103, Lee, head; 15, Swenson, 108, Petsgold was 6th; 4, Peerless One, 103, M. Fator, 20, Tag Day, 108, Zander, 10, Florentine, 108, Flynn, 10, Hanover Topaz, 108, Molter, 10, Sam Hill, 118, Anderson, 8, Cork, 113, Wilson, also ran. Start good; won by short nose; driving to limit. Byng ran splendid race. Time 1:47 3-5.

Second race, mile and seventy yards—3, Little Orphan, 103, Ralls, 1½ lengths; 10, Reydo, 113, Baker, nose; 7-2, Deckhand, 108, Cantrell, 2½ lengths; 8, Dora, 113, S. Smith, head; 6, Double Eye, 113, Claver, half; 7-2, Al. Wick, 103, Seramba, was 6th; 4, Rhymer, 108, Walls, 3, Theo. Breckenbridge, 108, Pets, 6, Capon, 103, Long, 15 Dr. Cunard, 108, Molter, also ran. Start good; won easily; second, driving hard. Deckhand was coming fast. Time 1:48.

Third race, three-quarters of a mile—6, Allenden, 103, Long, 3 lengths; 6, Alnson, 103, Ralls, nose; 5, Proclamation, 108, Anderson, neck; 4, Tom Craven, 103, M. Fator, half; 1-2, Silk Sox, 110, Petzgold, 3 lengths; 30, Meteor, 103, Cantrell, was 6th; 4, Dominator, 108, Carter, also ran. Start good; won in canter, 2nd, 3rd, driving. Time 1:15 3-5.

Fourth race, five-eighths of a mile—5-2, Ask Jessie, 106, Ralls, nose; 3-5, Joe Blair, 110, M. Fator, 5 lengths; 6, Milda, 109, Martin, 2 lengths; Dancing Girl, 109, E. Fator, nose; 15, Goldie S., 109, Jones; 2½ lengths; 4, Candorosa, 106, Claver, was 6th; 20, Rip Colline, 109, Fletcher, also ran. Start good; won after a hot finish. Blair was easy second. Time 1:01.

Fifth race, 5½ furlongs—7-5, Herder, 113, M. Fator, 1½ lengths; 5-2, Horace Leroh, 113, Rae, nose; 6, Neg, 111, Ralls, half; 5, Vanessa, Wells, 104, Long, 3 lengths; 4, North Shore, 113, Wilson, head; 4, F. G. Corley, 108, Petsgold, was 6th; 6, Dr. Stevenson, 103, Molter, 15, Vera's Choice, 104, Long, also ran. Start good; won cleverly after hard tussle. Horace was finishing strong. Neg ran well. Time 1:07 4-5.

Sixth race, one mile and one-eighth—5, My Rose, 106, M. Fator, nose; 4, Summer Sigh, 104, Stevens, half; 4, Buckhorn, 112, Long, 1 length; 2, Prince Direct, 111, Wilson, 1 length; 8-5, Whippet, 110, Ralls, head; 6, Madrona, 102, Petzgold, was 6th. Start goody won by an eyelash in fact. All three were right there, and Prince Direct was coming like an aeroplane. Time 1:55.

Seventh race, 5½ furlongs—5, May Mulsby, 104, Thomas, nose; 9-2, Phrone Ward, 103, M. Fator, nose; 2, Anna Regina, 113, Ralls, 1 length; 6-5, Coca Cola, 112, Stevens, neck; 20, Pay Off, 103, P. Hurn, half; 20, She Devil, 109, Rae, was 6th; 4, Aryanna, 110, Long, 20, Mannikin, 111, Petzgold, also ran. Start good; all three noses apart. Anna Regina came strong. Coca Cola also ran well. Time 1:08.

Track fast.

JUNIOR SOCCER GAMES BOTH GO BY DEFAULT

Yesterday's junior soccer games were both won by default, Esquimalt, who were to have played Saanich Thistles at Beacon Hill, failed to put a team on the field, and the High School defaulted to Victoria West.

CHANCELLOR CUNO'S CHRISTMAS HOPES

Hardly Another People on Earth Longs for Peace and Justice More Than Germany

BERLIN, Dec. 23.—Chancellor Cuno, in a Christmas greeting to the German nation, says there is hardly another people on earth that longs more for peace and justice, both internal and external, than Germany. He implores Germany to end her quarrels, honor the past, believe in the future and be united in the face of imminent serious conditions which "shall bring or deny peace to the world."

"We shall do our utmost to spare the world a great disaster and achieve world peace. We are resolved to make heavy sacrifices in goods and treasure for the sake of Germany's liberty, equality of rights and peaceful collaboration with other nations."

Gossip at the Nineteenth Hole

By Leo Dee

Now that the weather man has shown some signs of behaving, and the links are open again, at least partly so, we may be permitted to note that this is about the longest time in the history of this vicinity that golfers have been kept from their favorite pastime. When all others are closed, the course of the Victoria Golf Club at Oak Bay will usually be found carrying on, undisturbed by the storms that obstruct play at other local links. But this time, and, for over a week, it too had to display the sign which means desperation to the ardent follower of the royal and ancient game. For the past three weeks, all the ills "that flesh is heir to" have been blamed by the golfer to the lack of opportunity to continue his devotion to the game. Had he a toothache, just eighteen hole' play would cure it; had rheumatism laid hold on him, the pleasure of beating friend Bill by three and two would relieve all stiffened joints; were he seized with an attack of influenza, a round at his chosen course would cheat the doctor of a fee. And so it went all down the list of possible ailments, not forgetting the relief of the family freed from the terrible animal caged for three weeks by inclement weather.

New Golf Association

It is interesting to note that from the recent meeting of representatives from the district there was evolved a real organization which will have charge of amateur golf in the Northwest. Hitherto there was really no properly constituted body to govern the sport in this section. A paid secretary-treasurer handled most of the affairs under the old regime, and the club to which the tournament was assigned handled all matters. The new organization, which consists of a president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer and five directors chosen at the annual meetings, has done away with paid officials, except as they may have need for them during tourneys, and the association will hereafter take charge of all tournaments held under its jurisdiction. It is anticipated that this work will be done by the appointment of local committees.

Good Player's Luck

There is a soft spot in the hearts of local golfers for Joe Kirkwood, whose play will always be followed with interest by Victoria admirers. Besides being a great player, Joe has probably the best assortment of trick shots ever mastered by a golfer, so much so that one wonders how he ever gets into the difficulties of the ordinary player, or that his variety of shots might not lead to confusion in selecting the winning one. Mr. H. H. Richardson tells how Mr. Kirkwood failed to win a place on a British team, on his first trip to the Old Country, after playing splendid golf, by what seemed like a series of misfortunes. On the first tee, just as he was at the top of his swing, an anxious official "bawled out" the crowd for interfering. The result was that Joe flinched ever so little and the ball shot like a bullet into the crowd, dropping a spectator unconscious. This tended to upset the nerves, and two other incidents added to his day's troubles. At the sixteenth hole he made a beautiful drive which landed in the midst of the only small clump of bushes within miles, making an unplayable shot, and what looked like a three-hole cost six. At the eighteenth he had a splendid lie from the drive, but an impulsive spectator ran right into him as he made the shot, causing a miss-hit into trouble, thus giving him the highest score he made in any round. Surely enough misfortune for one eighteen holes!

Gene Sarazen says he learned a lot from watching Walter Hagen play, and gives Walter credit as his model for certain shots. Judging from his latest photos we are almost convinced that Hagen has served as the model for Gene's tailoring, for even his shoes are the same. Hagen, whose dress is looked upon as the last thing in golfing apparel, had better look to his laurels.

Andrew Kirkaldy

Anything connected with St. Andrew's, Scotland, will always be of interest to golfers, and the subject of this note will be of special interest to those who have played over this course. Andrew Kirkaldy, or "Andra," as he is familiarly called, succeeded the late Tom Morris not only in the position of golf professional at St. Andrews, but also in the affections of the golfing fraternity; and that means the whole town. "Andra" can always be depended on to provide the test for the best golfing stories, some of which are told by Mr. John G. Anderson:

"It was at the time of the Gleneagles tournament, which attracted the American team last Summer, before the annual open championship, and Andra Kirkaldy was paired in the Consolation event against his lifelong friend, Benny Sayers, of North Berwick. Although they had played many a foursome as partners, when matched against each other they were always deadly rivals. At times Kirkaldy is troubled with a rheumatic twinge in his right thigh. To the onlookers it seemed doubly bothersome on this day as he started hobbling from tee to green, to the open disgust of Sayers, who confided to a friend:

"'I beat the old man last year in that challenge match easily, and I am going to give him another walloping today. But I'll get little enough credit with him stumpin' awa' like a chap wi' a wooden leg.'

"At the sixth or seventh hole Kirkaldy stood one up and Ben became more nervous and irritable than ever. He had just hooked his second into trouble and left an opening for the St. Andrew's veteran (Kirkaldy is 61 and Sayer 63). But Andra had a blind shot to make; he smacked the ball a lusty clout clean and full, and then, like a college harrier, ran nimbly to the top of the knoll to see the result. Sayers had watched him, and a cynical smile overspread his features. 'Ye needna limp again this round, ye limmer,' he called out. 'Ye're no more lame than I am. Ye've shown yerself up!'

"Kirkaldy was nonplussed for a second and could only reply: 'Dinna get a sair back when I trounce ye, Ben. Hit the ba' easy wi' yir niblick.'

"From that point on it was a battle royal, with Andra winning the match and a goodly handful o' silver. His pride and pleasure were manifest.

"That night as Sayers was recounting the contest, laying particular stress upon the rheumatic ailment lost through the agency of a blind shot, he added: 'And in all our forty-five years of gowfin' that's the only time Andra has beaten me. I'll no deny it's a sair point with me.'

"As he uttered the last two sentences, the burly form of Kirkaldy loomed in the doorway and, scarcely waiting for his rival to finish, in accents almost horrorstruck, he boomed out: 'What a lie! What heresy! Ma Heavens! Ma Conscience! He's been ma pocket change for years!'"

LIFE OF STUDENT AT FRENCH UNIVERSITY

Canadian Young Lady Gives Interesting Account of Features Connected With Study

An interesting outline of the life and studies of a girl at a French university was given by Miss Violet P. Smith, sister of Mrs. Adam Shortt, of Ottawa, in a letter to a cousin in Vancouver. Miss Smith was taking a Summer course for foreigners at the University of Portiers at Tours. She explained her studies as a short series of lectures from four professors of the university, with daily work given by the teachers of the Lycee Descartes, where the course was taken. The hours were from 8:30 to 11:30 a.m., and from 5 to 6 p.m.

It is here that the purest French in France is spoken. The diploma received from this course is called "Le Diplome d' Etudes Francaises de l'Institut de Touraine (Universite de Poitiers.") This short course followed a longer term at the University of Toulouse during last Winter. Miss Smith is continuing her work at Paris, with a scholarship from Saskatchewan calling for eight months' study in France.

Entered on Course

Writing of the work done at the University of Toulouse, Miss Smith said:

"On the first of November, 1921, I was in Toulouse, having made arrangements to spend the Winter there in a French family, and follow a course at the university. The University of Toulouse was founded in the thirteenth century not long after the Sorbonne in Paris. It, like the city, has a long and interesting history.

"At the present time, it boasts on its staff several of the greatest savants in France, especially in chemistry and history. The stressed department in every French university and school is literature, at least it seems to me. Here in Tours, for example, we have had two lectures a day in literature and only five lectures all Summer in history. Personally I would prefer more history, but I suppose they know what pleases the majority.

"You asked me to tell you about the college life of a French girl. My knowledge of that subject is very limited indeed, because I lived in a private house, and not at the Foyer; but particularly because the foreigners were taught in classes by ourselves and not even in the main university buildings. True, we had the privilege of attending all classes in the university, but even if we did find time to follow a lecture in literature by the dean, for example, we simply walked in and out, and seldom came into contact with the French students.

Stereotyped Courses

"However, I shall tell you what I really think about it. First of all, thank your lucky stars you are a Canadian. French education is formal, stereotyped, allowing of no originality or novelty on the part of the student. And it is drudgery morning, noon and night. They have an immense amount of work to cover, and the memory is called on to do tremendous feats. If a French girl does her work conscientiously she has no time for recreation, and, as a matter of fact, few of them take it. And the examinations are a frightful nerve test, and the marking severe.

"We folks in Canada do not know anything about hard work as the poor young people here do. And then they 'pluck' them right and left at the examinations. It is cruel. Leaving the university a moment and speaking of the Lycee here in Tours, I want to quote some figures. In July the boys and girls came flocking into Toure from the smaller towns to try their examinations here in the Lycee. There were 250 trying for the Brevet Elementaire, of whom just thirty-seven passed! There were sixty trying for the Brevet Superieure, of whom just five passed! There is something 'rotten in the state of Denmark,' n'est-ce pas?

"So far as I know," continued the writer, "there is almost no social life in a French university; no dances, reunions or literary societies. At the student hostel or Foyer, where some thirty or forty live together, they have little treats and masquerades, but not at the university. The French people are not sportively inclined, as you know, although just lately they are beginning to pay a little attention to gymnastics in some of the schools. They dance on Sundays, yes, and walk the streets. There is a little tennis.

Knows French Literature

"Now you will be saying that I have done nothing but knock the French. On the other hand, as a result of the life I have described, a French girl does know the literature of her country and the history of her country. In fact, I consider the average French girl better educated than the average Canadian. And she uses correct French, with almost no slang. That is true of all French women I have met. And in addition to her knowledge of literature and history, she can sew and do embroidery and often cook, and that is not true of the average college girl in Canada as I used to know her.

"Nice girls in France are having a dull time of it since the war. Most of the marriageable men were killed in the war; those that are left will not marry a girl unless she has a 'dot,' which in many cases is not forthcoming. Take the case of a widow of an officer, left with three or four girls to provide for. They live their genteel life beside mamma, but there are no parties, no admirers coming to the house or to take them out—nothing. There are no men for girls without large dowries. The girl would marry in a minute, love or no love."

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

BERLIN, Dec. 23.—President Ebert, in a Christmas communication, cordially acknowledged private financial relief from the United States for the benefit of Germany's children, invalids and needy. The reports received to date indicate that the foreign donations for this cause far outstrip those of last year.

The New York Staats Zeitung alone collected $48,000 for Germany and $18,000 for Austria, these sums being converted, respectively, into 800,000,000 marks and 180,000,000 marks. Street collections in Chicago and Philadelphia netted liberal sums.

Other generous contributions were received from South America, Norway, Holland and Switzerland.



Store Opens Tuesday Morning. The Closing-Out Sale Continues Until Further Notice.

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Listen, Dad!

Make Your Boy Happy on Christmas Morning With a Membership Ticket in the

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It provides for Healthy Exercise, Interesting Games, Good Company, High Ideals, Wise Leadership, Proper Encouragement. It lasts a whole year. You can't make a better investment or a better gift for your son or employee.

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Wishes Everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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Have you ever had the humiliation of being towed back to town through some little fault in your engine that you could have fixed yourself if you knew how and where to look? A broken wire or a dead battery, but you did not know. Invest in an evening course and learn in your spare evenings how to be prepared for such an emergency.

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½ lb-Now 80¢ (ALSO PROCURABLE-½ lb. PACKAGE 15¢) 34

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There is NOTHING OF FINER QUALITY nor of SUCH GOOD VALUE
AS
"BLACK & WHITE" & "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD"
OBTAINABLE

The Largest Stocks of fine old matured Scotch Malt Whiskies are held by Messrs. James Buchanan and Co. Limited and Associated Companies. This enables them to maintain Blends of the highest standard of quality both at Home and Abroad.

Sold at all Government Vendors' Stores.

Vancouver Island

CEMENT COMPANY ENJOYED GOOD YEAR

Annual Treat for Employees Develops Kindly Feeling—Best Prospects for Coming Season

BAMBERTON, Dec. 23.—The B. C. Cement Co., of Bamberton, entertained at one of the most delightful parties of the season when the employees, their wives and families, together with a few invited guests assembled in the dining-room on Friday afternoon and evening to enjoy the annual Christmas celebration. Supper was served at six o'clock to about one hundred and fifty guests. The five long tables arranged about the room were artistically decorated with flowers, ferns and crepe paper, and the hall itself, which has been repainted in light colors, was in striking contrast to the pretty Christmas garlands and festoons of paper so attractively placed.

The prearranged plan for the seating of guests was ably carried out by a committee composed of the single employees of the plant, who afterwards made an efficient corps of waiters.

The address of welcome delivered by the superintendent, Mr. Anderson, was listened to with the keenest attention and was expressed in just the right way to make the company very thoroughly at home. Mr. Anderson spoke briefly of the excellent work done by the employees in filling the large amount of orders that have fallen to the share of the B. C. Cement Co. during the season just closed, and made the gratifying statement that this has been the fourth best season ever experienced by that organization.

Next year promises to be even better, and it will be the aim and object of Mr. Anderson and his staff to make 1923 the banner year. The superintendent noted with satisfaction that the majority of those gathered to enjoy the Christmas party last year were again present. The message of thanks from the B. C. Cement Co.'s officers and directors thanking the employees for their splendid co-operation was received with great applause, as were also the kindly greetings sent by Mr. Edwin V. Tomlin.

Santa Claus' Visit

After the most delightful of Christmas feasts had been disposed of the tables were taken from the room and for the next two hours the walls rang with the laughter of the children as they played old-fashioned games. Then another sound was audible, and out from a large improvised chimney popped the figure of dear old Santa. With just a few words of greeting, Santa Claus (Mr. Palmer) turned his attention to the well-laden tree and, assisted by Mr. H. Shore, presented gifts to fifty-two of the employees' children. A Christmas stocking, a bonbon and some article of apparel, principally little woolen sweaters, were given to each child. A pleasing presentation was made to Mr. Carroll Connell of a cheque for $110, representing collections from the entire staff of employees, including the Chinese. This was accompanied by many expressions of pleasure over his recovery to health.

Mr. Barwick, on behalf of the employees, made a pleasing little speech of thanks to Mr. Anderson and the B. C. Cement Co. for their kind generosity and thoughtfulness at this Christmas season.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing, the music being supplied by Miss Brown, of Cobble Hill, and the Messrs. Hughes. Extras were played by Mrs. E. Sidwell and D. Prescott.

Light refreshments were served at midnight, but it was 2 a.m. before the last of the guests reluctantly took leave after an evening that will ever remain a pleasant memory. A special boat was provided for guests from the city, who were returning by the 11 o'clock car.

The last boat left Bamberton for Brentwood about 2:15 a.m.

The cement plant suspended operations for ten days, commencing Friday at noon, to enable the employees to enjoy a well-earned holiday. Quite a number have taken advantage of the opportunity to visit friends in nearby cities

AMBULANCE SOCIETY GIVES WHIST DRIVE

NANAIMO, Dec. 23.—Nearly one thousand persons attended the annual whist drive and dance of the St. John Ambulance Association held last evening in St. John's Ambulance Hall. A feature of the evening was the presentation by Dr. Hall of the certificates of efficiency, which were won by the members of the association during the season. A good many ladies as well as men received their certificates at last night's gathering. Commencing with the whist drive, for which turkeys were given as first prizes, thirty tables were occupied by players, the results of which are as follows: Ladies, first, Mrs. W. Read; second, Mrs. J. Barton; third, Mrs. T. J. Wood. Gentlemen, first, Mr. Wellece Kenmuir; second, Mr. J. McKenzie; third, Mr. T. Rothery. The special prize, donated by the D. Spencer, Co., Ltd., was won by Mr. A. Dunsmuir. Following the card games, the dance hall was packed to capacity until an early hour this morning, the music being supplied by Jensen's orchestra. A splendid supper was served by the Ladies' Aid and the Home Nursing Class, who deserve much credit for the efficient way in which they handled the large gathering. Everything desirable was on the well-laden tables, with plenty for all. During the evening presentations were made to Drs. Hall, More, Blissett and Cairne by the association members in appreciation of services rendered the association at the class meetings throughout the year.

SOUTH SAANICH W.I.

Annual Meeting Hears Excellent Reports and Elects New Officers for the Term

KEATING, Dec. 23—The annual meeting and election of officers of the South Saanich Women's Institute was held at the Temperance Hall, Keating, on Thursday evening, with the president in the chair.

Excellent reports were given by the secretary, Mrs. Gold, treasurer, Mrs. Michell, and president, Mrs. Sutton. A resume of the year's work carried out by the members of the Junior Institute was made by Miss Margaret Michell and was a splendid example of the assistance that a group of young girls, numbering fourteen, can give to an organization in co-operating with the older members.

The election of officers, carried out under the supervision of Mrs. Lawrie and Mrs. Styan, resulted in the following ladies being elected: President, Mrs. Gale; vice-president, Mrs. F. Young (re-elected); director, Mrs. Aurey. Mrs. Gold and Mrs. Michell were both re-elected to their respective offices by acclamation.

At the close of the business meeting one of the members of the Girls' Club, Miss Alita Lawrie, who is about to be married, was presented with a beautiful cut glass bowl, the retiring president, Mrs. Sutton, making the presentation.

Miss Lawrie thanked the members most heartily for their kindness, and for the expression of good wishes for her future happiness.

Following this, Mrs. Sutherland and Mrs. Young entered the room bearing a large box, gaily decorated with pink and white paper, which was also presented to the bride-to-be. This was found to contain a splendid assortment of kitchen utensils and the happy recipient was delighted with her "kitchen shower."

The members then adjourned to the main hall, where the Farmers' Institute meeting was being held, and refreshments were served.

The fortnightly card party of the Institute, which was to have been held on Saturday night, has been postponed until Saturday, January 6.

SANTA VISITS DEEP COVE

Children of Terminal District Were Entertained by Social Club Friday Evening

DEEP COVE, Dec. 23.—On Friday evening the children of Deep Cove were entertained by the Social Club to a Christmas tree, the affair being in charge of Mrs. Cresswell and Mrs. Orange, assisted by a committee of ladies.

After an excellent tea Santa Claus arrived and distributed gifts from the tree to each little child, and caused considerable merriment by insisting on embracing several of the grown-ups as well as the children.

As soon as the gifts had been distributed, games were indulged in, which were enjoyed by the parents as well as the children.

S. S. ENTERTAINMENT

DUNCAN, Dec. 23.—The Duncan Methodist Sunday School held its annual Christmas entertainment and tree on Friday evening in the Recreation Hall.

A bright, well-rendered programme was presented by the children, consisting of choruses, recitations, monologues, dialogues, solos, duets, exercises and a Christmas drill.

At the conclusion of the programme Santa Claus arrived and distributed gifts and bags of candy, nuts and oranges. Dainty refreshments were served by the staff.

The children and friends of the Sunday school heartily applauded the appearance for a few minutes of their superintendent, Mr. R. A. Thorpe, who, for the last three weeks, has through illness been unable to attend to his duties.

BAMBERTON SCHOOL

Unique Programme Marks Closing for the Christmas Holidays

BAMBERTON, Dec. 23.—A novel idea was carried out at the school closing which took place at the Bamberton School on Friday morning. Miss Brackett, the teacher, had arranged the school to represent a sitting room, an improvised fireplace, sofas and easy chairs helping to create the home-like interior. The scholars, seated here and there amongst the visiting parents and friends, were each called upon in turn to contribute to the programme, and after a little feigned reluctance to still carry out the idea of an informal party, the little ones complied. Recitations were given by some of the pupils, while John Lafeaux gave much pleasure with his violin selections, and Edith Barlow and Lillian Satterthwaite each played organ solos.

John Lafeaux (violin) and Arthur Ellis (organ), played two Christmas numbers, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," and "Silent Night," and these numbers were among the prettiest on the programme.

The trustees of the school, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Mottershead, were present, the former gentleman presenting the two prizes for good work, which were awarded to Rosalie McKenzie and Roy Lafeaux.

A vote of thanks to teacher and pupils brought the meeting to a close.

COLWOOD CHILDREN GIVE FINE CONCERT

COLWOOD, Dec. 24.—On Friday night, Dec. 23, the pupils of the Colwood school gave an excellent concert in the hall. The programme was one of the best ever given by the pupils of the school, and great credit is due to the teacher, Miss Hawkeswood, assisted by Mr. Boaworth, who must have worked exceedingly hard to produce such excellent results. The programme ran as follows: Play, "Britannia,"; chairman's address; piano solo, "Menuet," Margaret Peatt; recitation, Gladys Robinson; song, "Star of the East," the pupils; recitation, John Southwell; vocal solo, Dorothy Walsh; play, "Bootblack," children; song, the smaller pupils; recitation, Irene Shirlaw; song, "Carol, Sweetly Carol," pupils; recitation, Jack Brown; song, Harry Illot; holly drill, the girls.

The outstanding feature was the opening play, "Britannia." Margaret Peatt, a pupil in the entrance class, played the part of Britannia, seated on a throne. She received gifts from pupils representing different parts of the Empire, announced by a gorgeously dressed page, John Southwell, each child in turn orating a short speech of loyalty, then mounting a pedestal until the stage presented an imposing sight. When all were in their places, "Rule Britannia" was sung. The rest of the programme was exceedingly well rendered and concluded with a holly drill by the girls. Each girl carried a large holly wreath, in the centre of each wreath was a letter in the words "Merry Christmas." Thus the audience was wished a Merry Christmas by the pupils.

The Rev. H. Pearson occupied the chair and during the evening spoke of the good deed done by Mr. Ernest Peatt, who voluntarily turned out with a team and plowed a path not only on the highway, but also on the byway.

Mr. R. W. Robinson proposed a vote of thanks, which was seconded by Mr. C. H. Goodell and was carried by a good round of applause.

Three rousing cheers and a tiger were given for Miss Hawkewood, who is doing excellent work in the school. The hall was beautifully decorated. In one corner stood a well-laden tree, and every child received a gift from Santa Claus.

Supper was enjoyed by a large crowd and those on whose shoulders fell the responsibility of the evening have every reason to be very well pleased.

Thanks are also due to Mrs. Shields and Mr. John Goodell for providing music for the dance which followed.

SANTA CLAUS VISITS UP-ISLAND CHILDREN

NANAIMO, Dec. 23.—The children's concert held in the school house at Lantzville yesterday evening proved a success. Great credit is to be given untiring efforts of the teachers and the skill displayed by the various pupil artists showed a wonderful amount of patience and training by teachers, Mrs. Mrus and Miss Craig. This was rewarded by a record attendance, the school being crowded to overflowing. The programme carried out during the evening was more than appreciated by the audience. In due course Santa arrived, loaded with gifts, fulfilling the dreams of the children.

The children of Extension enjoyed the first Christmas tree of the season last night, when at the expense of several hundred dollars the residents of that town prevailed upon Santa Claus to pay an early visit to the children there. In conjunction with the tree a most enjoyable concert was given by members of the school.

CHRISTMAS TREAT

COBBLE HILL, Dec. 22 — The school Christmas treat was held in the schoolhouse on Thursday afternoon. A number of the parents and friends of the children attended, to join in the merry making. Santa Claus arrived and distributed presents from a most gorgeous looking tree. After a splendid tea, games were played. The party broke up with rousing cheers for Miss Harris, the teacher, for Santa Claus (Mr. T. Cheeke) and for the trustees.

During Christmas week the local stores have been very busy and a very pleasing volume of seasonable business has been done.

PRESENTATION AT KEATING

KEATING, Dec. 23.—On Friday evening about thirty persons, members of the South Saanich Women's Institute and their husbands, surprised Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Gold at their home on Verling Avenue to offer congratulations on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. Jolly games, including progressive 500, together with music and singing, provided ample amusement for the guests.

At the supper hour, most delectable refreshments made their appearance and were served from a tiny table, two sittings being necessary to accommodate the crowd. A beautifully decorated wedding cake, displaying the Institute's colors, was the attractive centrepiece. This was made by Mrs. R. Nimmo, and was the gift of the Institute.

Mrs. Gale, the newly-elected president, presented the happy couple with a beautiful silver casserole on behalf of the assembled guests.

Mr. Gold, in acknowledging the gift, made a pleasing little speech in which he reminded the younger married couples of the happy day to come when they too shall have reached their silver wedding day.

The guests took their departure at a late hour with many expressions of good wishes and thanks for a happy evening.

NEWS OF SIDNEY

Surprise Party at Home of Mrs. Knight—Presentation Made by the Choir

SIDNEY, Dec. 22.—On Wednesday evening last Mrs. Knight was the hostess of a most enjoyable surprise party given at her home to the Rev. T. Griffiths and Mrs. Griffiths by the choir of the Union Church.

The feature of the evening was the presentation by Mr. E. Blackburn, on behalf of the choir, of a beautiful silver casserole, suitably inscribed, to Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, as a mark of appreciation for their great help to the choir. Though completely taken by surprise, Mr. Griffiths thanked the choir for both himself and Mrs. Griffiths, expressing the pleasure they both had in assisting the choir, which was of such great help to the church. Miss Edna Blackburn, vice-president of the Girls' Sewing Circle, also presented Mrs. Griffiths with two beautiful silver spoons, one a berry spoon and one a sugar spoon, from the Sewing Circle, in token of the great help she had given the girls. Mrs. Griffiths suitably acknowledged the gifts. The supper table was beautifully decorated with holly and spread with all kinds of Christmas dainties. After supper parlor games were played and kept up till a late hour.

On Sunday evening the special Christmas service will be rendered in the Union Church. The choir has been practising for some time and will render two anthems besides the Christmas hymns and Christmas carols. There will also be three violinists to assist with the music.

Miss F. Christie and Miss Cobbledick left today for Vancouver, where they will spend the Christmas holidays with their parents.

Miss Houldsworth has gone to Victoria today to spend Christmas with friends.

Mrs. J. F. Lopthien, formerly of Sidney, but now of Port Angeles, accompanied by her daughter Ruby and her two little sons, Desmond and Eldred, returned home today after visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. John, at her home, on Marine Drive, since Tuesday.

Mr. Frank Peter, of Kennewick, Wash., accompanied by Mr. W. Carmichael and Mr. R. Nichol, of Victoria, visited Sidney this week to see his aunts, Mrs. J. Critchley and Mrs. B. Deacon.

SCHOOL CONCERT ON JAMES ISLAND

JAMES ISLAND, Dec. 23.—The annual school concert and Christmas tree, which took place last Thursday evening, proved to be an unqualified success, the hall being packed to the doors with parents and friends of the children. Mr. R. H. Lyons made a very capable chairman, and during the evening was in receipt of several wireless messages from Santa Claus, who had been delayed several times on account of snow and trouble with his reindeers.

Special mention should be made of Master Harold Lyons, who is only four years of age, for the clever little speech he made, and which was very much enjoyed. Following is the programme: Carol, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," the school; "A Welcome Speech," seven junior scholars; recitation, "A Xmas Greeting," Robert Lyons; tableau, "Our Flag," senior boys and girls; a speech by Harold Lyons; recitation, "Revised Commandments," Robert Malpass; "A Mad Tea Party," Alice and Arleigh Van Norman; "The March Hare," Jill Biller; "The Doormouse," Patsy Van Normen; "The Mad Hatter," John Biller; recitation, "The Jam Tarts," Cecil Dixon; pianoforte solo, Edna Dixon; carol, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," the school; dialogue, "The Three Partners," five boys and two girls; recitation, "Work," Robert Melpass; piano duet, Miss Allen and John Biller; recitation, "Bubbles," Patsy Van Norman; dolls' drill, six girls; recitation, "When Polly Buys a Hat," Nan Thompson; "A Mock School," twenty children; carol, "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful."

At the conclusion of the programme Santa Claus arrived and commenced to unload the Christmas tree, every child on the Island receiving a well-filled stocking as well as a gift. All the children took the opportunity of shaking hands with Santa and wishing him a Merry Christmas.

Mrs. O. Biller trained the four children who took part in "A Mad Tea Party," and is deserving of the highest praise for the way they played their parts. Great praise is also due the school principal, Miss M. Morrison, for the undoubted success of the concert. Miss Morrison coached the children until they were perfect in their parts, and gave much of her leisure time in preparing for it.

The singing of the National Anthem brought the evening to a close.

LADYSMITH NOTES

Among former residents of Ladysmith who come home to spend Christmas are Miss Margaret Forward, from the University of British Columbia; Miss Lois Hudson from the Normal School, Victoria; Miss Maureen Carley, from the Normal School, Victoria; Mester Lawrence Giovanda, from the University of British Columbia; G. Mikkola and W. Maki, from the state of Washington; Fred. Taylor, from Britannia Beach, and W. Blakeley.

Mr. James Simpson has been in hospital for several days suffering from an attack of pleurisy. It was reported this morning that he was very much improved in health.

A Japanese boy, three years old, of the Timberlands was so severely scalded in the early part of the week that he died on Tuesday.

His Honor Judge McIntosh held county court on Thursday, the only case demanding attention being a naturalization one, that of Leon Carle. After hearing the case naturalization was granted.

Local merchants reported a very satisfactory Christmas trade notwithstanding the unfavorable condition of the weather. However, the snow has now disappeared and traffic, after being held up for nearly two weeks, has resumed its normal condition, the only serious damage being the number of broken down cars.

An interesting event took place on Thursday evening at the home of Miss Jennie Campbell, when a shower was given for Miss Blanche Davidson, whose marriage to Mr. Alex. Challenger will take place on New Year's Day. The evening was spent most pleasantly with music, dancing, etc., and after refreshments were served the gifts for the prospective bride were brought into the drawing-room in a prettily-decorated wagon by little Mary Jackson, who presented them on behalf of the donors in a neat little speech. Miss Davidson expressed her surprise and thanks to the many friends for their thoughtful remembrance of her.

How the Germans Fleece Foreigners

Frequently during the past few weeks correspondents and readers of The London Times with an intimate knowledge of present-day Germany have drawn attention to the methods by which the German authorities illegally impose on foreign residents and visitors. Protests have repeatedly been raised against the "crusade" against foreigners, more particularly against nationals of Allied countries.

It has become increasingly clear that the fleecing of visitors staying in the large hotels, the raising of special difficulties in regard to visas and police passes, theatre and housing surcharges, two-price systems in business transactions, and a ruthless press campaign have been supported and strengthened by an official policy of pin-pricks aimed at the Peace Treaty. The German Foreign Office is fully informed as to the breaches and illegalities which are going on, but cannot be expected to take action.

It is therefore timely to publish the following precise and fully documented statement of the causes of complaint. It is not made on the basis of casual observation or third-hand evidence, but of personal experiences, and on a minute study of the Treaty clauses and of German law.

This agitation against visitors and foreigners resident in Germany has been noticeable ever since the Armistice; but it was only after the heavy mark exchange fall of last Summer that it developed into a real menace. It is, of course, not especially directed at British subjects, but includes all wartime enemies, and even neutrals, and excepts only citizens of countries actually allied to Germany. The press and representative local bodies lead the campaign. The more careful agitators profess to discriminate between law-abiding strangers and undesirable aliens, but their propaganda is, in fact, indiscriminate, and their attacks are bitterest when directed against wealthy foreigners towards whose occupations no reasonable objection can be raised.

Work of Press

Lately the Press crusade against all foreigners has become more marked. It sometimes takes a libellous and highly offensive form. One Berlin newspaper denounces foreigners as "parasites" and "bloodsuckers," on no other ground than that they buy German goods at German prices, as permitted by German law. The Lokalanzeiger, a favorite with the man in the street in Berlin, declared the other day that decent foreigners are "as rare as white ravens."

Partly as a result of this obnoxious agitation, the public authorities in Germany display a tendency to violate the laws designed to protect foreigners and to make demands which cannot be legally enforced. Incessant reference to the prosperity of English, American, French and Italian visitors has of necessity led to their exploitation wherever they go. The example was set by the big hotels. It was followed by municipalities in their capacity of tax-raisers and spread rapidly to the criminal classes, which have made full use of the chaos created by Left Spartacists and Right Spartacists alike.

Proof is hardly needed of the preference shown by the criminals of Berlin, Hamburg and Munich for foreign victims. Instances abound. When recently telegraph officials were detected charging double the legal telegram rate and putting the amount of the overcharges in their own pockets, they claimed that they had robbed only foreigners. The bad example set by the authorities has, in short, had the effect of convincing private law-breakers that easy booty and impunity may be hoped for if victims are chosen among Allied subjects.

Sharp Action Needed

Most travelers in Germany content themselves with grumbling after paying illegal taxes, but some, after the evil experiences of last year, refuse to pay, and in no case known to the writer did the authorities try to compel payment. Sharp action against the law-breaking police and housing offices is needed. British complaints have so far concerned special anti-foreign taxes and passport regulations. In these matters German officials are generally guilty of breaches of German law as well as of the Peace Treaty. If British complaints have been few, it is because the majority of visitors reside in hotels. Annoyances and extravagant demands begin when they attempt to settle in their own houses or flats. Then the attitude of the police is persistently unfriendly.

Numerous instances of the passport nuisance might be mentioned. The case of a British subject for two years resident in Berlin is worthy of mention. When he had surrendered his passport to the local police station, the police questioned the validity of his authority to continue his residence for an indefinite time. He then examined his passport and found that the police had deliberately written upon it an illegal denial of his right of residence. An interrogatory followed. The British subject explained to the police official the illegality of the whole procedure. The official then apologised, stating that his office had received repeated orders from the Police Presidency to annoy him in the way described. The German Foreign Office admitted that the police had violated the law.

The Berlin Central Housing Office permits many minor official abuses in connection with the obligation to register (anmelden), which applies equally to Germans and aliens. It is bad enough that newcomers should invariably be required to appear at the Housing Office at 7 in the morning, wait several hours, and then appear before the police. This is an impossible system for business men making short visits, and the Berlin Chamber of Commerce has protested against it. It is a violation of the Treaty of Peace in so far as it is imposed on Allied citizens, who before the war were subject to the same registration rules as Germans.

Official Abuses

The Weimar Constitution gives the republic the right to control all passport legislation and to prevent undesirable measures—a right which it neglects to exercise. The practice of preventing entry and residence by foreigners into certain states—Bavaria and Thuringia—is a flat violation of law and of treaty.

It is generally believed that Versailles gave Allied citizens a privileged position. In reality the position of British subjects in Germany is much worse than the position of Germans in England. English cities and counties do not claim the right specially to legislate against Germans, to refuse them entry or expel them.

A feature of the German tax legislation in violation of the Treaty is the so-called Kniff-Steuer (trick tax). Kniff-Steuer have always the same characteristics. Instead of openly contravening the Peace Treaty by imposing a special tax on foreigners they contain an artificial qualification, usually a date, chosen with a view to catching practically every foreigner and of exempting practically every German. "Kniff" measures are openly recommended by the highest in the land. Potsdam has amended its rooms tax by adding a provision that foreigners shall pay five times as much as Germans. In Berlin and elsewhere an increased rooms tax has been imposed on "persons who, on January 1, 1921, had not their residence in the German Republic." Thuringia's tax on foreigners is no "Kniff"—it is openly imposed and varies between 36,000 and 500,000 marks.

Baden-Baden imposes a special tax on visitors with an income over 200,000 marks. At some state-owned buildings, for instance, the Dresden Royal Palace and various state opera houses, box office charges are based on a showing of passports.

OAKLANDS SCHOOL BOY WRITES WINNING POEM

Hiker Toy Manufacturing Firm Holds Successful Verse Composing Competition in Schools

Nearly one hundred poems composed by children of Victoria schools were submitted in the Hiker verse competition, held by the Hiker Manufacturing Company, corner William Street and Esquimalt Road. The winners of the competition were as follows: W. E. G. Farmer, of Oaklands School, first; Olive Barker, of Victoria West School, second; Garth Griffiths, of Victoria West School, third, and Harry Smith, of Oaklands School, fourth. The prizes consisted of a roller-bearing scooter, a rubber-tired wagon, a rubber-tired scooter and a kiddie car for the four respective winners. Six consolation prizes, all articles manufactured by the company, were also given. The prizes named will be given out by the Pilmley & Ritchie Company View Street, on presentation of order.

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COLONEL W. J. RYAN DEAD AT KENTVILLE

KENTVILLE, N.S., Dec. 23.—Lieut.-Col. W. J. Ryan, five times mayor of Kentville, died at his home here today.

Colonel Ryan organized the King's County Hussars, now the Sixth Canadian Mounted Rifles. He was in charge of the internment camp at Halifax during the war. He contested the Federal constituency of King's in the Conservative interests against the late Sir Frederick Borden.



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ESTABLISHED AT MONTREAL, P.Q., BY JOHN, P.Q. AND WINDSOR, ONT. 9-12-22

WEATHER PREVENTS MONEY BEING SPENT

Account Closed and Saanich Council Unable to Spend Part of Surplus as Had Been Planned

After recently voting as the outcome of much argument, to spend part of the estimated surplus for the year in doing road work in various wards, the Saanich Council has discovered that it will be unable to secure the money out of this year's revenue owing to the delay occasioned by the recent bad weather.

The matter came before the Council yesterday afternoon. But little of the money voted has been spent, and Clerk Cowper pointed out that the accounts for the Works Department, as far as 1922 was concerned, were closed yesterday. Any money spent from that time on would have to come out of the 1923 funds.

Councillor Brooks wanted to know what would become of the money which had been voted but not spent, and was told that it would go into general revenue. The Councillor did not appear satisfied with this mode of procedure, and remarked that it was "poor business." Councillor McWilliam pointed out that the Council had been too late in voting the spending of the money.

Some work was authorized yesterday by the Council to be done out of the 1923 revenue, while other of the Road Superintendent's recommendations were passed on to the 1923 Council. Councillor McWilliam was anxious that improvement of Lake Road be carried out during the coming year.

MUSIC AT ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL TODAY

Christmas Will Be Observed With Specially Prepared Musical Numbers Throughout Celebration

Christmas celebrations will commence at St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Cathedral, corner Blanshard and View Streets, at midnight tonight and will extend until tomorrow, Christmas Day. Pontifical high mass will be sung by the Right Rev. Bishop MacDonald and he will also preach the sermon. Music at the midnight mass will include the singing by the choir of the solemn mass in D minor, a composition of Doctor Humphery J. Stewart, organist of the outdoor organ in Balboa Park, San Diego.

Major L. Bullock-Webster, director of the choir, will sing Adam's "Noel" during the vesting of the bishop, and Miss Marguerite McKay, organist, will play the "Triumphal March" of Lemmens at the entry of the clergy, and the "Fourth Organ Sonata" of Mendelssohn at the conclusion of the service.

Low mass will be said in the cathedral on Christmas Day at 8 o'clock and at 9:30, and at 11 o'clock there will be high mass at which the midnight musical programme will be repeated. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will follow, and services for the day will be concluded, there being no evening service.

The cathedral choir includes the following ladies and gentlemen: Mesdames C. E. Wilson, D'Oyley Rochfort, W. McManus, J. A. McKenna, Nesbitt, B. Spencer and Robbins; Misses D. Allen, M. O'Neill, M. Waugh, M. Switzer, Hignett, A. Desaulniers, J. O'Connell, A. Enos, V. Gibbs, G. O'Leary, A. and E. McKay, G. Switzer and K. Denny; Messrs. W. Stewart, R. Clarkson, M. O'Connell, C. Nelson and Moir.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN WHITE GIFT SERVICE

Sunday School Will Have Important Part in Christmas Celebration Today

The committee in charge of the Sunday School Christmas service has completed the arrangements for a white gift service to be held at the morning service today. The Sunday School will occupy the main body of the church and a special Christmas service will be held. Special hymns will be sung and the choir will render appropriate music. A feature in the service will be the presentation of white gifts of food for the needy; this will be done by all departments of the school. This promises to be a very beautiful service, which will no doubt leave an impression on the minds of all who attend. The gifts presented will be utilized to make up hampers for poor people who would otherwise have a less enjoyable Christmas.

At the evening service a special programme of music will be rendered. This is as follows:

Sanctus—"Blessed Is He That Cometh" .....Gounod
Carol—"What Child Is This?" .....Traditional
Carol—"We Three Kings of Orient Are" .....Traditional
Carol—"Good King Wenceslas" .....Traditional
Carol—"Holy Night" .....Hayden
Carol—"Come and Worship" .....Maunder
Anthem—"Ring Out, Wild Bells" .....Fletcher
Anthem—"Sing, O Heavens" ..Tours

Soloists: Miss M. Honldsworth, soprano; Miss Nora Jones, mezzo-soprano; Mr. James Petrie, baritone.

On Wednesday evening, commencing at 8 o'clock, the annual Christmas entertainment of the Sunday School will be held in the church hall. A very special programme in keeping with the Christmas season has been arranged and the items are most interesting in every respect. Songs will be rendered by the primary department drills by scholars from the intermediate department. There will be piano solos, duets by individual scholars, numerous sketches by young people, Christmas carols by the Pas-A-Pas Young Ladies' Bible Class. This entertainment is open to all parents and friends interested in the work of the school. It is fully expected that the hall will be filled to capacity on this occasion.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH HAS CAROL SERVICE

Annual Rendition of Medieval Melodies Will Add to Christmas Spirit Today

St. John's Church has been beautifully decorated for the Christmas services, which will be held both on Sunday and Monday. Appropriate music has also been arranged by Mr. G. J. Burnett, the organist and choirmaster.

On Sunday there will be holy communion at 8 a.m. and morning prayer at 11 a.m., when the Bishop of Columbia, Rt. Rev. Charles Schofield, will be the preacher. There will be an open session of the Sunday School at 2:30, to which parents and friends are invited. A Christmas address will be given by the Rector, Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick, and Christmas carols will be sung.

At 7 p.m. the annual Christmas carol service, sung by the St. John's Church choir, will be given. This carol service sung on Christmas Eve, is appreciated annually by a large congregation and fitly ushers in the Christmas season with its quaint medieval melodies. The musical arrangement is as follows:

Processional—"Rejoice" .....
Carol—"When Christ Was Born" .....Brown
Quartette and Choir
Carol—"Stars All Bright" ....Burnett
Anthem—"Nazareth" .....Gounod
Mr. Rowley and Choir
Carol—"We Three Kings"...Hopkins
Solos and Choir
Carol—"The First Nowell".....Anon
Carol—"A Child This Day Is Born" .....Burnett
Carol—"See Amid the Winter Snow" .....Goss
Miss Moore, Mr. Smith and Choir
Carol—"While Shepherd's Watched" (Old English).....Burnett
Solo—"The Infant King"....Burnett
Mr. E. Fetch
Carol—"Saviour of All" (from Brahms) .....Burnett
Carol—"Holy Night" .....Gruber

In this service two carols, composed by Mr. J. G. Burnett for the occasion, in which Mr. Ernest Fetch and Miss Ada Wise will take the solo parts, will be given.

On Christmas Day there will be holy communion at 8 a.m. and at 11 a.m., there will be the Christmas Festal Morning Prayer, and special Christmas hymns and anthem. The Rector, Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick, M.A., will preach at this service, and will be assisted in the holy communion by Rev. H. Drummond. The offerings will be for the clergy widows' and orphans' fund of the diocese.

TODAY'S CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL SERVICES

Place of Worship Has Been Appropriately Decorated for Christmas Day

The following services for Christmas Eve and Christmas Day in Christ Church Cathedral have been announced by the Dean. The Sunday services will be holy communion at 8 a.m., matins and sermon at 11 a.m., a children's carol service at 3:30 p.m., and choral evensong and preparation for Christmas communion at 7 p.m.

Christmas Day

On Christmas Day five services of holy communion will be celebrated in the Cathedral, the hours being 6 a.m., 7 a.m., 8 a.m., 9:15 a.m., and after shortened Matins at 11 a.m. The Bishop of Columbia will preach at the 11 o'clock service on Christmas Day.

The Cathedral has been prettily decorated for the Christmas festival and Christmas music will be rendered by the choir at the choral services. All offerings on Christmas Day are given to the clergy widows' and orphans' fund.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH OBSERVES CHRISTMAS

Special Attention Has Been Paid to the Musical Programme for Today

Special Christmas music will be rendered today at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. In the evening a service of praise will be held. A number of new stops which have just been added to the organ, will be used for the first time. The following programme will be given:

Organ—"Pastorale Intermezzo" .....Ashwell
Anthem—"There Were Shepherds" .....Birch
Solo by Mrs. Wm. Wright
Solo—"Night of Nights" Van de Water
Miss Annie Wright
Carol Anthem—"The Christmas Story".....Hearts
Solo—"He Shall Feed His Flock" .....Handel
Mrs. Jesse Longfield
Solo—"Come Unto Him".....Handel
Miss Beth Simpson
Solo—"The Star of Bethlehem" .....Adams
Mr. Kenneth Angus
Chorus—"Hallelujah" .....Handel
Organ—"Grand Choeur in D" .....Guilmant

EMMANUEL BAPTIST HAS SPECIAL MUSIC

Today's Services Will Be Marked by Excellent Selection of Music

Under Mr. Fred. Parfitt, director of the singing in Emmanuel Baptist Church, special Christmas music will be provided at both services on Sunday. In the morning a carol group of children and young people will sing and "Adeste Fidelis" will be rendered by the choir. In the evening selections from the "Messiah" will be given, the soloists being Mrs. J. Nixon, Mrs. Mark Parfitt and Mr. N. Sheepwash. A ladies' chorus will sing "Star of the East," by Smart. The choir will sing "And the Glory," "O Thou That Tellest" and Ebdon's "Magnificat." The carols, "Merry Christmas Bells," "Good King Wenceslas" and "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," will be sung.

STRONG PLEA FOR THE BACKWARD BOY

Pity the backward boy! He has no friends, writes Elizabeth More in The London Daily Mail.

The educational authorities are in league against him. Public schools and the Board of Education combine to give him short shrift.

Most of the public schools long ago made common entrance competitive and difficult. Too difficult for any but the sharp lad. And now the Board of Education urges masters of secondary schools to get rid of the backward boy.

"Don't waste time upon him," they urge in effect. "There are plenty of sharp boys. Push him out!"

Naturally such advice appeals irresistibly to the majority of schoolmasters. What a nuisance is that backward boy. Pushing him through his work is like rolling an elephant up hill. Really, it would be kinder not to educate him at all!

What schoolmaster endures fools gladly?

And so the slow boy is threatened with educational perdition in order that none but the "bookv" boy may survive.

But are we very sure, in pursuing such a policy, that we secure the survival of the intellectually fittest?

Does that brilliant boy, who carries off all the prizes, always "make good" in after life? Is the world's real work done by the men who never forget their Latin verbs?

There have been boys who wasted their school hours playing with steam from a kettle, or wondering why an apple fell to the ground.

There was a boy once who was so hopelessly lazy and stupid at school that his parents sent him to India to get rid of him. That was Clive, who founded the Indian Empire.

The backward boy is not necessarily stupid. He may be developing slowly. And the development when it comes, may be the greater for its slow growth.

Between the ages of 13 and 15, the period within which the "dull" boy must make good or go, a boy is usually growing fast; and, more important still, he is passing from boyhood to manhood. His body is making an enormous demand upon his strength.

Yet, it is just at this critical time that a boy's mental energy is severely taxed to pass common entrance or justify his retention at his public school. If he fails to do so he knows (for schoolmasters and anxious parents constantly impress it) that his future career is in jeopardy.

Many a little lad today who should simply be a healthy animal is worried ceaselessly by the bugbear of failure. And this is an age when we marvel at the overwrought "nerves" of the younger generation and deplore the too precocious child.

Yet our mistaken educational policy is making slow, healthy development impossible and encouraging only the "smart" precocious lad.

Delicious Wholesome

"OUR OWN BRAND"

Consistent Quality

The Butter That Betters the Bread

"Our Own Brand" Butter is known as "the prize winner" from coast to coast.

"Our Own Brand," in a recent Ontario competition, was awarded 14 of the 22 available prizes.

"Our Own Brand" won the Alberta Gold Medal for 1922.

"Our Own Brand," 5 entries and awarded 5 prizes, Victoria Exhibition, 1922.



The truck that delivers the butter to your favorite dealer.

We wish to thank the public and the trade for their hearty co-operation and support during 1922.

A Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year to all.

It will always be our wish to hold your goodwill; this we hope to do by maintaining our usual quality and service.

Central Creameries of B.C., Ltd.

Phone 3464 — 1311 BROAD STREET — Phone 3464

FRANK H. PARTRIDGE, Manager



To You and Yours—

A Very Merry Christmas

and a

Prosperous New Year

Such is the wish of the house of

WILLIS PIANOS, LTD.

1003 Government St. Phone No. 514

Vaudeville Drama

AMUSEMENTS

Pictures Music

ALL-CANADIAN WEEK STARTS AT CAPITOL

"Man From Glengarry" Showing Tomorrow Initiates New Departure in Film World

The Capitol Theatre, beginning Monday, will inaugurate its first all-Canadian week with the showing of "The Man From Glengarry" presented by Ernest Shipman, a Canadian producer, who has filmed Ralph Connor's greatest story—a story of the rivermen's feud. The picture itself was directed by Henry MacRae, Canadian, and in its cast will be found Canada's prettiest girl, Pauline Caron, of Montreal, a prize winning beauty, who now is under contract with the firm which Cecil B. DeMille represents, and who is now at work in Hollywood in a feature production under that eminent director.

It is of interest to be reminded that every foot of this picture was taken in Canada—to be exact the locales are in and 'round about Ottawa. When it is also taken into consideration that Victoria is in direct competition with Montreal, Ottawa and Winnipeg for patronage, it is pointed out that Victoria adherents to the cause of Canadian-made pictures will bespeak their appreciation in no uncertain terms.

Everything Canadian

Everything in this picture, down to the lithographs that are seen upon the billboards are Canadian-made. The drawings themselves were made by a Canadian artist, a friend and pal of the lumberjacks.

It is to Ernest Shipman that much credit it due to the fact that there is a Canadian film in existence today. Only a short time ago he was a guest of the Canadian Club of London, Ont., and in the course of his remarks before that club he said:

"I firmly believe that eventually Western Ontario will furnish us with our own Canadian fireside story or drama, 'The Old Homestead,' or the 'Way Down East' of Canada, which will present the most convincing story of the pleasant side of Canadian life, not the snow or the so-called waste spaces, but a picture of the Canada of today, throbbing, virile. When we get that we shall have our first Canadian million-dollar picture."

"The Canadian Clubs and other distinctively Canadian organizations are supporting the idea of the production of purely Canadian pictures," said Mr. Shipman. "They recognise that the screen offers a wonderful opportunity for advertising the resources and attractions of Canada—in short, can show the best side of this wonderful country all over the world.

"Our producing units are formed with this idea in mind. Of course, it is profitable, or we would not engage in it, but, as well, it is a decided asset to Canada and in this we are working hand in hand with the Canadian governments, provincial and federal organizations, such as Canadian clubs, Chambers of Commerce, Rotarians, Kiwanians and similar bodies. We aim to get the best minds in each community associated with us and in that way we can be successful."



A Scene From John Galsworthy's Greatest Play, "The Skin Game," Which Will Be Presented at the Royal Victoria Theatre Monday and Tuesday.

INTENSIVE CAMPAIGN UNDER CONTEMPLATION

Greater Victoria Water Board Legislation to Be Presented Before People

Meetings are being arranged to take place at an early date throughout the entire district, when the proposed Water Board legislation will be fully discussed.

Copies of the Water Act as passed at the recent session of the Legislature can be secured from the King's Printer. A pamphlet, which will contain a synopsis of the Act, is being prepared for general distribution.

A quick, intensive campaign was planned by the executive committee at its meeting on Wednesday last, and notices will appear in the press from now on of the time and place of such meetings.

AMUSEMENTS

The Screen

Capitol—Pauline Caron in "The Man From Glengarry."

Columbia—Tom Mix in "Up and Going."

Dominion—"The Five Dollar Baby" starring Viola Dana.

Royal—"The Black Panther's Cub," featuring Florence Reed, commencing Wednesday.

The Stage

Playhouse—"Robinson Crusoe and His Maiden Aunt," commencing Monday.

Royal—John Galsworthy's greatest play, "The Skin Game," Monday and Tuesday.

"UP AND GOING" SHOWS CANADA'S NORTHWEST

Tom Mix in Big Stunt Picture Screened at Columbia Theatre Tomorrow

Another speedy Tom Mix picture, full of stunts and tricks and good humor, will open at the Columbia Theatre Monday. It is a Fox production called "Up and Going," a story of the Canadian Northwest, written by Mix and his director, Lynn Reynolds.

For action and picturesqueness, "Up and Going" is said to be Mix's most entertaining picture. The picture was made in the north country, with its snow, its bleakness, its fast flowing rivers and its great silence, and with characters rough, but made of either pure gold or of a base metal.

One of the big scenes is said to be a fight under water between Mix and Sid Jordan. In this picture there are some beautiful moonlight canoe scenes and thrilling rides through rapids. Eva Novak plays opposite Mix.

"CHOPSTICK" CHARLIE TUTORS FAIR ARTISTE

Constance Talmadge Learns to Eat A La Chinoise in "East Is West"

"Chopstick" Charlie went up the front steps of a Hollywood home. Usually there were ominous signs posted about each august house, advising persons with baskets to proceed to the rear, but not at this one. The front door was wide open and welcome.

Charlie smiled widely. His saffron face had been pressed with a ruffling iron of time into a thousand tiny wrinkles. As he approached the door he removed a towel from the basket, revealing neat piles of betel nuts and flat pieces of cocoanut, heavily sugared.

He waited expecting to see the glowing face of Miss Clonnie. Instead a slender hand reached out and drew him into the house, a hand distinctly Chinese as to nails and wrist-edged embroidery of heavy silk. Charlie's eyes grew wider, if possible, as he stared at the girl before him garbed in Celestial costume.

"You China girl now, Miss Clonnie?"

She nodded glumly. "I may look Chinese, but I can't eat Chinese," she admitted. "I have enough chopsticks to start a restaurant, but I don't know how to use them. So you have got to teach me this morning before my director gets after me again for holding up the picture."

"Chopstick Charlie show you," the old Chinaman replied, following her into the dining room. A half hour later Constance Talmadge rose from the table.

"You're hired for the day," she said. "You make those sticks behave all right, but I wouldn't trust them out of your sight. Come along."

And so in "East is West," the First National attraction being shown week commencing New Year's Day at the Royal Victoria Theatre, Constance Talmadge demonstrates her ability to eat with chopsticks as well as any Chinese girl.

Static electricity is blamed by government experts for a majority of cotton gin fire

VIOLA DANA NOW IN CURRICULUM

Her Pictures Are "Best Sellers" of Those Shown in American Schools

Hollywood's screen idols have developed into animated school textbooks.

Reading, writing and Mary Pickford, geography, mathematics and Viola Dana, are as much the order of the present day as once were the old-fashioned three R's. Los Angeles public school instructors, who once pored over library books for new educational topics, now make the rounds of the studios in quest of the morrow's lesson.

Something of the methods of the educational body became known the other day when Robert H. Lane, head of the visual education division of the public schools, accompanied by Miss Loretta Clark, public school librarian, and other representatives of the Los Angeles Board of Education, made a tour of Metro's Hollywood studios to watch the filming of several big productions now under way there.

Viola Dana, busily engaged in the making of her new picture, "The Five Dollar Baby," at the Dominion Theatre all week starting tomorrow, dropped professional activities when informed that she was "the best seller" among the stars whose pictures find their way into the schools.

"Pictures always will prove remarkably well adapted to school work because it is possible to drive home a lesson with the aid of the eye so much more readily than by means of the spoken word," said Mr. Lane. "We now have twenty-four schools that are equipped with projection machines and screens. In addition we have two circulating machines that are kept constantly on the move.

"Miss Dana is an unfailing delight to the children because of her youth, sincere emotion and spontaneity. All of her pictures have proved of value to us."

Harry Beaumont directed the photoplay, which Rex Taylor has adapted from Irvin S. Cobb's story. John Arnold photographed it, and A. F. Mantz was art and technical director.

Mother of Senator Dies

SARNIA, Ont., Dec. 23.—Mrs. Pardee, widow of the late Hon. T. B. Pardee, and mother of Senator F. F. Pardee, died here yesterday, aged 85.

The impulse that many people have to burst into song when in a bathroom is said to come from the music of the running water.



Scene From Tom Mix's Very Latest Feature Attraction, "Up and Going," Which Is Showing at the Columbia Theatre Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Many of the Scenes Were Taken in and Around Winnipeg, Manitoba.

PANTOMIME SHOWS AGAIN ON MONDAY

"Robinson Crusoe" Will Renew the Laughing Season at Playhouse Tomorrow Evening

An altogether delightful show is the unanimous verdict of all who have so far witnessed the Christmas pantomime, "Robinson Crusoe and His Maiden Aunt," now running at the Playhouse. Large and very enthusiastic audiences have attended each performance during the past week, culminating in capacity houses for both the matinee and evening performances on Saturday, and it is a safe prophecy that full houses will be the order of the day from now until the end of the run.

No pains have been spared by producer, costumiers and scene painters to make "Robinson Crusoe and His Maiden Aunt" a real top-notcher, and as a result of weeks of strenuous work on all sides the company has a production that for sparkle, movement, melody and mirth rivals anything ever known in this city. Moreover, it is a show that appeals equally to young and old. All the essentials of pantomime have been retained, and in addition there is an abundance of comedy of the "topical" variety which is always so popular. Good singing, delightful music, pretty dancing and an abundance of laughter-provoking situations make up this best of all Playhouse shows, and an evening spent at the cosy Yates Street theatre is guaranteed to cure the most chronic case of the blues.

In view of the exceptionally heavy booking for the entire run of "Robinson Crusoe and His Maiden Aunt," patrons are advised to make their reservations early, especially where it is desired to book seats for children.

YOUNG RIDER KILLED ON BACK OF SLEIGH

MONTREAL, Dec. 23.—Crushed between the back of a sleigh on which he was stealing a ride, and a telephone pole, yesterday, eight-year-old Rex Moore suffered fatal injuries.

SWINBURNE'S POEM "FAUSTINE" SCREENED

Florence Reed Presents Picturization at Royal Victoria Theatre on Wednesday Next

Florence Reed, Broadway's favorite actress, who is now at the zenith of her dramatic powers, plays four different characters in the big W. K. Ziegfeld photodrama, "The Black Panther's Cub," which will be the attraction at the Royal Victoria Theatre commencing next Wednesday. Based on Swinburne's immortal poem "Faustine," the story of "The Black Panther's Cub" is woven about the underworld life of Paris, with occasional flashes of quiet countryside life in England.

"The Black Panther's Cub" is a story of unusual proportions with a wealth of dramatic action, scores of colorful and varied scenes, a fast moving plot and a thread of romance that terminates in one of the strongest emotional scenes ever shown on the screen.

Miss Reed is ideally suited to the role which she has been given in this production. During the course of the story she gives four separate and distinct characterizations, first as "Faustine," the keeper of a notorious gambling palace in Paris, second as "Faustine's" daughter who has been reared in the refinement of a quiet English country estate, third as the pseudo "Faustine" who returns to Paris in the role her mother formerly held, and last as the bedraggled old hag, the original "Faustine," who has sunk to the depths of the Parisian underworld mire.

There is little doubt that the production cost, as it has been announced, more than a quarter of a million dollars to make. Miss Reed herself wears gowns that represent a small fortune, while the sets for the gambling palace and underworld dens in Paris necessitated the expenditure of thousands of dollars. In one instance an entire estate was reconverted for the English countryside scenes.

In "The Black Panther's Cub" Miss Reed oversteps in excellence of screen interpretation all her former efforts. Never before has this star appeared to such wonderful advantage. She is elegantly and elaborately gowned, and moves easily and gracefully through the vari-colored moods which she is called upon to portray.

Miss Reed meets all the demands upon her versatility, and demonstrates by her work in this production that it will be a long time before another actress is found who can live up to the high mark she has set for dramatic interpretation.

Emile Chautard, who directed the photodrama, is to be congratulated for a flawless production, while the lighting effects and the assembling of the large crowds of peoples who take part in the scenes, establish a new record for superiority in the silent drama.

A hand-carved wooden clock made in Pennsylvania contains 50,000 separate pieces.

GALSWORTHY'S GREAT PLAY SHOWS MONDAY

"The Skin Game" With British Players Opens at Royal Victoria Tomorrow and Tuesday

John Galsworthy's interesting tragi-comedy, "The Skin Game," with a special cast will be presented at the Royal Victoria Theatre Monday and Tuesday, December 25 and 26.

William A. Brady, in association with Readean, Ltd., London, has brought over a company of British players rehearsed in London by Basil Dean and Galsworthy himself.

The play has much the same theme that Galsworthy put into his novel, "The Patrician." He takes two English families and throws them at each other's heads. The one represents centuries of culture and affluency; the other is a product of today. The one suffers from gout; the other is active and alive and doesn't suffer at all. "I haven't the gout," says old Hornblower, representative of the new, to Mr. Hillcrist, representative of patrician stock, "because I have no ancestors."

Hornblower has come to a village in the country district of England and settled down. He manufactures things. The Hillcrists have been there for a hundred years or more and they live on the wealth that has been handed down to them by their more active ancestors. They have also inherited the gout. They are snobs—kindly, sentimental snobs, but snobs nevertheless. Mrs. Hillcrist snubs her new neighbors. That starts trouble. The result is a long fierce battle, in which both families suffer.

Hornblower is a brainy, relentless enemy. He is a realist. If he is not to be accepted by the Hillcrists, he will drive them out by surrounding their home with smoking, smelly factories. Mr. Hillcrist is too much of a gentleman to fight very aggressively. Mrs. Hillcrist isn't. It was she who snubbed the Hornblowers; it is she who will fight them. She has particularly snubbed their daughter-in-law, Chloe.

Hornblower managed to buy a piece of land right next to the Hillcrists and lets them know he will build an obnoxious factory there. But Mrs. Hillcrist is a fighter too. She has discovered that Chloe has a past that would never pass the board of censors, and her use of that past as a weapon makes the story of the play.

BUXTON ISOLATED BY HEAVY FALL OF SNOW

LONDON, Dec. 23.—Derbyshire is almost snowed up, and Buxton, where thousands of Canadian soldiers sojourned as inmates of the discharge depot, is practically isolated at present.



STARTING TOMORROW
(Christmas Day)

IRVIN S. COBB'S
Sensational Christmas Comedy Drama
From the "Saturday Evening Post"

VIOLA DANA
—IN—
"The $5 Baby"

Treat the Kiddies by Bringing Them to See This Wonderful Yuletide Romance



A Baby Is Abandoned on the steps of an asylum on Christmas Eve. The Solitary Kid, a hobo, thinking the basket contains food, picks up the lid and finds the infant. A note from the despondent mother promises a rich reward if the note is presented at a bank on the baby's eighteenth birthday, on December 24. The Kid decides to keep the note, but is at a loss as to what to do with the baby. An amazing inspiration comes to him which offers a solution to his problem in Metro's delightful photoplay starring Viola Dana. See her in this unique photoplay during this week.



COMEDY SCENIC

Usual Prices Matinee 25c Children 10c All Day

DOMINION

Usual Prices Evening 25c and 35c.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT AT TOLMIE SCHOOL

Talented Pupils Entertain Visitors With Diversified Programme of Songs, Recitations and Dances

On Wednesday evening St. Mark's Hall was filled to overflowing with the parents and friends of the pupils of the Tolmie School on the occasion of the annual Christmas concert. Mr. F. V. Hobbs, school trustee, presided.

The programme commenced with the singing of "O Canada," which was followed by a song, "Welcome," sung sweetly by a troupe of dainty tots of Division VIII.

A vivid portrayal of "The Babes in the Wood" by Division III was duly appreciated, as was the very pleasing item, in the form of an acrostic, entitled, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," given by Division VII.

A very amusing sketch, "Unexpected Company," by Division II. produced much laughter. A carol in four parts, "Unto us a Child is Born," by eight senior pupils of Division I. was listened to with evident pleasure, and the tiny tots of Division VIII were again very well received in their "Flower Song."

A well rendered recitation by Phoebe Riddel was followed by a "Scarf Drill," faultlessly performed by Division II. The rapid sketching of busts, flowers and animals by pupils from the upper divisions were keenly watched, much admired and fully applauded.

At this stage Miss Oldfield, president of the V.O.N., was introduced to the audience by the principal. In a few well-chosen words Miss Oldfield very clearly outlined the object and importance of the Little Mothers' League, and then gracefully presented the certificates and prizes to the successful pupils of the class, which has been so ably conducted by Nurse Buckley.

A comic song by Division V was succeeded by a picturesque Indian dance in costume. The recitation of a selection from Hiawatha's Picture Writing was well done, and the remarkably well modulated and sweet voice of Helen Stevenson in her song was listened to with rapt attention. The audience would not be refused a repetition of this item. Eunice Owens pleased with a patriotic recitation. A very effective scene was presented with the singing of "Silent Night" by Division V. "The Jolly Farmer Boys," with its whistling chorus by Division IV. was well received, and a dainty minuet by Division III, and the song "My Poodle Dog," by Division VI, were much enjoyed.

A dance closely approximating the Highland Fling surprised the audience by the time, ease of motion and endurance of the two little girls engaged in it. A very hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the chairman and a very pleasant entertainment was concluded with "God Save the King."

ELMAN RECITAL TAKES PLACE AT CAPITOL

Celebrated Young Violinist Will Appear Here on January 12th Next

The Elman recital, which is to take place at the Capitol Theatre on Friday, January 12, ought to draw a capacity house. This young player has steadily risen in the estimation of the musical authorities, many of whom look upon him as the biggest of the younger generation of violinists.

Certain it is that he has grown artistically a very great deal since his first American appearance. That took place less than a decade ago at a time when he was fresh from Auer fold.

Elman is a native of Talnoje, Russia, and is now 29 years old. He first showed signs of extraordinary musical gifts at the age of four when he astonished his parents by playing a number of melodies on the violin. His father, who was a violinist, at once began to teach him. Three years later he made his English debut, playing the Tschaikowsky Concerto, his success having established his European reputation.

His first appearance in the United States was with the Russian Symphony Orchestra in New York, January, 1908.



Viola Dana, in an Exciting Scene From "The Five Dollar Baby," to Be Shown at the Dominion All Week.

CREATURES THAT WORK

In the report of a lecture recently given by the French entomologist, M. Jean Batelier, it was mentioned that soldier ants with poison throwers were found in Indo-China.

These ants comprise male, female and neuters. The neuters are soldiers provided with a hollow horn, from which they are able to throw a poisonous fluid on their enemies.

Since these ants appear to produce their own poison, just as a snake does its venom, they cannot strictly be called tool users, yet it is a fact that there are ants and other insects, besides a few wild animals, that do actually use tools.

Miss Fielde, an American entomologist, who has made a special study of ants, and keeps them under observation in artificial nests, has noticed that if a young ant gets dirty the workers will carry it to the moist sponge which is always kept in the nest, and use the sponge to wash it clean.

The Peckhams have watched a mason wasp pick up a small pebble and use it as a tool to complete her work of plastering up the mouth of the cell in which she has laid one of her eggs.

The great silver beetle, which, in point of size, is the second largest among British beetles, but which has become a water-dweller, has a habit so strange that, but for the testimony of that careful observer, Mr. John J. Ward, it would be almost beyond belief.

The larva of this beetle occasionally descends to the bottom of the pond in which it lives and selects a pebble which it brings to the surface in its jaws. Under a magnifying glass Mr. Ward found that the little stone was being continually revolved, and was forced to the conclusion that the larva was actually using it as a grindstone for the purpose of sharpening its knife-like mandibles.

The Chinese, as we know, train cormorants to catch fish. A small tropical crab, the name of which is "Melia Tessellata," carries a sea anemone in each claw and uses them as instruments with which to catch food.

Then there is the archer fish, which kills the flies on which it feeds by a liquid bullet—a drop of water fired with extraordinary accuracy from its pointed beak.

The importation of feathers or the dead bodies of birds with feathers on them is prohibited in Great Britain.

An Oxford Idol

Here is a lively picture of another Oxford "Idol" which we take from The Isis. It is a pen portrait of G. F. H. Macpherson of Oriel College.

"Not a comet, not a meteor, not even forked lightning, heralded the entrance of George Philip Hewart Macpherson upon the stage where he played so large a part," says The Isis. "All that can be said is that there was a snow storm of unprecedented severity in Newtonmore, Inverness-shire, on December 14, 1903; but then snowstorms of unprecedented severity are of a weekly, and even daily, occurrence in that bleak Northern clime for six months out of the twelve?

"It was not until, in 1916, he entered the scholastic portals of Fettes College that oud Idol let his light shine among men. Youthful he may have been, but he was brainy and brawny. When the time for his departure came, he had played in the XV for two years, captaining it in 1921, and had been athletic champion in 1921. He also functioned in the hockey and fives teams for some years.

"This, one might have thought, was enough for any one man. Dis aliter visum—our Idol thought otherwise. In the intervals of scoring tries, making countless runs, and bowling what he fondly imagined to be lobs, he found time to read some of the lighter works of the ancients. Sophocles, Homer, Demosthenes—all came alike to him.

"And so, when in October, 1921, he came up to Oriel, the Provost and Fellows of that college pressed upon him an Open Classical Scholarship. Not to be outdone, Fettes insisted upon his accepting a Leaving Exhibition. In these days of newspaper supremacy in all branches of life, this constituted a challenge to the press which could not be disregarded. The Field got there first, and our Idol found himself the first holder of an exhibition for 'proficiency in scholarship and athletics.'

"Such a catalogue of virtues may well evoke the question, 'Has he then no vices?' The answer is decidedly in the affirmative. He drinks cider and doesn't smoke, and he works whenever he gets a chance. These habits are so maddening to his more human friends that only an unusually attractive personality and light-hearted disposition prevents him from being forsaken by those who find the contrast between his industry and their own slothfulness inducive to self-vilification. An Idol who reads Demosthenes in the train on the way to a Varsity match, scores heavily in that match, and returning, scores even more heavily in a Collection on the said Demosthenes, will probably arouse feelings not only of worship, but of envy."

NEARLY FOUR MILLIONS GIVEN MUNICIPALITIES

When distribution is made this week by the Provincial Government of $511,537.89 from liquor profits, and $191,648.26 from pari-mutuel tax, municipalities of British Columbia will have received funds approximating $10 per capita during the year 1922, according to a statement made yesterday by Hon. John Hart, Minister of Finance. Municipalities this year have received a total of $201,854.36 as their share of the revenue derived from motor licence fees. Including the liquor profits to be distributed this week, the Government during the year has distributed a total of $1,311,537.89 from that source. Schools grants have totalled $1,056,275.90, and hospital grants $356,094. Altogether, including the amounts named above and a number of smaller miscellaneous grants, the Provincial treasury department has distributed to the municipalities a total of $3,815,000 during the year.

MANITOBA TELEPHONE SYSTEM SHOWS SURPLUS

WINNIPEG, Dec. 23.—Rigid economy during the past year in operation of the Manitoba Government telephone system has resulted in a net surplus of $32,275 for the financial year ended November 30, according to a report issued by John H. Lowry, commissioner. For the preceding year there was a deficit of $538,488.

Capitol Entertainment

CAPITOL CANADIAN WEEK

Inaugurating an All-Canadian Movement for a Better-Known Canada

Starting Xmas Day (Monday) 2 Till 11 P. M.



"THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY"

Ralph Connor's Story of the Rivermens' Feud

CANADIANS! Here's the Real Thing

Canadian to the Core!

Written by a Canadian—"Ralph Connor" (Dr. Gordon)
Produced by a Canadian—Ernest Shipman



Directed by a Canadian—Henry MacRae, with Canadian money and Canadian players, in CANADA. EVERY FOOT PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE EXACT LOCALES OF THE STORY, in and about Ottawa, with Pauline Garon, prize-winning beauty of Montreal.

All-Canadian Week Prices

Matinee - - - - - - 25c Children - - - - - - 10c
Evening - - - - - - 25c and 35c Loges - - - - - - 50c

OVERTURE.....MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT
SELECTION.....SEXTETTE FROM LUCIA
By Capitol Orchestra and Organ
W. TICKLE, Director A. R. WOLFENDEN, Organist

FELIX CARTOON COMEDY
CAPITOL NEWS TOPICS

CAPITOL THEATRE

The Celebrated Russian Violinist

MISCHA ELMAN

In Recital at the

CAPITOL THEATRE

FRIDAY, JANUARY 12
AT 8:30 P.M.

PRICES—Orchestral Stalls and Loges, $2.50; First Balcony, $2.00; Second Balcony, $1.50 (plus 15% tax).

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Box Office opens at Fletcher Bros.' New Music Store, Douglas St., on Monday, January 8, at 10:30 a.m.

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3 reels of drama, romance, humor, thrill of color conflict, of Western wit and Eastern wile. Magnificent in setting, superb in portrayal.

Reporters Forced Way Into House

St. Stephen's is today the actual centre of political discourse. It was not always so. Up to about 1685, the meetings of the House of Commons were kept as secret as possible. Though this would be regarded, as Macaulay says, as a grievance more intolerable than ship-money or the Star Chamber, this secrecy was valuable for hiding the private Member, of possibly democratic sentiments, from subsequent punishment by the King. In 1641, for instance, the Commons made it a breach of privileges for a Member to divulge its proceedings.

With the growth of power of the populace, Parliament became jealous of its independence, and resentful of attempts at outside agitation. As a shrewd observer remarked, if matters were not kept dark—"Parliament would be talked of, when it did amiss, with the same freedom as any other set of men." Which was the last thing it desired! In spite, however, of Mr. Speaker's denunciation that it was "a reflection on the dignity of the House," accounts of debates were leaking out about 1738 to the newspapers of that day.

Matters came to a head through the Parliamentary reports then appearing in 'The Gentleman's Magazine. Sir Robert Walpole, at Premier, protested against debates being "hawked up and down the streets" thereby making the Legislative Assembly most contemptible. Accordingly Edward Cave, editor of The Gentleman's Magazine, was brought to the Bar of the House, and was sentenced to be fined and imprisoned. But the reports still went on, though the Standing Order was evaded by heading them "Debates in the Senate of Great Lilliput." As a further legal precaution, only the initial and last letter of speakers' names were given, thus: Mr. B—r L—w.

Now, a little later, the Parliamentary correspondents of The Gentleman's Magazine was none other than our old friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson. The other day, I was glancing through the second volume of that most attractive work, MacDonagh's "The Pageant of Parliament," and by piecing together the picturesque details he gives, with those in my Boswell, I am able to gain a fairly clear idea of the way in which the debates were presented to the public.

Johnson's Reports

At the present day it is usually thought to be desirable that the reporter should be present at the event he records. Johnson could not attend the House, so—not to be beaten—he did his reports in a garret, off the Strand. Cave, or somebody else, provided him with the names of speakers and possibly some sight notes. Given these the worthy Doctor did the rest! Hence, apparently, the oratorical reputation of certain eighteenth-century statesmen, which led Voltaire to remark that "the eloquence of Greece and Rome is revived in the British Senate." For Johnson, being a shrewd man, knew his Commons through and through. When Boswell, as Counsel, was to oppose a Stirling road bill in the House, he asked his mentor's advice. Note the reply:

"Why, sir, you must provide yourself with a good deal of extraneous matter, which you are to produce occasionally, so as to fill up the time; for you must consider that they do not listen much. If you begin with the strength of your cause, it may be lost before they begin to listen."

But in one respect, Dr. Johnson gave the show away. Walpole noticed that though one side appeared to have a monopoly of wisdom, ability, learning and foresight, yet it was frequently the opposite party that won handsomely in division! Johnson was quite frank about this. "Though we cannot but vote them we will outargue them," he said on one occasion. Another time he confided to Boswell that he "took care the Whig dogs should not have the best of it." It is only fair to the scribe, to add that, in 1743, when he realized the reports were "being regarded as the actual words uttered, he relinquished the work rather than be "accessory to the propagation of falsehood."

Reporting From Memory

A pioneer of parliamentary reporting, as we understand it, was that very remarkable man, William Woodfall, whose reports in The Morning Chronicle appeared on the days following debates, from 1769 to 1789. As the taking of notes was forbidden by the Orders of the House, all Woodfall's reporting was from memory. He used to sit in the Strangers' Gallery, we are told, with eyes shut and leaning forward with both hands on his stick. Such was his fame that provincial visitors were known to inquire "Which is Memory Woodfall, and which is the Speaker?" Despite the supernatural powers attributed to him, we now know that Woodfall's reports cannot have been complete nor wholly accurate.

The first official recognition of the press in Parliament was in 1803, when Mr. Speaker Abbott admitted the exclusive right of reporters to the back row of the Strangers' Gallery. This was the outcome of the newspaper representatives being crowded out by members of the public on the occasion when a notable speech by Pitt, on the French War, was expected. The consequence was that on May 24, 1803, it was arranged with the sergeant-at-arms that the gallery door be opened daily at noon, and "the sergeant would let the housekeeper understand that the newswriters might be let in in their usual places (back row), as being understood to have the order of particular members like any other stranger."

Dickens as Reporter

Presiding at the dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, in May, 1865, Charles Dickens said: "I have worn my knees by writing on them on the old back row of the old gallery of the old House of Commons; and I have worn my feet standing to write in a preposterous pen in the old House of Lords, where we used to be huddled together like so many sheep, kept in waiting, say, until the Woolsack might want restuffing." Happily, Dickens lived to see the establishment of a Commons Press Gallery in the temporary building after the 1834 fire. On February 19, 1835, this gallery was occupied for the first time. Four years earlier (on October 15, 1831) the Lords had already provided accommodation for reporters. When the present House of Commons was opened in 1850, it had a lofty gothic roof which made hearing difficult in the press gallery. Russell (then Premier) and Peel personally went upstairs to test its acoustic properties, and the Commons actually went back for another two years to their temporary quarters so that the present glass ceiling might be fixed in order that the reporters should be able to hear properly from their gallery.—Arthur J. Dobson, in The Yorkshire Post.



Marion Swayne, Starring in "The Man From Glengarry," Whis-Is Showing at the Capitol All Week.

BRITISH PAPERS DEAL WITH SCHOOL WORK

The Danger of Making Education Colorless and Dainty Is Commented Upon

Should school work be made easy? Are we not in danger of making it so colorless and dainty that it will not prepare for real life? These questions are being discussed in British papers.

"Are we becoming spoon-fed?" asks The London Daily News, which forthwith answers as follows: "There are many who decry the old system of education. It was too hard and colorless, too alien for the child to understand. It demanded real hard work from pupil as well as teacher. But are we not now going too much the other way? The modern teacher is little more than a performing clown who prepares as many tricks per day; he has to gild learning to make it palatable; to dish up geography dainties; in fact, do most of the work while he really ought to guide. Yet there is no royal road to learning. It means hard, solid work. Are we not then carrying the sugar-coated doctrine too far? By all means stimulate interest, but not to the exclusion of thinking."

"Examinations can never, of course, be a complete criterion either of general education or of professional eligibility," states The London Observer. "There are the well-known types who never do themselves justice under the concentrated ordeal of a three hours' paper; and the public (which is collectively 'no scholard' itself) loves the legend of the boy who was always foot of the class and eventually became a luminary of the working world. An infallible selection of the fittest would involve an application of physiological, mental, and moral tests which are not at present available; but to grant that and to say that examinations as at present conducted do not broadly achieve their purpose are two very different propositions. The most prevalent delusion is probably that the ways of examiners are narrow and pedantic; that they exult in setting pitfalls for diligent but unsuspecting youth, and that the proofs of knowledge which they demand are superficial rather than penetrating. Such criticism cannot assuredly be based upon any close acquaintance with the examining methods which dominate in English education, based upon the example of the older universities and followed at no great distance by the public schools and many other authorities. The distinguishing feature of the papers set in these quarters is the opportunity which they give to the candidate of displaying any genuine knowledge that he may possess, and the utter impossibility of satisfying them by any process of unintelligent 'cram.' The broad-minded examiner is certainly in the ascendant; if he is not universal, that is only what has to be said of the majority of good things."

ROYAL VICTORIA

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William A. Brady (in Association With Reandean, London) PRESENT

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During our Removal Sale we have cut prices—cut deeply—prices on every garment included, no exception, with a view to a reduction in the numbers and groups of fine wearing apparel for women and girls. We shall make extraordinary attempts during the remaining days before we move to further reduce these stocks. Radical savings will be possible on Fashionable

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Pantomime — **Robinson Crusoe and His Maiden Aunt**

Brimful of delightful music and dancing. A riot of laughs. New scenery. Sparkling Costumes. Ask anyone who has seen it.

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A Canadian Picture of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police



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Tom Mix

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Greatest Under-Water Fight Ever Seen by an Audience

"Up and Going" is a picture truly remarkable in spirited action, extraordinary scenic beauty and tremendous climax. It shows Tom Mix at his best throughout. It shows him not only as a daring and wonderfully skilled horseman and rough and ready fighter in a righteous cause, but as a canoeist who is an expert of the first rank.

"Up and Going" is great and thrilling entertainment; but the fight under water—a fight for life—presents a scene never before approached in its startling quality.

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Mon. Tues. Wed.

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Matinee....15¢ and 10¢ Night....20¢ Children....10¢

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Director of successful G. W. V. A. Fall Carnival and coming stupendous Extravaganza with 800 people in cast, Royal Theatre, Week of February 5 to 10

Director Lynwood announces the opening of his

DANCING CLASSES

Friday Afternoon, Dec. 29, at 3:30

Empress Hotel Ballroom

A great opportunity to have your children taught by a master director. Fancy dancing, classical, ballroom and deportment. All are welcome. General public invited to enter. Misses and children.

TERMS—12 Class Lessons for $6.00

Three lessons each week. Good until February 15, 1923.

Private lessons for adults in theatrical and ballroom dancing. Private lessons on application.

Phone or write P. L. LYNWOOD, Empress Hotel

Marine and Transportation

NAVIGATORS ELECT OFFICERS FOR YEAR

Capt. T. H. Brown Again Represents Victoria Skippers—Capt. Boyce Re-elected President

VANCOUVER, Dec. 23.—The annual meeting of the Canadian Merchant Service Guild was held yesterday at the guild rooms, and excellent reports were received for the past year's work.

Despite the proximity of the holidays there was a large attendance of skippers and among them were some of the veterans of the sea. In the election of officers for the ensuing year, Captain W. J. Boyce was re-elected president of the guild. Captain Gaisford contested the seat but Captain Boyce had given good service and the guild decided to extend his term of office.

Secretary Andrew Goodlad and Treasurer Captain O. G. Kinnie were re-elected for the sixth year.

The vice-presidents for the ports are: B. C. lakes, Captain J. Angus Macdonald; Northwest Territories, Captain G. G. Brown; Vancouver, Captain W. W. Best; Victoria, Captain Thomas H. Brown; Yukon, Captain J. O. Williams.

The representatives for classes of ships were elected as follows: Ocean-going, Captain L. R. W. Beavis; local passenger, Captain John Muir; local freight, Captain Charles E. Prince; towboats, Captain J. L. Whyte; Government lighthouse, Public Works Department, Captain Gordon Evans; fishery boats, Captain J. Iverson; pilots, Captain H. Shatford; trustees, Captain W. S. Moorehouse, Captain H. E. Lawrey and Reginald Marshall.

All the officers were elected by acclamation outside of the president. The annual meeting and installation of officers will be held Saturday afternoon, December 30.

MAKURA MAKES PORT FROM AUSTRALASIA

The Canadian-Australasian Line steamer Makura arrived from Australia and New Zealand yesterday afternoon, and cleared for Vancouver after some two hours in port. The vessel had been expected in at an early hour in the morning, but fog held her outside throughout most of the day, delaying her eight hours. The liner finally reached quarantine at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and tied up at the Rithet wharves shortly after 4. A few passengers disembarked here before the vessel proceeded to the Mainland. Between seventy and eighty tons of general cargo were also put ashore at this port. Capt. Spring Brown, who is new to the Makura and to this run, brought the steamer in this voyage.

SHIPPING INFORMATION

Steamer Movements

VICTORIA, Dec. 23.—Arrived: Makura, Sydney via Auckland, Suva and Honolulu. Sailed: Makura, Vancouver; Schooner Forest Home, Nanoose Bay.

ABERDEEN, Dec. 23.—Arrived: Schooner Irene, Honolulu; Wahkeena, San Francisco.

TACOMA, Dec. 23.—Arrived: President McKinley, Manila via Seattle; Port Angeles, San Francisco; Paraiso, San Pedro; Motorship Kennecott, Seattle; Anyox, towing barge Potter, B.C. ports. Sailed: Ruth Alexander, San Francisco; Wabash, New York; Chilliwack, Vancouver.

SEATTLE, Dec. 23.—Arrived: President McKinley, Tacoma; Wabash, Tacoma; Chancellor, Comox, B.C.; Ruth Alexander, Tacoma. Sailed: Ruth Alexander, San Francisco; Lurline, Honolulu; Victoria, Alaska; Kennecott, Tacoma; Makena, Port Angeles.

PORTLAND, Dec. 23.—Arrived: Yayoi Maru, Muroran; Santa Cruz, West Coast; Tjileboet, San Francisco. Sailed: Richmond, San Francisco; Bessemer City, Seattle; Harry Luckenbach, Puget Sound; Hannawa, Orient; Pawlet, Orient; Baja California, South America.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 23.—Arrived: West Jessup, Buenos Ayres; Bertie M. Hanlon, Coos Bay; Eldridge, Singapore; Providencia, Gray's Harbor; Annette Rolph, Astoria. Sailed: President Cleveland, Hong Kong.

Arrived

QUEENSTOWN, Dec. 23.—Celtic, New York.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Columbia, San Francisco; George Washington, Bremen.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 23.—Sudbury, Tacoma.

STOCKHOLM, Dec. 23. — Pedro Cristopherson, San Francisco.

YOKOHAMA, Dec. 21.—President Grant, Seattle.

LONDON, Dec. 22. — City of Durham, San Francisco; President Van Buren, New York.

BREMEN, Dec. 23.—Yordick, New York.

BERGEN, Dec. 18.—Stavanorfjord, New York.

DANZIG, Dec. 19.—Lituania, New York.

HAMBURG, Dec. 19.—Mount Clinton, New York.

BERGEN, Dec. 19.—Bergland, San Francisco; 21st, Arabia, Seattle; 22nd, Hanley, Seattle.

Sailed

NAPLES, Dec. 20.—Provindencia, New York.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Commercial Traveler, San Francisco; Ryndham, Rotterdam; Baltic, Liverpool.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 23.—Aniston City, Pacific Coast ports.

HONG KONG, Dec. 22.—Alabama Maru, Tacoma; Empress of Australia, Vancouver.

MOBILE, Dec. 23.—Mystic, Pacific Coast ports.

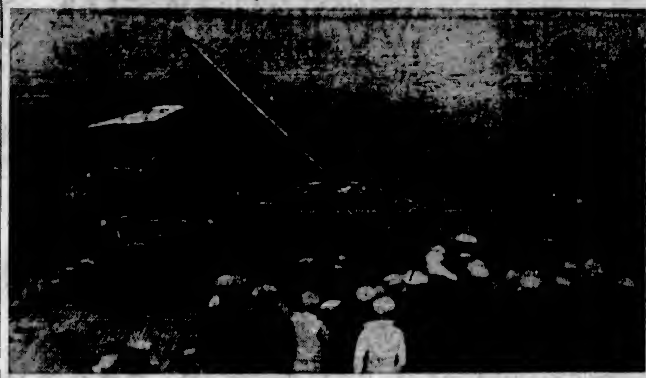
SHANGHAI, Dec. 23.—Tenyo Maru, San Francisco.

LISBON, Dec. 18.—Asia, New York.

SOUTHAMPTON, Dec. 23.—Berengaria, New York.



Clever Aviator Catapulted Plane From Deck of Battleship





For the First Time in History, an Airplane Was Catapulted From the Deck of a War Vessel When a Machine Was Sent into the Air Recently From the U.S.S. Oklahoma, at Los Angeles. The First Photo Shows the Plane Ready to Be Catapulted, and the Second the Machine Successfully Launched.

TIDES AT VICTORIA
DECEMBER, 1922

Day	Time H. M.	H't Ft.	Time H. M.	H't Ft.	Time H. M.	H't Ft.	Time H. M.	H't Ft.
1	.....		.....		13:11	9.1	19:32	8.1
2	.....		.....		12:38	9.1	20:18	8.4
3	.....		.....		12:04	9.0	22:48	2.0
4	.....		.....		12:09	9.2	21:32	1.8
5	.....		.....		11:18	9.2	21:39	1.8
6	.....		.....		10:36	9.2	22:39	1.4
7	9:36	8.2	10:46	8.2	14:04	6.0	23:16	1.3
8	8:48	9.3	11:48	8.2	14:44	6.6	.....	
9	0:03	3.0	8:24	8.5	15:13	7.8	18:36	7.9
10	0:47	2.7	3:47	8.3	14:27	7.0	16:44	7.3
11	1:33	2.6	8:10	8.8	15:32	3.8	19:34	8.6
12	2:18	4.4	9:48	9.0	16:37	3.8	23:03	8.3
13	3:33	8.8	10:16	8.8	17:30	4.8	23:37	8.4
14	3:33	9.2	10:46	9.6	18:18	5.8	.....	
15	3:31	7.1	4:35	7.0	11:17	9.7	19:06	8.3
16	4:30	7.7	9:03	7.6	11:48	9.6	19:48	1.7
17	5:14	8.2	7:12	8.2	12:20	12.0	22:30	1.8
18	5:55	8.8	8:12	8.3	12:53	8.9	21:33	1.1
19	6:35	8.0	9:04	8.8	13:27	9.8	21:48	1.2
20	7:13	8.7	9:33	8.3	13:56	9.8	22:35	1.5
21	7:48	9.7	12:07	8.1	14:31	8.8	23:07	6.1
22	8:00	8.2	13:04	7.8	14:35	8.1	23:48	2.9
23	.....		5:12	8.9	.....		.....	
24	0:24	8.5	5:32	8.9	.....		.....	
25	1:00	4.8	8:54	9.1	.....		.....	
26	1:34	5.1	3:26	9.1	13:16	5.2	.....	
27	.....		9:32	9.1	13:33	4.7	.....	
28	.....		10:27	9.2	13:34	4.1	.....	
29	.....		10:55	9.2	18:31	3.8	.....	
30	.....		11:24	9.2	19:10	2.8	.....	
31	.....		11:51	9.4	16:42	2.2	.....	

The Time used is Pacific Standard, for the 120th Meridian west. It is counted from 0 to 24 hours, from midnight to midnight. The figures for height serve to distinguish High Water from Low Water. Where blanks occur in the tables the tide rises or falls continuously during two successive tidal periods without turning.

The Height is in feet and tenths of a foot, above the average level of lower Low Water.

Esquimalt—To find the depth of water on the sill of the drydock at any tide, add 19.2 feet to the height of High Water as above given.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET

Time of Sunrise and Sunset (Pacific Standard Time) at Victoria, B.C., for the month of December, 1922:

Day	Sunrise	Sunset	Day	Sunrise	Sunset
1	7:44	4:21	17	8:00	4:19
2	7:45	4:21	18	8:01	4:19
3	7:47	4:20	19	8:01	4:19
4	7:48	4:20	20	8:02	4:20
5	7:49	4:22	21	8:03	4:22
6	7:52	4:22	22	8:03	4:21
7	7:51	4:19	23	8:03	4:21
8	7:52	4:19	24	8:04	4:22
9	7:53	4:19	25	8:04	4:22
10	7:52	4:18	26	8:05	4:23
11	7:55	4:18	27	8:05	4:24
12	7:59	4:18	28	8:06	4:25
13	7:57	4:16	29	8:06	4:26
14	7:58	4:18	30	8:06	4:27
15	7:59	4:18	31	8:08	4:28
16	7:53	4:18			

The Meteorological Observatory, Gonzales Heights, Victoria, B.C.

TUG BOUND TO PORT WITH LIGHTKEEPERS

SAULT STE. MARIE, Dec. 23.—A message was received this afternoon from the tug M. R. Gray, that she had all the lighthouse keepers from this end of Lake Superior on board and that she was on her way home. The light keepers at Cariboo Island were taken off at noon.

NOTICE TO MARINERS

British Columbia

Chatham Sound—Malacca passage—Lawyer Islands—Diaphone to be established—Hand fog horn to be discontinued.

Date—On or about January 1, 1923.

Position—In building attached to the keeper's dwelling on westerly extreme of the northernmost Lawyer Island and about 500 feet southward of the lighthouse. Latitude N. 54 deg. 6 min. 44 sec. Longitude W. 130 deg. 30 min. 37 sec.

Description—Diaphone, operated by air compressed by an oil engine, will give 2 blasts of 4 seconds duration every minute, thus: Blast, 4 sec.; silent, 3 sec.; blast, 4 sec.; silent interval, 49 sec.

Structure—White square wooden building attached to present dwelling.

Remarks—The horn is elevated 16 feet above high water and points 289 deg. 30 min. (S. 80 deg. W. mag.)

When the diaphone is established the hand fog horn will be discontinued.

Mariners are herewith notified that the lantern on Brotchie Ledge at the entrance to Victoria Harbor will from today, and until further notice, show a fixed light instead of an occulting.

Vancouver Harbor

Mariners are herewith notified that during alterations to the station at Prospect Point, First Narrows, Vancouver Harbor, B.C., the traffic signals will be discontinued until further notice. Information regarding when station will be again in operation will be supplied at the earliest possible date.

A. W. R. WILBY,
Agent, Marine Department.

RESTORER AT MIDWAY

The cable ship Restorer is spending Christmas at Midway Island, where the vessel is engaged on a cable job at present. She was spoken by wireless yesterday morning by the B.C. Coast station at Estevan.

CAPETOWN AT HONOLULU

H.M.S. Capetown reached Honolulu on Thursday. The cruiser recently visited Esquimalt, Vancouver and Tacoma, steaming from the latter port for the Hawaiian Islands.

GOLD AND SILVER OUTPUT OF YUKON

REVIEW OF THE PRODUCTION SINCE DISCOVERY WAS MADE

The Two Precious Metals Are Fast Approaching Each Other in Yearly Returns

The Dawson Daily News recently published a special number under the title of The Yukon Silver and Gold Fields Edition. This number, which is now received, contains a very interesting epitome of the production of the Yukon in precious metals. It sets forth that the silver and the gold outputs now are closely approaching one another in values and it is expected that silver may soon surpass the harvest of gold. From the earliest discovery of gold the output of the Yukon is placed at $210,000,000.

The News, dealing with the production, says:

For a quarter of a century the placer gold fields of Klondike have kept Yukon Territory—that is, the Canadian Yukon,—before the eyes of the world.

Today newly discovered silver fields in Yukon are yielding on a scale which promises soon to equal or outstrip in value the annual production of the gold fields in the territory.

It is estimated that the placer fields within fifty miles of Dawson and a few other tributary Yukon districts a little farther out from this placer centre this year will yield over a million dollars. Some of the expected Fall hydraulic clean-ups having been frozen in by early frosts, it is impossible to exactly determine the results of last Summer's operations.

Late dredge and other returns, however, says Mr. G. A. Jeckell, federal comptroller, are sure to bring the total for the fiscal year, ending March 31, next, to over a million dollars. Five dredges in the Klondike district, and one at Highet, and numerous large hydraulic and individual plants produced the Yukon's big 1922 gold crop.

Total Gold Production

The Yukon's gold yield from the earliest days of its gold mining to date is estimated at approximately $210,000,000.

With this large sum to its credit, the greater part of which came from creeks within fifty miles of Dawson, the Klondike not only continues to enrich the world at the rate of a million or more annually in virgin gold, but holds the proud distinction of being the heaviest placer producing camp of all the camps of either Yukon or Alaska, and to have the greatest span of prospective life of any of them. The Dawson camp is the daddy of them all.

It is estimated that the Klondike placer fields, that is, within fifty miles of Dawson, will continue on a large scale, possibly approximating a million dollars annually for the next twenty or twenty five years. The large fleet of dredges and the many large hydraulic plants are the main producers.

The new cold-water thawing process and other inovations have brought many low grade creeks and benches into the new producing column. The Klondike is estimated to have 100 to 150 lineal miles of dredgable streams yet to work and many miles of benches which will yet be hydraulicked.

The initial equipment of dredges, hydraulic plants, power plants and shops are now in the field, and the camp has 300 to 400 on the large company pay rolls in the Summer season, and keeps a portion of them busy in Winter. Outlying placer streams of the Yukon are still receiving the attention of the old-time prospector armed with large power drills. These are expected to add not a little to the placer producing area, especially low grade sections, suitable for working on a large scale.

The Silver Yield

The Mayo silver fields, lying in the Mayo district, 150 to 175 easterly from Dawson, began their present era of production with the rich strike on Keno Hill. A small preliminary shipment from the hill was made in 1920, the year following the strike. The first considerable shipment, aggregating 2,200 tons, was made by the Keno Hill, Limited, in 1921. During the Summer of 1922 the aggregate shipment from the camp was, in round numbers, 3,500 tons, all of which was shipped by the same company with exception of seventy tons from the properties of the Treadwell Yukon Company, and about a like amount from the old Silver King mine.

This Winter the Keno Hill, Limited, is expected to have 3,500 tons delivered from Keno Hill to Mayo Landing by opening of navigation, next May.

The Treadwell Yukon Company is expected to have an equally large tonnage delivered at the landing by the same time. Both companies have been mining steadily on their large Keno Hill lodes since last Winter, and at last accounts each had many hundreds of tons of ore on the dump and had planned to mine and haul steadily all Winter.

The Keno Hill, Limited, was working about fifty men at the mine, and The Treadwell Yukon Company about 100. The ore from both properties averages 300 to 250 ounces in silver, with a considerable percentage of lead. It was reported that both companies have twice as much ore in sight for shipment in 1924 as they will be able to ship during the coming season of 1923.

Several individual properties are being worked on Keno Hill this Winter, and also will add to the shipments.

Averages About $200

Roughly speaking, the ore shipped from Keno Hill has returned values averaging $200 a ton, or a little more. This would mean approximately $750,000 in total for the 1922 shipments. The Treadwell Yukon Company's ore runs about the same value. Allowing that the two companies ship next year twice the tonnage that went from Keno last year, the 1923 shipments will be approximately $1,500,000. This will make a close race between the two camps for first honors, and if the Keno Hill lodes open as rapidly as many expect, they may soon forge ahead in the annual total.

The Mayo district also has to its credit $334,000 in silver-lead ore shipped from the Silver King mine, on south end of Galena Hill, before Keno Hill was struck.

Arrangements for Shipping

The News further tells of the preparations for its handling of the silver ore shipments from Mayo next season. In this connection it says:

A fleet of eleven large Yukon river barges has been placed in Winter quarters at Dawson, Mayo and Stewart City, in readiness to handle the first silver ore shipments from Mayo early next season. Six of the barges are at Dawson, two at Mayo, and the others at Stewart City. They have a total capacity of 3,000 tons. Steamers Wintering in West Dawson and Hootalinqua will handle the barges leaving Mayo before Lake Laberge opens.

Ore hauling from Keno Hill this Winter to Mayo City is being carried on by Greenfield & Pickering with large sleighs and 60 to 70 horses, for the Keno Hill, Limited. A large caterpillar tractor is hauling for the Treadwell Yukon Company. Several teams owned by Andy Taddie, Sam McCormick and the Yukon Gold Company left Dawson this month for Keno to help haul silver ore.

The coming open season will be a time of activity among the transportation people, and their capacity will be taxed to handle the immense tonnage of high grade ore from the rich Keno Hill lode. The latest reports from the mines indicate that the output of the present year will be two or three times that of last year, and that prospects for a great increase in production in the future are extremely bright, new rich silver-lead bearing lodes having been recently opened up.

AQUATIC FAMILIES

The care and kindness, amounting in some cases to self-sacrifice, which many sea creatures express in their "home life," prove that they feel maternal or paternal love almost as much as human beings.

There is a tropical shore fish, the "Gall Topsail," which has only a few eggs and lives in places where the struggle for existence is keen. What is it to do? The male fish takes the eggs in his mouth and keeps them there until they are hatched. It must be difficult not to swallow them, and he fasts all the time.

The same "love" is shown by the quaint fish called the Lampsucker or Cock Paidle, as he is known in Scotland, which lays a big bunch of reddish eggs in a corner of a deep rock pool, low down the shore. Over this the father mounts guard, driving away intruders.

Every now and then he lashes with his tail beside the mass of eggs, and this no doubt helps to aerate them and scatter away the minute particles of mud which had settled upon them.

His paternal duties occupy him for several weeks, and observers say that while he is on guard he neglects his own meals.

Every bit as self-sacrificing is the marine leech or Skatesucker, a warty green animal, which is both male and female at once, like earthworms and snails. It is a very careful parent, depositing the eggs in cocoons inside empty shells of bivalves, and mounting guard over them for many weeks.

Even on the lower rungs of the ladder of life this same "love" is to be found. One of the humblest illustrations is to be seen in the British starfish, in which the fully formed young ones are carried about on the mother's body.

A perfect picture of motherhood is provided by the common sandhoppers. When the mother is caught and put in a saucer a crowd of young ones may be seen emerging from the shelter of her body, just like chickens from under a hen. They swim about like miniatures of herself, and as she slowly moves they follow, never venturing to go farther than an inch away. When frightened they hurry back below the mother.

TWO SAANICH WARD MEETINGS PLANNED

Ward Three Gathering to Be Held Wednesday Night, and Ward Five Thursday Night

Two ward meetings have so far been announced for this week in Saanich. The Ward Three Ratepayers' Association is holding one in the Gordon Head Hall on Wednesday evening, while the Ward Five Ratepayers' Association will have one in the Royal Oak School on Thursday evening.

The Ward Three Association will elect officers for the coming year, and the matter of endorsation of candidates for the forthcoming elections will also be before the meeting. There are two men who have so far announced themselves as in the field for the councillorship, they being Councillor G. A. Vantreight and Mr. Fred Dawson.

All candidates for municipal office are invited to speak at the Ward Five meeting, which is called for the purpose of hearing them. While a councillor candidate has already been endorsed by the Association, nothing has yet been done concerning trustee, police commission or reeve candidatures.

Both meetings will commence at eight o'clock.

HEATHER LINER SAILS

The SS. Highland Heather, which is to carry passengers on her return trip from this coast to London, sailed from Liverpool on Wednesday for Seattle via Balboa, San Pedro, San Francisco, Vancouver and Nanaimo.

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Feb. 9, Mar. 9, Apr. 6 .... Montcalm

ST. JOHN TO GLASGOW
Jan. 18, Mar. 1, Mar. 29 .... Metagama
Feb. 15, Mar. 17, Apr. 19 .... Marburn

ST. JOHN—CHERBOURG—SOUTHAMPTON—ANTWERP
Mar. 3, Apr. 7 .... Minnedosa

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Apr. 21 .... Melita

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Jan. 30, Feb. 28 .... Empress of Britain

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3. Tracks and switches are kept at a high standard of efficiency by daily inspection regardless of weather conditions. Defects of any character are immediately indicated by the automatic block signals, with which our lines are fully equipped.

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5. All signals are kept in perfect order, being tested daily.

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No sacrifice is too great to make for your safety. And we solicit your ideas, suggestions and cooperation to the end that we can eliminate every possible risk, no matter how small it may seem.

Southern Pacific

The Christmas Carol

Following is a copy of a paper read at a meeting of the Dickens Club held at the apartments of Mrs. Porter, October Mansions, on Tuesday evening, the 19th inst.:

What an ideal tale for a Dickens Club to take up for discussion at this meeting preciding Christmas. A more suitable one could not be imagined as being furnished by any author, living or dead, to a club of admirers, as this tale of "Marley's Ghost" in the Christmas Carol. If Dickens had not penned another word outside of this story, his life would have worth while; and the up-to-date-ness of it. Why, in re-reading it one would think the writer was a modern author and had lived in Victoria during the eventful year just coming to a close with its puritanic Mayor and police commission, its school questionaires, and rate-payers' protective associations.

But to deal with this question of the ghost of old Marley first. He may have been all "humbug," "a slight disorder of the stomach, an undigested bit of beef or cheese, a mustard, a fragment of underdone potato;" he must have been something like that and old Scrooge spent one hellish night that Christmas eve long past. It may be that Conen Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge and the gentlemen of the psychic research society do not know what is the matter with themselves. If they had their stomachs seen to or their diets regulated they might not be troubled with all those spooks and spirits which we hear so much about these days; but whatever it was with old Scrooge it did good work; Marley's Ghost was a masterpiece.

Troubled Spirit

Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights and boots; the chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail, and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel; and he was transparent, for Scrooge could see the two buttons in his coat behind. Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels (of compassion), but he never believed it until now. What a chain to pull with him through the astral life. He had been dead these seven years, dead as a door nail. He must have pulled that chain, a chain of his own forging, throughout his wanderings that whole time. The wonder is that he did not pay old Scrooge a friendly visit long before this, but perhaps the old man's digestive organs were only now beginning to fail him; but how terribly modern this description of Marley's Ghost is. The modern teachers tell us that we do not go to hell if we are bad, or to heaven if we are good, when we die. Now they tell us that what we call being dead, "dead as a door nail" if you like, is not death at all, but only a casting off of this old body, like we would a worn out coat, and that we live on in what they call our astral bodies, and not only that, but they tell us that we do wear the chains of our own forging when in the physical body when we pass over to the astral realm; that this is the purgatory of the Catholic church. Whatever we have sown in our physical life we reap, and if the harvest is not wholly garnered while in the physical, we continue the harvest in the astral realm. What a harvest old Marley was reaping.

"It is required of every man," Marley's Ghost told Scrooge, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men, and travel far and wide; and, if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness. I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will and of my own free will I wore it."

Scrooge tries to reason with him, telling him that surely after seven years' penitence and trying to undo the wrongs he had done in life he would get some peace. The Ghost on hearing this set up a cry and clanked his chain, which to old Scrooge sounded hideously in the dead silence of the night, and exclaimed, "Oh! Captive, bound and double ironed, not to know that ages of incessant labor by immortal creatures for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed! Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness! Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," whimpered Scrooge, who was now applying this to himself.

Remorse

"Business," cried the Ghost, "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business, charity, mercy, forbearance and benevolence were, all, my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business. At this time of the rolling year I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted me?"

What a sermon in all this. The good we might have done but neglected while in life cannot be easily atoned for on the astral plane. We have not the ability or means to function with. Say we did a great harm to somebody while in life, as Scrooge was doing to Bob Cratchitt, by taking advantage of his poverty and also of his family to keep him tied to his desk long hours for a pittance. While in life we might satisfy our consciences easily enough, as Scrooge did, with one excuse or another, and if we sinned hard enough our consciences would eventually die. The soul that sinneth it shall die," but does it die for all time? Is it not merely dead for the remainder of our physical life and when the form which men knew us by has passed out of sight and unhampered by physical limitations we realize the havoc we have wrought with our life on earth and what we counted as gain in the physical realm proves to be chains hampering us in the astral realm, and, until we undoe the wrongs done while in life, paid the debt in full, we cannot pass on to whatever bliss may be in store for us in that little known astral realm?

Spirit of Christmas

We have remarked that Dickens is a wonderful teacher, remarkably modern. In the pilgrimage which the "Spirit of Christmas Present" conducted our old friend Scrooge we find him, the Spirit, sprinkling incense from his torch on the Christmas hampers being carried through the miserable streets by a jostling but happy people.

"Is there a peculiar flavor in what you sprinkle from your torch?" asked Scrooge.

"There is. My own."

Would it apply to any dinner on this day? asked Scrooge.

"To any kindly given: to a poor one most."

"Spirit," said Scrooge, after a moment's thought, "I wonder you, of all the beings in the many worlds about us, should desire to cramp these people's opportunities of innocent enjoyment."

"I?" cried the Spirit.

"You would deprive them of their means of dining every seventh day, often the only day on which they can be said to dine at all," said Scrooge, "wouldn't you?"

"I?" cried the Spirit.

"You seek to close these places on the seventh day," said Scrooge, "and it amounts to the same thing."

"I seek?" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Forgive me if I am wrong. It has been done in your name, or at least in that of your family," said Scrooge.

"There are some upon this earth of yours," returned the Spirit, "who lay claim to know us, and who do their deeds of passion, pride, ill-will, hatred, envy, bigotry and selfishness in our name, who are as strange to us and all our kith and kin, as if they had never lived. Remember that and charge their doings on themselves, not us."

This was not written for the benefit of the Victoria City Police Commission in the year of grace 1922, but long, long ago, when people were supposed to be less enlightened than we pride ourselves on being.

And the work of the various vested interests in our midst, with their school questionnaires, etc., with their desire to crowd the poor old men from their lowly jobs of cleaning the city's streets because they say they do not earn the wages paid them, and their desire to curtail the school expenditures because the poor children are being overeducated, and a fear that being educated they will be to proud to take their father's places on the streets and give a better day's work than their old fathers for wages received.

"Towards twelve o'clock on that eventful Christmas night after conducting Scrooge, to many places amidst poverty and riches and to many lands where everybody was happy, or tried to be, with the happy feeling which only Christmases can bring, the Spirit of the Present Christmas kept a surprise packet for Scrooge which he produced just before twelve o'clock struck, the hour at which he, the Spirit, must die.

"The chimes were ringing the three-quarters past eleven at that moment. Forgive me if I am not justified in what I ask," said Scrooge, looking intently at the Spirit's robe, but I see something strange, and not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?"

"It might be a claw, for the flesh there is upon it," was the Spirit's sorrowful reply, "Look here!"

From the folding of its robe it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. They knelt down at his feet, and clung upon the outside of its garment.

"Oh, man! Look here! Look, down here!" exclaimed the ghost.

Fruits of Ignorance

"They were a boy and a girl—yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and touched them with their freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of age, had pinched and twisted them and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation has monsters half so horrible and dread. Scrooge started back, appalled. Having them shown to him in this way, he tried to say they were fine children, but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a lie of such magnitude."

"Spirit! Are they yours?" Scrooge could say no more.

"They are man's," said the Spirit, looking down at them. And they cling to me appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance; this girl is Want. Beware of them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. Deny it!" cried the Spirit, stretching out its hand toward the city.

"Have they no refuge or resource?" cried Scrooge.

"Are there no prisons?" said the Spirit, turning on him for the last time with his, Scrooge's, own words, "are there no workhouses?" The bell struck twelve.

Would there have been some mighty Spirit to have shown the Czar and governing Grand Dukes of all the Russias what they were breeding in their domain. The uncountable numbers of such figures as here described we know existed in that unhappy country prior to the revolution, and on their unhappy brows was written doom, written large, too, if only those responsible could have seen; but they were gorged with plenty, and their overloaded stomachs made them blind to the miseries of the common herd and the doom which overwhelmed them so suddenly, if not just, was as inevitable as night follows day. As ye sow so shall ye reap.

Real Christmas Spirit

But our Christmas Carol is not all sombre in hue and but recalling the sins of a poor humanity struggling towards a better day.

Let us look in for a minute at Mr. Fezziwig's ball, described as only Dickens' pen can describe it. "Yoicks! hoo!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from his high desk in his warehouse, "clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here." It was about the hour set aside for the Christmas ball, and before you could say Jack Robinson the warehouse was cleared and as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ballroom as you would desire to see upon a Winter's night. In came the fiddler with his fiddle and music book and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomachaches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers, whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business; in came the housemaid with her cousin, the baker; in came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling—in they all came, anyhow and every how. Away they all went, twenty couples at once, hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various steges of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. Dancing was dancing in those days, not a combination of Fox Trot and Bear Hug.

"When the dance was finished, old Fezziwig clapped his hands for the music to stop, crying 'Well done!' and the fiddler plunged his face into a pot of porter" (no prohibition or stool-pigeons, then), "especially provided for that purpose. But scorning rest upon his reappearence, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter, and he were a bran new man resolved to beat him out of eight or perish. Like a giant refreshed he emerged from that pot of porter."

Conditions Changed

In the description of the Christmas party at poor Bob Cratchitt's on that eventful Christmas night we have a picture of home life which we fear is becoming a thing of the past these modern times. What with their furnished suites, apartment houses, rooming houses and hotel life, there is no room for families of the size of the Cratchitt family. But perhaps this does not apply to Victoria, that is, if we believe the tourist literature being issued to prospective visitors with the invitation to come and see "The City of Homes." We would like to think that the condition of the Cratchitt family with the head of the family, poor Bob Cratchitt, earning his fifteen "bob" a week, could not be duplicated in Victoria; but we fear that with the ever recurring seasons of unemployment there are many such in Victoria and a goose would be a Godsend for Christmas.

The picture drawn of the Cratchitt family's Christmas party reminds us strongly of that classic description of family life, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," by Bobbie Burns, and should be painted as a companion picture to it.

Poor Bob! With all the inhumanity with which Scrooge treats him in his employ for a miserable fifteen bob a week, he, Bob, cannot let the happy occasion pass without proposing Scrooge's health. And how like a wife Mrs. Cratchitt is. She would not drink to the health of a man who would treat her husband as Scrooge does, not her, and she would speak her mind of him, too. But Bob could not harbor hard feelings towards anyone on such an occasion as the season of "Peace on Earth and Goodwill Toward Men," and had to remind Mrs. Cratchitt of the children's presence when expressing what she thought of old Scrooge. She finally drank to the toast, as they all did, including Tiny Tim, but they could not do it very heartily, and they were all ten times happier after it was over and the bogeyman of the family dispensed with. A family party and reunion such as theirs is a sacred thing to each member of the family and we would not for the world dampen their high spirits, as the thought of old Scrooge did, by intruding upon their privacy. The presence of anyone not an immediate member of the family would have put a restraint upon the children, and their parents also, with a fear that the children would disgrace the family with their behavior. The two youngest Cratchitts, not Tiny Tim, could not have crammed their spoons into their mouths, to keep from yelling with delight, when their mother brought in the steaming Christmas pudding, giving off the flame and incense-like odor which only brandy can give to a Christmas pudding. We all content ourselves with the glimpse which our favorite author Charles Dickens has provided us of the feast, and gently closing the door behind us with hats in hand, steal away with the benediction provided us by Tiny Tim, "God bless us, every one," and an earnest prayer for the ghost of old Marley that the good work done on that Christmas Eve long past in the complete reformation of old Scrooge, has mitigated the punishment of Marley's Ghost, and we hope that, because of that night's splendid work, he was allowed to pass on to a more peaceful realm of existence.

McKENZIE AVENUE SCHOOL

Interesting Programme Carried Out at Closing—Visit From Santa Claus

An interesting programme of songs, recitations, dialogues and drills was rendered by the pupils of McKenzie Avenue School on Thursday evening last in Marigold Hall, Garden City, before a crowded audience of appreciative parents and friends. While the children were admitted free, adults paid a small entrance fee, which not only covered expenses, but provided a donation to be used to supplement the school equipment of classroom pictures and sports material.

A feature of the evening which appealed most particularly to the children was the appearance of Santa Claus, who presented a treat to over 175 children present, as well as to all those who were known to be absent through illness, to the teaching staff and to the janitress. This was made possible through the efforts of an energetic committee of the Parent-Teacher Association, together with the liberality of the Hudson's Bay Company, Spencer's Limited, Scott & Peden, Smith, Davidson & Wright, Mr. Sims, Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Woods and many of the parents of the children.

During the proceedings Reeve Watson gave a brief address emphasizing the important benefits already attained by the faithful work of the school nurse, and presenting the prizes and certificates to those of the school girls who had been successful in passing the tests of the "Little Mothers' League."

Balsa wood, which is almost a perfect insulator against heat, is being used in the making of refrigerators.

Pilgrimage to Ancient Albania

At the end of the long narrow lake of Scuteri lies the picturesque old town of Scodra (the one-time capital of Montenegro), the waters of the lake lapping its very walls. Behind the town the great hogsback ridge of Tarabosch frowns down and behind this peak tier upon tier of the desolate snow-capped Albanian mountains rise, sheltering the wild tribes of Albania, descendents of one of the oldest races in the Balkans, that proud Thrace-Illyrian people who came northward from ancient Greece. The scene, though very desolate, is wonderfully beautiful. From the snow-capped heights the mountains slope downwards to the lake in folds of orange-brown and madder rock, meeting the belt of sedges that fringe the marshlands of the shore. Great clouds, sweeping across the lake, change its blue into purple and emerald, and a sudden squall whips up a misty foam. Right under the castle hill with its Venetian battlements—for Venice once held away here for a little time—the city lies, its narrow lanes and dark old wooden houses with their red-tiled roofs pierced here and ther by the slender shafts of the minarets.

Scodra, like Constantinople, has tinged itself deeply with the color of the East, and its history is almost as ancient; indeed, it is one of the oldest cities in Europe and was believed to be the capital of the Illyrian kings six thousand years B.C. Its surroundings, the various types of people to be met with in its crowded bazaars, lend an atmosphere of extraordinary interest to the town. As one walks through the network of streets—a perfect labyrinth of winding alleys with wide eaves and overlapping roofs—or pauses to inspect hundreds of closely packed little booths, their dark recesses lighted by vivid shafts of sunlight that break through the gaps between the eaves, one's eyes are assailed at every turn by picturesque figures, tribesmen from the hills jostling Bosnian or Montenegrin peasants and merchants.

Men and Their Work

For the most part, the various tribes of Albania—Ghegs or Toeks—wear the same costume, long, close-fitting white trousers, finely embroidered in black, continuing down over the ankles and strapped round the instep; shirt and embroidered vest, also of white, and a resplendent sash round the waist, into which an armory of weapons is tucked. Over the shoulders a short, black sleeveless coat with deep fringe is slung, and a high white felt tarbush, swathed in a scarf that finishes under the chin, long ends falling behind, comprises the head-gear. These men are very handsome fellows, tall and lean, with clear-cut features and grey-blue eyes, and are hard workers on the land, while in the towns they make excellent artificers and armorers. The weapons they make are celebrated throughout the East, particularly the inlaid guns and pistols, and the gold-handled "yataghans," which often descend as heirlooms and are greatly prized. But their industry is not confined to the manufacture of firearms. The leather work of the bazaars is really beautiful, and the belts and bags, cases and saddlebags made of different-colored leather, studded with brass and silver nails, and the gold and silver filagree cup holders of delicate workmanship are greatly admired.

Mountaineers and Their Ways

It is not easy to penetrate into the interior of Albania among the untamed tribes of the mountains, but one may wander with comparative safety along the Drin Valley or in the lower hills of the Kiri which lead up to the great mountains, a tumbled medley of peaks and pinnacles, the inhabitants of which have never known submission to any over lord. The roads are bad; mere tracks of the roughest description. Now and then one comes across bits of the old Roman road, made 2,000 years ago and still in existence as the highway of the country. The people gather their harvest from the plains and take it in primitive ox wagons to the foot of the great mountains; but the wagons can go no further on the rough tracks, and the loads must be brought to the mountain villages on mule-back by the steep hill paths.

From the old grey fort with its massive walls (which tradition assigns to Julius Caesar) which overhangs the town of Scodra, a wonderful view can be obtained. Below is the shining lake, which forms one entrance into Albania, with, in the far distance, a glimpse of the Adriatic; the track beside it winding away to the Montenegrin border, while to the north and east is the rampart of the wild Albanian mountains, inhospitable and forbidding; old Albanian houses with high walls and jealously secluded gardens guarded by massive gateways peep out from the high ground above the crowded bazaars, and Duschia Chock Street links the town to the feet of the great mountains.

The manner of life of the Albanians is feudal, largely guarded by unwritten laws which are jealously preserved. The oldest man governs the family of three or four generations which lives together in the strongly-built storehouses with their tiny windows, suggesting a constant state of siege; and he, as head of the clan, has absolute authority over his people. But between clan and clan exists an almost continual state of feud. Nevertheless this wild people has its own notion of chivalry and honor, and a man accompanied by a woman or child may go safely anywhere.

BAGGAGE CARS OVER: PASSENGER CARS SAFE

ST CATHARINES, Ont., Dec. 23.—Just after clearing the long high-level bridge on the Twenty-Mile Creek at Jordan, an eastbound Grand Trunk express, loaded with passengers, was derailed yesterday, every coach leaving the rails. The engine and baggage cars turned over on their sides, but the passenger cars remained upright. Engineer H. Aikin, of Niagara Falls, was slightly hurt.

DAVID SPENCER, LTD.
Store Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Wednesday to 1 p.m.

Wishing You a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

DAVID SPENCER, LTD.



Special Christmas Entertainment

Tuesday, Wednesday Morning Thursday, Friday and Saturday of This Week

This year we have reserved, perhaps, the most interesting part of our Yuletide Entertainment for the week after Christmas, when the children will have the pleasure of seeing

Shook and Lipton's Lilliputian and Juvenile CIRCUS

On Our Lower Main Floor

There will be trained animals and birds. These include the smallest performing pony known; height 33 inches and weighing 170 pounds. There is a dog that can do wonderful things, and a

Punch and Judy Show

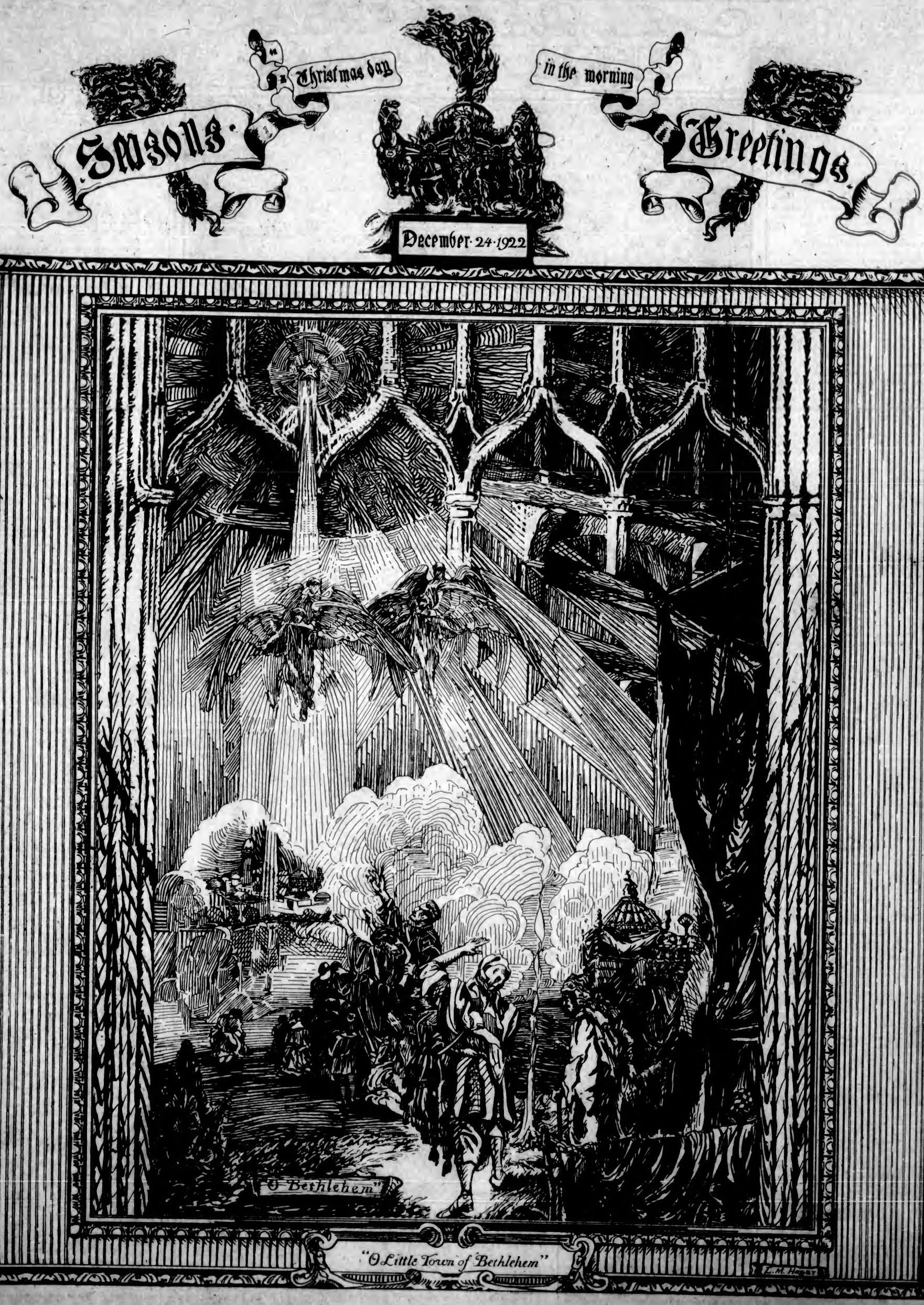
This will be a great treat for the little folks, and big folks too. Remember the dates

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY MORNING, THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

PERFORMANCES

2:30 and at 4 o'Clock and on Wednesday Morning at 11 o'Clock on Lower Main Floor

CLOSED WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AS USUAL



KODAK SAFETY FILM

A Page For CHILDREN



A Merry Christmas to You All

The Christmas Spirit

Here, near the shores of the Pacific Ocean, children are keeping with feast and song and gladness the birthday of the Babe who was born nearly two thousand years ago in the little city of Bethlehem in one of the smallest of the countries of Asia. Hymns are sung in His praise and hearts are filled with love.

All across Canada, in town and country, sounds of joy are heard. Among the hundred millions of people of the United States the festival of the Saviour's birth is kept in much the same way, for they, too, in great part, belong to the Anglo-Saxon family.

In far-away Australia and the sister Dominion of New Zealand, in the warmth of Midsummer, children are singing "Once in Royal David's City" or "That Glorious Song of Old," while presents are given and received with more precious tokens of love.

Under the Southern Cross, in United South Africa, children, white and black, are showing their love for each other and for Him who sent into this world the Babe of Bethlehem.

In the Homeland, the island which is the mother of many nations, children in mansion and cottage, city and hamlet, are following the dear old customs of their forefathers.

In every country in Europe, as well as in South America, in a hundred tongues Christmas hymns will be sung by children's voices, and homage in many forms will be paid to the Child at whose birth Peace was proclaimed long, long ago.

From that great assembly of homes in all lands where among children and their elders love and goodwill reign on this day, may not that spirit spread which at last will guide the world into the Peace of which the angels sang on that first Christmas morning?

Christmas Morning With the Little Ones

Tomorrow will bring another Christmas Day. Most of you will go to sleep tonight sure that ere dawn Santa Claus will have come and filled your stockings. Or, perhaps, the presents will be hung on a Christmas tree all shining with brightness and gay with color. There will be shouts and laughter, as one surprise after another is discovered. Perhaps the very best time is when you steal into mother's and father's room to give them their presents and to show them what you have found. Such kisses and hugs and laughter till the time comes to carry you back to eat your goodies and to look at your pretty things more quietly.

What a lot of love there is in the homes of the little people on Christmas Day! No one is cross or impatient or selfish. Fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, big brothers and sisters all do their best to make them happy, remembering the many merry Christmas mornings when they were small and all the love that then filled their hearts.

Now, Little People, with your bright eyes and sweet faces, Good-bye and A Merry, Merry Christmas to you all.

Feeding the Birds

I saw in Sunday's issue of The Colonist about the birds. All children should feed them. I live on Lang Road, Cedar Hill, and have been scattering feed about under the bushes after I took the snow away, and the quail and blue jays and little dickies come and eat it. They go away, but always come back for more. It was a great sight one day. Fifteen little dickies were in our basement eating up the crumbs of the chickens' feed we drop on the floor, and one has got so tame it is in there nearly all the time. I take great pleasure in this. The first thing when I get up is to feed the chickens and ducks and pigeons, then go and get breakfast and go to school.

I hope all children will feed the birds every day, as we love to hear them sing about our doors, for their little melody sounds so nice.—Percy Minckler, Lang Road, Cedar Hill, age 13 years.

A Little Child

The Christmas shoppers thronged the street,
And all the joys of other years
Went with them in their hurried ways,
To call forth smiles and banish tears.
With parted lips and glist'ning eyes,
Before a window all alight,
A little child stood wonder-bound,
To see its glamor in the night.
A little lad of five short years,
Stood gazing at the glad array
Of children's toys in countless train
To greet the dawn of Christmas Day.
A shopper, passing, paused and then
She turned again with motion fleet,
And stumbling in her eager flight,
She trod upon his little feet.
His red lips closed in pained surprise,
"Oh little boy, I didn't see."
His startled eyes quick filled with tears,
"I beg your pardon, dear," said she.
And here, all in the Wintry street,
So far away from Galilee,
Christ's "little child" made answer sweet,
And spoke in Christ's simplicity.
In Christ's simplicity he spoke,
Despite his garments mean and shoddy,
"Don't beg your pardon just to me,—
I ain't anybody."
Oh, tearful little wounded child,
So great in thy humility,
Of all the glories God hath wrought,
Christ's Kingdom is of such as thee.

—Frances Ebbs-Canavan.

Some Anniversaries

December 24—31

December 24, 1822—Matthew Arnold, poet and critic was born at Laleham, Middlesex, England.

December 25, 1866—William, Duke of Normandy, was crowned King of England in Westminster Abbey.

December 26, 1716—Thoms Gray, who wrote the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, was born in London.

December 27, 1834—Charles Lamb, the great essayist, died at Edmonton, England.

December 28, 1856—President Wilson was born at Staunton, Virginia.

December 29, 1809—William Ewart Gladstone, the great Liberal statesman, was born at Liverpool.

December 30, 1515—Roger Ascham, a great classical scholar, tutor to Queen Elizabeth, was born at Kirby Wiske in Yorkshire.

December 31, 1384—John Wycliff, a great religious reformer, died at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, England.

O Little Town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend on us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in;
Be born in us today.
We hear the heavenly angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

Phillips Brooks.

Christmas Time

Christmas time! That man must be a misanthrope, indeed, in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not roused—in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened—by the recurrence of Christmas. There are people who will tell you that Christmas . . . serves to remind them of reduced circumstances and straitened incomes—of the feasts they once bestowed on hollow friends, and of the cold looks that met them now, in adversity and misfortune. Never heed such dismal reminiscences. There are a few men who have lived long enough in the world, who cannot call up such thoughts any day in the year. Then do not select the merriest of the three hundred and sixty-five for your doleful recollections, but draw your chair nearer the blazing fire—fill the glass and send round the song—and if your room be smaller than it was a dozen years ago, or if your glass be filled with reeking punch instead of sparkling wine, put a good face on the matter. Look on the merry faces of your children (if you have any) as they sit round the fire. One little seat may be empty; one slight form that gladdened the father's heart, and roused the mother's pride to look upon, may not be there. Dwell not upon the past; think not that one short year ago the fair child now resolving into dust, sat before you, with the bloom of health upon its cheek, and the gayety of infancy in his joyous eye. Reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many—not on your misfortunes of which all men have some.—Charles Dickens.

The reason is that Fairies sit
On every pillow on each bed;
And there a web of dreams they knit
And gently lay it on each head.
It's then that Santa Claus can come
With bat and ball and doll and drum.
Because he knows the world is mum.

O children dear, don't worry so:
One day you'll wish no one had told
What you are burning so to know
Now you are young. When you are old
Perhaps you will agree with me



The Mystery of Santa Claus

Good Santa Claus, the sly old fox,
Says children must be sleeping;
Because he cannot fill their socks,
If they are partly peeping.
I think he knows how hard we try
To keep awake with just one eye.
They never do. You'll wonder why?
That things are sweetest if they be
Wrapped in a little mystery.

—Molly Benator, in The Graphic.

Letting Go

Shall I hold on with both hands to every paltry possession? All I have teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.—Emerson.

The Christmas Tree Wood

Ho, little fellow, if you will be good,
Some day you may go to the Christmas-tree Wood.
It lies to the north of the Country of Dreams,
It glitters and tinkles and sparkles and gleams;
For tinsel and trinklets grow thick on the trees,
Where wonderful toys are for him who will seize.

You go by the way of the Road of Be-Good
Whenever you go to the Christmas-tree Wood,
And when you draw near you will notice the walls
That rise high about the fair City of Dolls,
Whose entrance, unless you are wanted, is barred
By Tin-Soldier regiments standing on guard.

It's over in Candy Land, there where the shops
Forever are turning out peppermint drops;
Where fences are built of the red-and-white sticks
And houses are fashioned of chocolate bricks,
Where meadow and forest and sidewalk and street
Are all of materials children can eat.

You sail on a ship over Lemonade Lake,
And drink all the waves as they quiver and break,
And then, when you land, you are under the trees
Where Jumping-Jacks jump in the sway of the breeze—
But only the children most awfully good
Can go into the Christmas-tree Wood.

—From "The Land of Make-Believe," by Wilbur Nesbit. Issued by Harper & Bros.

Christmas Day in English History

IN "Scenes on the Hearth of the Empire," Mr. Wilfred Whitten gives some interesting incidents in English history which took place on Christmas Day.

In English history, since the Norman Conquest, says this writer, the season has often been associated with great events. The Conqueror was crowned in Westminster Abbey on Christmas Day, 1066. That was an occasion to be sure, when peace and good-will did not fill all hearts. Little more than two months had passed since the terrible slaughter around Hastings, and the death of Saxon Harold on the field. The Norman troops who were arrayed around the Abbey while the coronation proceeded were "jumpy," and when the assembly within raised a great shout to give their approval to the crowning of William they imagined riot and danger, and rashly set fire to the neighboring houses. The spectators in the Abbey in turn were panic stricken, and they rushed out into the open. Alone at the high altar, with a few quaking prelates, William took the oath of the Anglo-Saxon kings on the most disturbed and fateful Christmas Day that England has ever known.

It is not too much to say that Westminster Hall, the greatest historic chamber in Europe, was built by William II as a place in which Christmas could be kept on a regal and popular scale worthy of the new English people. There for centuries in "Rufus' roaring hall," the kings of England were to keep the Winter festival. When a courtier remarked that the building was larger than it need have been, Rufus replied, "It is not big enough by half, and is a bedchamber in comparison of that I mind to make."

It was a rhymer of the days of Richard Coeur de Lion who sang of Westminster Hall Christmas:

"Christmas is a time full honest;
King Richard it honored with great feast.
All his clerics and barons
Were set in their pavilions,
And served with great plenty
Of meat and drink and each dainty."

King John gave his Christmas feasts in various parts of England. Probably the one he enjoyed least was that of 1214, when he found himself at Worcester without guests or good wishes. Hurrying to London, he immured himself in the temple, and soon yielded to his barons' stern demand for Magna Charta, which, six months later, he signed at Runnymede not only for England but for the unborn empire. In reign after reign the court event of the year was the Christmas gathering in London, Winchester or elsewhere, and the attendance of the nobles was often an index of the popularity of the king, or the reverse. The feastings, plays, tournaments and banquets were kept up until Twelfth Day.

When the second Richard had heightened the walls of Westminster Hall, and spanned them with the glorious roof of Irish oak which has been so carefully strengthened and restored in recent years, he feasted 10,000 people daily in the Christmas of 1398, little thinking that under that roof his abdication would be read before a throne in which his successor sat. One of the strangest stories of an English Christmas is that of Henry V's generous action when he was investing Rouen. Within the walls 150,000 people had for twenty weeks seen the approach of famine. Many had died of hunger, and it was, indeed, Henry's military object to starve the city out. But on Christmas Day he suspended the siege and sent food to the hungry inhabitants so that they might keep the feast. Three weeks later he was master of Rouen.

Few English kings kept Christmas more royally in Westminster Hall than Henry VII. At his ninth Christmas feast there the lord mayor and aldermen of London were guests, and it is chronicled that "the king, queen and court sat down at a table of stone, to 120 dishes, placed by as many knights and esquires, while the mayor was served with 24 dishes and abundance of wine. And finally the king and queen, being conveyed with great lights into the palace, the mayor, with his company in barges, returned to London by break of the next day."

Old Dolly

"New Dolly" came on Christmas
Upon the Christmas tree;
And Mama Polly danced and pranced,
And capered wild with glee.
She thought this fairest child the flower
Of all her family.

New Dolly's curls were flaxen,
New Dolly's eyes were blue;
New Dolly's cheeks were waxen,
New Dolly's gown was—new!
Her little feet were silken-socked,
And each in satin shoe.

"Old Dolly" looked so shabby
Beside New Dolly's clothes!
Her arms were thin and flabby,
The paint was off her nose;
And once she hit the sidewalk hard,
And parted with her toes.

She lay there in the doll house,
A poor forlorn old scrap!
And if her heart was sawdust,
It ached a bit, mayhap,
As see New Dolly in her place
On Mama Polly's lap.

But Polly's own dear mother,—
The dollies' grandmama,—
Just three days after Christmas
She laughed a soft "Ha, ha!"

For in the doll house corner
A wondrous thing was shown:
Forgotten quite, and stiff with spite,
New Dolly sat alone!
While safe and snug in Polly's arms
Old Dolly held her throne.

Old Dolly's limbs were limber;
New Dollys joints—weren't right.
Old Dolly's clothes were "offs and ons,"
New Dolly's sewed on tight.
Old Dolly fitted box and crib,
New Dolly wouldn't—quite.

Old Dolly's head was fashioned
Of smoothest chinaware;
She could be scrubbed with "really soap"—
New Dolly had "live hair,"
And after she was washed her cheeks
Stuck fast to Polly's chair!

So evenings, when the Sandman
Steals out from Sleepy Town,
And rockers rock before the fire,
It flickers up and down
Upon Old Dolly's china pate,
And Polly's tumbled crown!

And when the small girl's mother
Tucks Polly into bed,
And kisses on the pillow
That little tired head,—
That head whose curls try vainly
Another head to hide,—
She softly pulls the curtains,
And leaves them side by side,—
Dear Polly's eyes a-dreaming,
Old Polly's watching wide!

— Catherine Y. Glen.

The Turf Fire

In Summer time I foot the turf
And lay the sods to dry,
South wind and lark's song, and the sun far
up in the sky.
I pile them on the turf stack
Against the time of snow,
Black frost, a gale from the north, who minds
what winds will blow?

Now Winter's here, make up the fire,
And let you bolt the door.
A wind across the mountains, a draught
across the floor,
I'll not be heeding cold or rain,
Or moaning of the wind,
With the turf fire, the hearth stone, the
notions in my mind. . . .

I see myself a barefoot child,
I see myself a lad,
When the gold upon the gorse bush was all
the gold I had.
I do be having fine old dreams
Of days were long ago,
When the wind keens, the night falls and the
embers glow.

—W. M. Letts.

Cradle Hymn

Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet
head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down
where He lay—
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from
the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

—Martin Luther.

Charles Dickens

("So may I see thee, when my life is closed indeed:
"So may I,—when realities are fast fading from me like the shadows which I now dismiss,—still find thee near me, pointing upward.")

O! master mind, these thy prophetic words,
Shall find an echo in the hearts of men;
Divine and yet so human is thy touch
So vital, all the children of thy pen.

Spirit of wisdom and of truth holding on high
With touch triumphant, unto thee is given,
The power to hold thy torch aloft,
And guide our souls to Heaven.

If the good that men do live after them,
Then, while creation shall endure,
The shadowy forms of children of thy brain
Shall bear us company for evermore.

Crowned now is thine immortal brow,
With chaplets of unfading bays.
Laughter and tears thou gavest
And to us, who live, a two-fold heritage.

Long time initiate with the woods and fields,
Mountains and streams and all the loveliness
of earth,
Thou loved'st the mystery of clouds and
star-sown skies,
But now thou walkest in Elysian Fields,
And pluckest flowers from trees of Paradise!

Stratford, Ontario —C. L. P.

A Story for Children

Santa Claus Visits Snowman Land

"BY the way, my dear," said the King of the Snowmen to his Queen, "Santa Claus will be passing soon. What say we invite him to stop a day with us on his way south?"

"Splendid idea," said the Queen, "if he is not too late in starting. Generally he is so rushed up to the last minute getting his bag packed that he hasn't time to think of stopping anywhere. Then, too, he has to prepare for his long ride. They do say that on Christmas Eve he travels continually for a whole day and a night riding in front of the sunrise."

"Yes," said the King, "and it nearly breaks his heart if he fails to visit a single child in all the world."

Now there was a trouble maker in the King's Court, Jack Frost, by name. A sparkling fellow who was quicker than lightning in doing mischief and a perfect marvel at dodging the blame for his misdeeds. Because he had never been found out he was the King's favorite, but being a jealous fellow too, he was always afraid of losing the King's favor.

Jack Frost listened behind an icy pillar to what the King was saying and shivered with anger at such praise being given to an outsider. Said he to himself, "Santa Claus, the silly old thing, is sure to accept the King's invitation for he hates to hurt anyone's feelings. The whole palace will be upset in an effort to keep him warm. Its dangerous to have such a hot person round and I shall tell the King so myself." Off he went grumbling, the icicles which formed his hair getting longer every minute.

In spite of all the grumblings of Jack Frost, the King sent his invitation by wireless and Santa Claus wired back:
"Most Gracious King of Snowman Land,

"It is with great pleasure that I accept your kind invitation. I will pack my bag a day earlier and be with you by noon on the 20th. Of course, you will make arrangements for my reindeer.

"Yours in haste,
"Santa Claus."

The Court of the Snowman King was wild with excitement. The most popular gentleman in all the world was going to visit them.

The Great White Bear, the King's attendant, sat with the King, planning for the visitor's pleasure.

"Santa Claus being a warm-blooded man, must have heat, yet not enough to be dangerous to the people of Snowman Land," said the King, "or his visit will be a curse."

"Most Gracious King," said the Great White Bear, "I will provide the heat. My Wife and I will sleep on either side of him and skins of our captive seals shall be spread in double thickness on the floor to keep the heat from melting the floors of your wondrous palace."

The King patted his faithful Counsellor. "But," said he, "how about the reindeer that draw the old gentleman's loaded sleigh? They will need heat and food also."

"Nay," said the White Bear, "the Reindeer do not heed the cold. They will shelter in the lee of the castle and I will send my servants to gather moss that they may eat."

The Snowman King continued to rub the Great Bear's head. "Thou art the wisest Counsellor that ever answered a King's puzzled questions. Tell me more," said he. "Does not Santa Claus himself need to eat?"

"That he does, my King, but as he is an animal the same as I, he will eat what I eat." The Great Bear was proud of his relationship to the most popular man in all the world and perhaps boasted just the least bit.

"An animal, the same as you! Umm!" I never thought of that," said the King. "This eating is such a funny business. Your people are forever eating to grow bigger, while the people of Snowman Land are sometimes small and sometimes large according to the temperature. Strange! Passing strange! But we depart from our subject. I give the feeding of our visitor entirely into your hands, most faithful servant."

Jack Frost, the sly fellow, listened to all these plans and plotted to upset them. "Just think," said he to himself, "if I delay Santa Claus for a whole day and a night he will be late for his long ride. What a lot of trouble that would cause! The most popular gentleman in the world, is he? Well, perhaps I, too, will earn a reputation. I shall be the most unpopular gentleman in all the world when I am done."

In December there is no sun in Snowman Land, but the King has a wonderful electrician who makes marvelous lights for miles about the palace. His name is Aurora Borealis, and for Santa Claus' visit he promised to outdo himself in lighting effects.

Santa Claus arrived on the appointed day without mishap. The King went forth to meet him polished up in the highest degree. His joints cracked at every step, and altogether he was a fine specimen of a Snowman. Santa Claus dismounted from his sleigh and gave the reins to the waiting Snowman, who dragged the sleigh into shelter and unharnessed the reindeer.

Santa Claus, as jovial as ever, tried to throw his arm about the King to show his pleasure at the visit. The Snowman King drew back hastily. "My cold heart warms to thee, honest friend," said he, "but remember, too much warmth may smother me; melt me until I am a useless, formless hummock such as you see about you."

Naturally the kindly old gentleman felt upset at making such a mistake, and from then on remembered to keep his distance. He was introduced to the Queen and the Great White Bear, who stood at the door of the beautiful ice palace. Only Jack Frost kept away and spent his time hatching miserable plots.

The White Bear led Santa Claus to the room that had been prepared for his sleeping quarters. Its walls and the floor were covered with the thickest of seal skins and really, for that climate, it felt quite warm. Next he led him to another room where dinner was spread on a table of ice. There was no cloth on the table, but who would want a whiter cloth than that sheet of clear ice; though it did seem strange at first to see his feet through the table top.

Santa Claus sat down with his strange companion, and although he wasn't any too fond of eating raw fish and seals' hearts, yet he ate enough to satisfy the Great Bear that he was really enjoying his dinner.

Jack Frost, in the meantime, was watching all proceedings, and slipped in and out unseen in his own sly way. He grew angrier and angrier as time went on, for the King hadn't even asked for him since Santa Claus arrived.

After dinner the White Bear led his guest into the great audience chamber of the palace. The King stepped down from the dais to meet him, but, as before, he didn't touch his guest for fear of losing his hand or at least one of his fingers. It is very strange, but Santa Claus was used to all sorts of people and didn't even smile. A special throne was prepared for him beside the King, and a seal skin was spread to keep him from touching his icy seat. There were skins spread on the King's chair, and on the Queen's chair also, and Santa Claus asked the reason for this.

"Most welcome Guest," said the King, "if we of Snowman Land are not careful in sitting down we grow fast to our chairs and are doomed to sit forever or have the chair chipped bit by bit from off our spines. That is a painful process, if you like, for in the jarring, a hand or an arm, a leg or a foot, yes, even a head may be knocked off, which is most awkward."

Santa Claus waited for the King and Queen to sit down, then sat down himself.

"I have arranged," said the King, "to have our celebrations this afternoon. I choose the afternoon, for I know you will wish to rest tonight to be ready for your long journey."

Without more ado the King raised his hand as a signal for the show to commence.

Through a great arch at the end of the hall came an army of snowmen, and as they walked it seemed as if a thousand guns were going off continually. They cracked and snapped in fine shape and needed no band to keep them marching in time.

"Just the noise of their approach would put the enemy to flight," thought Santa Claus, who was getting a bit of a headache from so much noise.

The Snowmen advanced stiffly to the dais and presented their icy spears in honor of the visitor, who was the most popular gentleman in all the world. Then they divided into two rows and ranged themselves on either side of the great hall, only moving their feet occasionally for fear of growing to the floor of the palace.

Next came the march of the polar bears with the Great White Bear at their head. They marched without a sound and Santa Claus enjoyed watching the tiny bears trying to keep step with the bigger bears.

After the bears came the tumblers, who could take the most amazing shapes at will. Sometimes they were as high as two men and suddenly they made themselves so small you could hardly tell them from the uneven lumps on the floor. They made arches and rolled through them. They made slides and rolled down them. They had a snowball fight and where the snowballs hit they stuck until the tumblers were nothing but great balls of snow.

Santa Claus laughed until his sides were sore. He stamped his feet and clapped his hands. He was so excited that his breath came out in great gasps of steam. The King began to fear that the palace might tumble down with all that steam floating up to the roof. He also felt his joints softening, which is a very bad sign for men who crack them when they walk.

Jack Frost smiled to himself from his peep hole near the ceiling. The King could never make Santa Claus his favorite. He could never take him to his bosom, for if he did he would soon have no bosom left.

The Great Bear saw that the King was uncomfortable and tried to stop the show. Aurora Borealis, however, the Electrician, objected. "Why," said he, "the best part of the whole affair has not been seen yet."

This made the Snowmen, the polar bears and the tumblers rather vexed, but because Aurora Borealis was such a powerful chap they dare not answer him back. If he were offended there would be no light in Snowman Land until the sun appeared in late March.

Santa Claus, too, wanted to wait and see what Aurora could do. He had seen his reflections in the distance, but had never seen him at work close to.

The display commenced. Aurora waved his fingers and from each point shot up rays of light, green, blue, yellow, red, and every color imaginable. The points of light lit up the ice palace until it was dazzling. Great rainbows of light circled up to the roof, and it seemed as if the walls were studded with millions of jewels. The Snowmen, the snowballs and the polar bears looked green and yellow and blue and red as the wonderful electrician turned the lights on them.

Even Jack Frost, who was used to such sights, got a little dizzy on his perch up near the ceiling and would have fallen, but the show ended when poor old Santa Claus had to put his hands before his eyes to protect them from so much sparkle and glare.

The King raised his hand and his performers went about their business. The Great White Bear came to lead Santa Claus away to Supper.

Jack Frost didn't interfere at supper time. He was a bit of a coward, like most sly people, and didn't want to anger the White Bear who ate with Santa Claus. However, his chance came when Santa Claus laid down to sleep. There were no doors in the ice palace, for if doors were shut they might never be opened. Sealskins were hung up for curtains, but curtains couldn't keep Jack Frost out.

Santa Claus lay warm and snug between the Great Bear and his Wife. In fact, he was almost too warm, and unbuttoned his coat. Jack Frost smiled again and was very quiet lest he wake either Santa Claus or his bedfellows.

As quietly as he could he leaned over and put dreams of fishing grounds that teamed with fish into the Great Bear's head. The Great Bear stirred in his sleep and Jack Frost whispered "Come." Up got the Great Bear, and pad, padded, out after Jack Frost. Suddenly the dream of fish vanished and Jack Frost left the Great Bear snuggling beside a reindeer, so that if he turned over in the night he would still think he was keeping Santa Claus warm.

Back went Jack Frost and into the head of the Great Bear's Wife he put a dream of her children floating out to sea on a broken ice floe. She rose up, very worried, to follow Jack Frost. The Lady Bear's dream vanished and the wicked rascal left her also lying beside a reindeer to keep it warm.

Poor old Santa Claus! He froze and froze and froze, so stiff he couldn't move or speak. He could only lie and think of how disappointed his children would be on Christmas night if he failed to call. He froze stiffer still and couldn't even think. He was just as if he were dead.

Morning came at last. In Winter time there is really no difference between night and day in Snowman Land, but the clever White Bear had thought out a scheme whereby his people knew when it was time to get up. He built a long slide of ice with a very gentle slope. A stone was set to slide down the slope, and when it reached the bottom it was time to get up. Two captive seals had to watch the stone and as soon as it reached the bottom to show that night had ended, the second seal set another stone sliding down to mark the length of day. It was a clever scheme, and the King would have given the White Bear more honors when he showed it to him, only he had already given his attendant every honor he could think of.

At any rate, when the stone of night reached the bottom of the slope on the morning of the 21st of December, the captive seal who was stationed at the bottom, set up a trumpeting to wake everybody up.

Up started the Great Bear and Lady Bear and the Reindeer and looked at one another in great surprise! The Great White Bear was in a terrible way and without saying good morning to his wife, pad, padded, off to Santa Claus.

Santa Claus lay stiff as the wall of the Ice Palace! The color had gone from his cheeks and on his beard tiny icicles had formed with his last breaths.

The Great Bear went to fetch his Wife and again they laid down beside the most popular gentleman in all the world to try and bring him back to life, but it was no use. The Great Bear got up and went to tell the King. The King was terribly upset and in spite of all the Great Bear said, he felt it was his fault. He shook his head.

"Oh, dear, I should know better than to try and entertain a warmblooded man. Why, the colder a Snowman gets the more alive he is, but cold is fatal to animal men. Oh dear! Oh dear! what shall I do?"

There was nothing to do, and Jack Frost was so pleased with the success of his plot that he went off on a little excursion round the world to see how the children cried and complained when their friend failed to fill their stocking and trim their Christmas trees. "Oh! Oh!" said he, as he travelled along on the cold North Wind, "a lovely time is ahead of me." And as he passed the water froze in the houses. The children's fingers and noses froze and all kinds of uncomfortable things went on.

In the meantime in Snowman Land Santa Claus lay stiff as the walls of the Ice Palace, and the King paced the long hall in sorrow. The White Bear and his Wife still rolled and rubbed and warmed their honored guest, but to no avail.

Finally, who do you think they sent for? He was such a clever man that they wondered that they hadn't thought of him at once. Aurora Borealis! A reindeer fleet as the wind went to fetch him back from his home among the Ice Flows, where he kept a herd of captive seal for the King's pleasure.

"A simple matter," said he. "Santa Claus will be on his feet in no time." The Snowmen made way for him and quicker than it takes to tell you he was up in the little room that was hung with sealskins.

Aurora Borealis stood over Santa Claus and began swinging his arms round and round, just as if there was no joint at all. Faster and faster they flew until you could hardly see them, and slowly but surely Santa Claus unfroze. Round and round went Aurora's arms until Santa Claus sat up and began to rub his eyes. Round and round went his arms until the color flooded the old gentleman's cheeks again and he began breaking the icicles that clung to his beard. Santa Claus got to his feet and began to realize that something was wrong. Aurora slowed down gradually, for if he had stopped suddenly I am sure he would have flown to pieces.

The Great Bear came to tell the most popular gentleman in all the world how pleased he was to see him alive again.

Santa Claus looked worried. "How long have I been frozen, my friends?"

"All day," said the Great Bear.

"Then," said Santa Claus, buttoning his coat and buckling his belt as he rushed down stairs, "I must not even stop to thank you. I will be late for my long ride by night and day ahead of the sun. Goodbye, Goodbye! I will call on my way back."

And with that he hopped in his sleigh and clicked up his reindeer, which the Snowmen had harnessed ready for him, and was off in a twinkling over the borders of Snowman Land.

—Ethel M. Hardie.

The Skater

My glad feet shod with with glittering steel
I was the god of the winged heel,

The hills in the far white sky were lost;
The world lay still in the wide white frost;

And the woods hung hushed in their long white dream
By the ghostly, glimmering ice-blue stream.

Here was a pathway, smooth like glass,
Where I and the wandering wind might pass

To the far-off palaces, drifted deep,
Where Winter's retinue lies in sleep.

I followed the lure, I fled like a bird,
Till the startled echoes awoke and heard

A spinning whisper, a sibilant twang,
As the stroke of the steel on the tense ice rang;

And the wandering wind was left behind
As faster, faster I followed my mind;

Till the blood sang high in my eager brain,
And the joy of my flight was almost pain.

Then I stayed the rush of my eager speed,
And silently went as a drifting seed,—

Slowly, furtively, till my eyes
Grew big with the awe of a dim surmise,

And the hair of my neck began to creep
At hearing the wilderness talk in sleep.

Shapes in the fir-gloom drifted near,
In the deep of my heart I heard my fear;

And I turned and fled, like a soul pursued,
From the white, inviolate solitude.

—Charles G. D. Roberts

A Test

If, where the beech leaves thickly lie
In golden Autumn weather,
You walk sedately, stepping high
Lest you should dim shoe leather;
Or if you pass an orchard wall
Where apples red invite you,
And never hear the tempter's call
To steal 'just one' incite you;
Or if you bridge a country stream,
Nor lean to look and wonder
If shadowy trout with scaly gleam
Are quivering thereunder;
Or if you hear the night owl's cry
The woods with echoes filling,
And feel no sense of mystery
Within your bosom thrilling;
Then, by these faded leaves of gold,
Ripe fruit, chill waters falling,
You'll know, poor heart, that you are old,
And owls your dirge are calling.

—Helen B. Cruickshank,
Chambers's Journal.

A Visit to Kerbela

There are some cities, mere names to most of the world, whose very existence one often feels tempted to doubt, until that actual moment arrives when imagination is converted into actuality and the city of one's dreams appears suddenly before one. A city of that kind is Kerbela, the "Mecca" of the Shiah Moslems, a city which exists in the dreams of thousands, but is seen only by those who make the long pilgrim journey to where it lies on the fringe of the Arabian Desert a hundred miles from the river Euphrates.

It was during the hot afternoon of a Mesopotamian Midsummer that I had my first glimpse of Kerbela. I had been gazing over the vast expanse of desert with its endless ridges of yellow and pinkish sand—silent yet wonderful—over which the public coach in which I and my brother sat was slowly wending its way. When, towards evening, suddenly, almost magically, there appeared away over the horizon the shimmer and sparkle of golden domes and minarets of a large city, my eyes seemed scarcely to record the fact. Presently we were clattering over an old bridge across a gurgling stream which gives the city its water supply, and so through one of the gateways and into the streets.

Kerbela is principally a pilgrim city, its resident population being comparatively small in number compared with the thousands of pilgrims who visit it from all centres of the Shiah faith, in Irak, Persia, Afghanistan or India. Its sanctity arose through its having been the scene of the battle in which Hussain, Mahomet's grandson, and his followers failed in their last effort to wrest the Caliphate of Islam from the then established Caliph. The swarthy Arab or Persian pilgrims, as they sit around their campfires, still recount this story.

The first comprehensive view which we had of the roofs and domes of this city was spectacular indeed. It was at sunrise when we arose from our beds, laid as is the Arab custom on the roof of the native house which the governor had lent us. Around us spread a sea of flat roofs on which the awakening population was already astir and retiring downstairs into the shade of the courtyards. In the centre arose the vast-gilded dome of Hussain's shrine with its four slender minarets; while towards the right arose the equally lofty dome of the Mosque of Hassan, Hussain's half-brother, sparkling with the color of its blue and green tiles.

We were soon enjoying the sights and sounds of Kerbela's Oriental life. The bazaars being roofed in were shrouded in dusky light, here and there broken by a shaft of sunlight from a window, and there were to be found all the familiar street cries and costumes common to all Arab cities. After wandering for some time through this maze of underground streets, our guards suddenly brought us outside into the full glare of sunlight. There a tiny public square opened before us, and as our eyes grew accustomed to the light, we viewed with wonder the vast portal of the mosque itself, directly facing us. It was a blaze of colored tiles designed in arabesque patterns, and through the open door we had a glimpse of the great courtyard behind, while in front hung lamps suspended by chains. A vast throng passed in and out in a steady stream; green turbaned descendants of the prophet in flowing robes; Persians in blue or yellow frock coats with black hats like inverted saucepans; heavy cloaked Bedouins of the desert, and half naked Indians. The lemonade seller clanged his cymbals with his familiar cry, the beggar repeated his insistent request for alms, while the donkey driver shouted his hoarse demand for all to make way for him. A most spectacular scene, from which we reluctantly turned away.



SUBURB & COUNTRY



Christmas in the Woods

DO people in town at Christmas time, with their parties and all sorts of amusements, ever wonder how Christmas comes to those who have gone out to the raw edges of civilization, where no gayeties are known? If such isolated families are ever thought of, it need not be with any degree of pity, for Christmas is at least one joy that depends to a ridiculously small degree upon external conditions for its richest manifestation. The Christmas Spirit is an elusive bird—no slang intended! One may provide a gilded cage and anxiously prepare for it in every possible way, and it will still hold aloof or else the merest wraith and shadow of itself will condescend to be present, while somewhere else a bit of a wicker cage and some crumbs of human love and trust and mutual dependence will offer it an irresistible attraction, and it will at once settle down in the cosiest way and preen its feathers and fill the little house with its song.

The Christmas Spirit had a way of visiting a green valley, which geographically is fairly near to Victoria but which might be in the Falkland Islands, wherever they are, if judged by what Victorians know of it. I shall not reveal its name. If I wrote it up as it deserves there would be a rush thither and I prefer to think of it sleeping happily, lulled by the murmur of its river and the song of the soft Chinook wind in its tall spruces and firs. In town the Christmas Spirit begins to get busy about the second week in December, or possibly the first week since the shops have taken to begging people to "shop early," but in this valley he used to start the preliminaries in September at the latest. You see, the settlement was very new, and though perhaps in nothing else, it bore a remarkable resemblance to Venice in that its principal thoroughfares were permanently under water. If you went to visit a neighbor you jumped into your canoe, just as people elsewhere jump into their cars. But the river, after the Fall rains have filled it, is likely to prove a somewhat rough road; you have to get extra help poling up the rapids and so forth. Therefore in September you got in your supplies for the Winter, including the Christmas goodies—a far-sighted mother saw to that. The supplies—the sugar, the flour, currants, candied peel—were paddled up the river in a canoe. Some people rowed about in boats, but not many; a boat with oars was considered to be on a par with going about in a silk hat and Prince Albert coat. A dugout, either of Indian or home manufacture, the latter only if you were a good swimmer, was the correct equipage. So as I have said, the supplies were paddled up the river. Periodically they encountered rapids, negligently termed riffles by the initiated. Sometimes they were mere ripples, sometimes they were genuine skookum chuck, strong water, boiling down between boulders and bleached uprooted trees and threatening to fling the Christmas goodies and all the other supplies to the bottom if a straining pole or paddle should suddenly break. But the poles thrust into the bed of the river did not break and the canoe would creep inch by inch in the gnashing white teeth of the rapids until gradually the victory was gained and the ravings of the disappointed waters were left behind. Then the strained sinews could relax as the canoe wound its way on the now equable stream. Here and there the shaggy spruces by the river side would bear white gashes inflicted by some tree adrift in the Winter floods. These bore some resemblance to the blazes or cuts made on trees to indicate a new trail, and it was related as an excellent jest that a newcomer, on innocently inquiring the meaning of the marks, was informed that they were blazes to mark out the course of the river.

Naturally, since the river was the chief road, all the settlers who could built their shacks on the bank to be as near to the busy world as might be. But where the land was subject to Winter flooding, this was not possible; therefore a Government trail supplemented the river and communicated with those settlers who were developing homesteads some distance back in the woods. It was over this Government road-in-the-making that the things destined to make a "Merry Christmas" next traveled. This was a distance of about two miles and a half, mostly along a hillside, a few feet of which had been terraced out and the edge supported where required with cribbing. Cribbing is formed of logs placed along the outer edge of the road and kept in place by stakes driven into the bank. Occasionally a tree jutted out into the trail and the trail accordingly was bent round it, narrower than ever and its width even then augmented with cribbing. This was cheaper than cutting down the tree and blowing the stump out—and cheapness counts, at that end of Government expenditures anyway. It was at just such a place the protecting Spirit of Christmas must have felt nervous. The precious supplies were loaded on a sled—a wheeled cart would have been as unfit for such a trail as an electric runabout—hauled by one faithful horse. It was the last trip that day and the cribbing round the bend had been severely handled before and this last manoeuvring proved too much for the stakes. They broke, the logs and earth gave way, the horse kicked, scrambled for safe ground, lost, and rolled over and over down the hill amidst a clatter of stones and the bouncing of the sled and its burden over the crushed huckleberry bushes. The affair was a mere incident, however, the horse was unhurt and the supplies undamaged, but a day had to be spent repairing the cribbing and hammering in stakes that would not give way. Well, that is the way things are done on the frontiers—and then there are people who grumble about the bumps after they get off the paved roads!

Thus, under the superintendence of the Christmas Spirit, the requisite goodies arrive at the little house in the clearing. The house is built of logs from trees that grew right on the site, it is shingled with hand-split shingles from a nearby giant cedar, and its rooms are lined—not to say paneled—with the same friendly scented wood, for this is no rough bachelor shack. Here, remote from the world, while the rains of Autumn patter merrily upon the roof, is the very time to stone the raisins—for this was years ago—and cut up the candied peel and chop the suet and the apples and, in short, perform all those sacred rites which every household of self-respecting traditions does perform. Then everybody has to help stir the plum pudding mixture, in which fat "plums," constantly emerging from the spicy mass, invite foraging fingers and everybody gets a taste of the mincemeat. Then there is the cake. That cake until it is is safely baked, is the most oppressively tyrannical thing that could be invented. Composed of the best eggs and butter produced on the "ranch," together with the correct other ingredients, it is committed to the tender mercies of the oven, and until it is done even the yellow cat and the terrier walk softly. The head of the house must personally supply the wood that will neither rashly flare up and scorch the cake nor perfidiously go out and cause it to "fall," and, if you don't watch it, wood is sure to do one of these two things. Then accompanied by a warm rich scent, it is finally withdrawn from the oven and the family draw breath again, though more than once the maker of the cake scrutinizes it anxiously for fear that it will fall, a vicious failing of fruit cakes, in which they will indulge on the least opportunity.

With such elaborate preparations, and the intense anxiety of getting presents ready when the particular person interested is not in the way, one would think that when the day finally comes it could not possibly answer up to the expectations that have been aroused. But it never failed. Life on a new homestead is much too busy for the sheer holiday from the daily round not to be appreciated. That was something; then the solitude was always broken by the custom, regarded as an obligation by all families, of inviting several lonely bachelors to share the happiness of the day.

Naturally there were no sleepy heads that morning. The first glimmer of dawn was hailed by extraordinarily lusty carol singing, then came, first, by immovable decree, a wearisome and entirely unnecessary breakfast, but that once over, next came the presents! All of them were lovely without exception. Specially memorable was the cedar desk with the drawer that contained unctuous-smelling tubes of oil paints that had previously been regarded with longing as the possession of a more important member of the family. But one's own presents gloated upon, there remained the unspeakable delight in glorying in the presents one had given. "I made it all myself. You do like it, don't you? It's the very thing, isn't it? Don't you think the red and green go nice together?" all leave the recipient no loophole but the most extravagant appreciation.

Well, then came the guests, and more gifts, and the confusion of laying the table and talking and having one more look at one's possessions and eating a nut or two and so forth, until it was really a miracle that the dinner got on the table at all. Then in due course came the momentous arrival of the plum pudding and mince pies, while all agog with sociability from one to another goes the little dog and gets a taste of everything and is kind enough to like everything, except oranges. Then comes evening, and Christmas cake, and games, and singing, and more eating, and then—no, the guests don't say good-bye to go home in the dark at the serious risk of breaking their legs or drowning themselves. Beds are improvised upon the floor and next morning, after that most delectable of breakfasts which consists principally of browsing on the good things left over from the day before, the guests depart, leaving the little log house in the woods to the warm after-glow of the Christmas feeling.

Plants for Christmas Gifts

ONE young gardening enthusiast I know always includes in the list of desired Christmas presents "some plants or bulbs" please. Yet there is scarcely anyone who is not delighted when the Christmas gift takes the form of a plant, and particularly a flowering plant. There is something so gay and appealing, something embodying cheer and thoughts of the time of springing flowers that will return before long, something so irresistibly hopeful about a flowering plant in the dead of Winter, that it never fails to give unalloyed pleasure. In this favored locality, too, florists' flowers are very moderate in price when compared with the more Eastern parts of Canada. People coming from other parts often remark upon this fact, and it should be familiar to everyone so that we may appreciate our good fortune.

Of the flowers that are displayed for Christmas gifts — and Christmas is an elastic term extending at least until New Year—none are sweeter than the popular cyclamen. Great improvements have been made in these flowers since the time when the Persian cyclamen was first introduced. Now the glorious flowers are truly noble in size and substance, while their range of coloring is extensive, ranging from waxy white through the pale, delicate pinks to the richest crimson. The coloring also is remarkably full and clear, with never a suggestion of being wishy-washy and off-color. The plant, even when out of bloom, is attractive, with its handsomely marked leaves, which is another point in its favor.

The various forms of the greenhouse primula are also great favorites. The handsome stellata has a very fine range of coloring, while the dainty malacoides, in rosy mauve and lavender shades, is always decorative, and is liked by careful recipients for its persistency in blooming, its season frequently extending, with ordinary care, throughout the Spring. Begonias also are valuable for the length of their flowering period, and in addition, they may be kept as part of the permanent floral stock of the window garden, and the thrifty lover of plants always appreciates a permanent addition to the existing collection.

While speaking of permanent plants, one is reminded of two very large and handsome ferns, popularly known as "umbrella" ferns, that originally came into the possession of their owner as little plants furnishing a rustic basket which was made gay with a group of tulips. What become of the tulip bulbs history recordeth not, but the ferns still flourish, a joy and pride to their owner. Such collections of foliage plants and flowers so tastefully put together in baskets solves the problem when one wishes to give the lasting pleasure associated with foliage plants together with a touch of brightness which is indispensible at the festive Christmas season. They may be obtained in a variety of sizes and decorations.

But perhaps the choicest gem of the floral resources is the azalea, and an azalea in bloom, whether it be the delicate pink or a ruby red, is valued by everybody. The very character of the plant, its woody stem and branches, conveying a sense of arboreal permanence, its dark, leathery, shining leaves all act as perfect setting and foil for the exquisite flowers, with their conspicuous stamen and fairy-like texture. Azaleas often fail too soon after being brought from the florists by reason of their being too dry. They should be thoroughly soaked with water, and to make sure of this, the best plan is to stand the pot in a pail of water for half an hour. In fact, it may be said that nearly all plants require more moisture than they usually receive. The difference is very great between the humid atmosphere of the greenhouse and the dry and dusty air of a dweling house, and success with plants depends upon moisture to a great extent while they are in bloom.

But the resources at the florists are practically unbounded. What, for instance, can be more festive than the earliest forced bulbs? These include the dainty Roman hyacinths, the fragrant freesias, and the gay little dwarf tulips. Remarkably moderate in price these are, and nothing could be more fitting than these as a gift to an invalid or shut-in friend. Then there is the friend who not only possesses a window garden, but a cherished conservatory as well. An addition to the green inmates of such a retreat from the Winter's cold will never fail of a delighted reception. Very popular is the gloxinia, with its velvety blooms, while the poinsettia, with its great scarlet splashes of color, will introduce a Christmas air wherever it goes. A small shrub that can be depended upon for long-continued bloom is the graceful genista, with its spring-like air conveyed by the yellow blossoms, for pale yellow is certainly the color of Springtime. Palms also give pleasure, since they are just uncommon enough to be precious and they give a distinction to their surroundings which no other plant conveys.

Roast Sucking Pig

WHTAT, you have never tasted sucking pig? Then your gustatory experience is manifestly incomplete; a whole realm of epicurean delight still remains to be explored. You might be said to resemble those medieval people who lived their lives in total ignorance of the existence of the magnificent continent in which it is the happy lot of so many of their descendants to live.

Whatever my faults, my dearest enemy cannot accuse me of being a gourmand. Plain living and high thinking is a sentiment that has always had more weight with me than the unhappy old Greek saying which, the Apostle quotes, "let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." In fact, my mind is so far above the pleasures of the table that there are a number of things that would please me better than a dinner at our most fashionable hotel. But there should be balance in all things; it does not do to be churlish, and when Merry Christmas comes round with its abundance of "good eats," as the rising generation elegantly has it, churlishness could only characterize the attitude of mind which professed aloofness to such joys. Therefore, since we must eat at Christmas—rather let us say dine—and since we must dine well, let the place of honor be accorded to that darling of our discriminating forefathers, the sucking pig, rather than to turkey or lesser fowl.

Let it be said at once, sucking pig has not the slightest connection with pork, so far as flavor, texture or appearance goes. Do not imagine that you are being asked to experiment with immature pork. Pork, of course, is not to be despised, especially when furnished by a pig who has had self-respect in his choice of food, and whose preferences for clean vegetables, milk and grain have been indulged by his owner. Such pork with its appropriate dressing, together with apple sauce, well-cooked Brussels sprouts and mashed potatoes, is, I maintain, not to be despised from a gustatory point of view. But roast sucking pig transcends roast pork as much as pineapple exceeds an ordinary apple, as the cabbage rose transcends the cabbage. Consequently all thoughts of pork must be dismissed when discussing sucking pig; there is absolutely nothing in common between them.

But I am prepared to go much further than that. Sucking pig in almost the same proportions transcends turkey. This will probably involve me in a whirlwind of protests from all the turkey raisers in the land. I cannot help it. Great is truth and it must prevail. Besides, if the turkey raisers are wise they will set up a line of sucking pigs in readiness next Christmas, and they should then share their profits with me, which ought not to be inconsiderable, judging by prices this year. Lovers of turkey, however, will concede that it is a little "dry." Well, sucking pig is not. Neither, on the other hand, is it oozingly oleaginous, like goose. It is short, and yet succulent, sweet, tender, even luscious, yet never exceeding the bounds of true refinement. Or one might say it is as rich as goose, as restrained and well-bred as turkey.

Something, too, can be said for sucking pig from the standpoint of economy. Admittedly the first cost is not small. Let no one think sucking pig a cheap substitute for turkey. Yet its small and tender frame is compactness itself. There is no high-arching framework lightly draped with meat, as with turkey, neither, as his most illustrious eulogist has rightly pointed out, is any part of him better or worse than another. There need be no debating the relative merits of breast or drum-stick, white meat or dark meat. "He is good throughout." In short, if there is a fault to be found it is that once he is known all other viands, whether fish, flesh or fowl, forever take a secondary place. One will accept terrapin—though is not that a reptile?—or canvas-back ducks—the reputed fare of millionaires, if one cannot get sucking pig. To have once tasted it—well, you know how somebody expressed his feelings on first looking into somebody else's Homer, "then felt I like some watcher of the skies, when a new planet swims into his ken." Such, I gather, would moderately represent the emotions of the person who for the first time in his life makes the acquaintance of roast sucking pig.

Making a Winter Garden

ALTHOUGH this month has displayed rather more Wintriness than is usual in Victoria, it is the secret ambition of all gardeners so to manage affairs that Winter shall be permitted to thrust itself upon the attention as little as possible. Of course this may be done to perfection where a commodious conservatory is attached to the house, where with skilled care and warmth bloom is to be had the year round, but since this must ever be the possession of only the very few, it is more interesting to discuss an outdoor arrangement that at least will be ready to be enjoyed on every sunny day throughout the Winter and early Spring.

Everyone knows the difference that is made by a house or wall that screens off the chilly wind and reflects the sunbeams, so the first thing to do is to select a part of the garden where this is possible. If possible such a garden should be planned on the south side of the house, or the house might lie to the west of the garden; never to the east or south, whence come the precious sunbeams that must be captured. A high wall, then, or a belt of thick evergreens should screen the garden on the north and west, a lower hedge being formed on the east and south, for a skilful screening on all sides will help to make a still atmosphere which is equivalent to warmth. Our native cedars, fir, yew or hemlock would serve admirably for the planting surrounding the garden. An oval form for the inside area would be a pleasing form.

The furnishing of the space, of course, will be limited to such things as will contribute most to the attractiveness to the place. This will include such shrubs as the holly, several varieties of cotoneaster, some of the now popular hybrid briers with their brilliant Winter fruits, and some specimens of the golden varieties of evergreens recently indicated on this page. These things with foliage and fruit alone, when asembled together will have a cheerful effect, but in addition, in the very depth of Winter, the patient laurustinus will show its red buds, and here and there some starry flowers. Under the southward-facing wall or hedge the Christmas rose and violets will bloom, and here should be planted the earliest wallflowers, such as Harbinger, hepaticas, anemones, the blue polyanthus, first of its race, and with it the double white for a charming combination, and the bulbs of snowdrops, crocuses, scillas, Winter aconite, and chionodoxas. All of these may and should be planted throughout the beds or borders of the garden, but in the most favorable situation they will be correspondingly earlier. Then there are the early blooming shrubs, such as the daphne mesereum, jasmine nudiflorum, cydonia japonica, camellia, magnolia stellata, the dainty chimonanthus fragrans, and the almond.

Here then is a garden well within the most moderate means which would afford an opportunity for recreation and pleasure out of doors when it is needed most. Even when there is least to be seen, and much will depend upon the mildness or otherwise of the Winter, there will be much to interest as one studies the progress of leaf and flower in the comforting sunshine and snug shelter from wind. Some gardens, of course, will be a greater success than others, notably those near the sea, if protected from wind, but much will depend upon the gardener whose skill is challenged thereby, to extend the joys of the garden virtually throughout the year.

Animals in Orchards

Animals in an orchard do not harm the grass if it is in sod, and really benefit the orchard because of the droppings and the fact that the grass is kept short, especially during the early Summer when the trees need plant food and moisture most. But there are animals that will harm the trees badly, and some destroy the fruit as high as they can reach, so it is best to keep such stock away from the trees. Poultry, sheep and hogs will do no damage under ordinary conditions, and the sheep will keep all the weeds down as well as grass, while hogs will root for worms and grubs, and seldom go deep enough to be dangerous to tree roots. Hens will get the curculio and other insect pests and be a wonderful help in that way, besides adding very rich droppings on to the soil, adding fertility from their grain ration. Hogs when fed on a heavy grain ration will do the same. All animals help to get rid of fallen fruit and the codling moth larvae that are in the apples and pears. When an orchard is not to be cultivated no better plan than pasturing it with stock that does no harm to the trees can be followed. If hens are kept there, and they do not keep the weeds down, a mulch will help and preserve moisture as well.—L.C.

Wood alcohol in the radiator mixed with water will prevent freezing.

Feed the good milk cows liberally with balanced rations.

Changing Apple Varieties

IT'S a fascinating job, this topworking of old trees. Maybe it is because it seems like stealing a march on nature that it appeals to so many but there are few who do any topworking but what get to enjoying the work. Not only is the work of changing undesirable sort of trees into favorites a pleasant job in itself, but it is profitable to the purse. A good variety, one that is productive is obviously much more profitable than a poor or unproductive variety. Contrary to widespread opinion, topworking a tree is not at all difficult, and only a little practice and an understanding of the principles will enable nearly anyone to do the work.

The time for grafting is preferably during the dormant season just before the sap starts in the Spring. The branches to be grafted should be from an inch to three inches in diameter. The best size is an inch and a half to two inches. This will leave a stub of this diameter when the branch is cut off preparatory to grafting. Most operators prefer to topwork half the tree the first year and the balance the second year. Others select stubs at scattered points over the tree, and after the grafts get growing well, gradually remove all other branches, thus leaving only the new wood, but at the same time, leaving the tree well balanced.

The tools needed for the work are a pruning saw, grafting tool, mallet and sharp knife.

Cions of the variety to which you wish to change the old trees should be dormant. They can be taken from the still dormant trees in your orchard, if you have them, or from a neighbor's trees, but in either case be sure that they have not been Winter killed. By far the best cions are had by cutting them in the previous Autumn, and storing them in bundles in a cool place which is not too dry. One of the very best ways of keeping cions is to pack them in sand in a cellar. The sand should be kept just moist enough so that the cions will not shrivel, but not too moist.

Selecting Cions

In taking cions, choose the shoots from the end of bearing wood, and choose only wood of the last year's growth, never any older. Some people use watersprouts and they get results, but a lot of practical horticulturists will not use watersprouts under any consideration. They say the buds in the watersprouts are not so well developed, and that the watersprouts are not so likely to grow into the good bearing wood they want on their trees. Whether it is a notion or not, I am not positive, but I know I would personally rather use the ends of the bearing wood for cion shoots.

Prepare the stubs by cutting off the branch chosen about two to three inches more or less, from the base, according to the diameter of the stub. Use a good sharp pruning saw, and leave the wound smooth.

With the mallet drive the blade of the grafting tool into the face of the stub, splitting it. The wedge may then be driven into the split, and the halves of the stub held apart to allow the cions to be inserted.

The cions should be cut four to six inches long, shaved to a wedge at the lower end, the wedge having a taper of about an inch, one side of the wedge thick, the other thin. At the upper part of the thick side of the wedge there should be a bud. The cion is inserted in the cleft so that the cambium, that, is the part between the bark and the wood, of the bud touches and intersects the cambium of the stock or stub which is being grafted. This is so that the growing tissues may be connected, and the cion may "catch."

The thickness of cion to use depends a little on the size of the stub, but generally the cions a quarter inch or so in diameter find the most favor. At any rate, take care that the pressure of the halves of the stub do not crush the cion when the wedge of the grafting tool is removed. This means that in the case of large stubs a small wooden wedge will have to be inserted if the cions themselves are not large and sturdy enough to withstand the pressure. Usually two cions are inserted in a stub, sometimes more, and leaned outward a little to insure the cambiums touch, and at least one grows.

As soon as the cions are placed and the wedge removed, cover the tips of the cions and the crack and end of the stub with grafting wax. Protect the wood further by a bandage made of a narrow strip of muslin or other cloth. A number of times in the past grafting wax formulas have been published, but for your information it may be repeated that home-made grafting wax can be made of four parts resin, two parts beeswax and one part rendered tallow, all by weight. Break the different materials up finely and mix together, then melt thoroughly, but do not allow the mixture to boil. Unless the resin is thoroughly melted there will be lumps in the wax. Pour the wax into a pail of cold water, and when cool grease the hands with linseed oil or vaseline, and pull the wax as you would toffee, until it is yellow. The wax may be remelted for use in grafting. Do not be afraid to apply plenty of wax to the grafting wounds, for it is necessary to prevent drying out.

The following Spring remove the weaker cion, or branches, as it has now become, in case both cions have made union with the tree. Do not leave more than one branch to the stub, as good results are seldom had where crowding occurs.

The successfully topworked orchard usually comes into pretty fair bearing three to four years from the time of the work.—Successful Farming.

The cost of a bushel of grain depends largely upon the yield per acre.

Extreme cold will ruin your storage battery if it is not kept charged.

Purebred sires and purebred seeds help to make farming profitable.

A fat little pig is a porker, but a small skinny pig is a runt.

Breed, feed, read, and succeed.

Government and Administration—Education

By Walter W. Baer

IT is much easier to define education than it is to devise a system which exemplifies in practice theories of education. If, as the lexicons say, education is a process by which persons are led out by the development of their normal powers to a mastery of their surroundings and to make the best use of their circumstances, it may be doubted if any system now in use is a success. Proof that the results obtained by our educational systems are unsatisfactory and that the systems themselves are faulty, is given in the increasing criticism of these systems, almost without exception. That the systems do not provide equipment, in the nature of mental training, for success in life is demonstrated by the increasing number of commercial schools which give special courses in some one or many subjects now considered necessary to win the battle of life. The number of correspondence schools, with their by no means inexpensive courses, demonstrates that state schools have not met fully the requirements of the age. But it is much easier to write all this than it would be to prove it the duty of the state to provide everything in the way of education that society may think it requires.

Educational Problems

The building up of an educational system is a slow and tedious process. There are so many elements entering into the problem that centuries of experience do not yet indicate the solution of the whole. Universities that have been maintained for ages show some part of the way, but not all of the way. Some of their cherished ideals and practices have had to be abandoned when education comes to be applied to entirely new circumstances. When the state stepped in and became paternal in matters of education, it undertook a task quite different from those facing endowed or private institutions. Undoubtedly the state is responsible for the education of its children—to some extent—but when it accepts such responsibility it accepts a paternalism that can have no end.

The state takes the child away from its parents at the most tender and susceptible age of its mental life. Unfortunately, the state has fostered the idea among parents that their responsibility in educational matters ends when Johnny has started to school. Individual exceptions there may be, because of the wisdom of parents, but in the main this observation is true. Then follow the problems of co-education and mass education, which, it is gratifying to be able to say, have been dealt with so successfully that only commendation must be given. The state has had to act in such matters through its authorized representatives on the ground—that is to say, its school trustees and teachers. To make laws which could be applied in each of the multitude of complications that might arise under such a system of delegated authority has been a Solon's task. Yet, by slow process, it almost has been done. To administer these laws so that the rights of individual citizens, trustees' and teachers' authority, not forgetting the rights of the pupils themselves, have been secured to them, and harmony prevail in an unbelievable number of school districts demands the wisdom of Solomon.

To adjust such a system to a large number of communities, in each of which some local condition would appear different from every other; to figure out how to apply such a system so that, beginning with the child of tender years only lisping its alphabet, and extending it by graduated stages upward so that it must not exclude even the young man whose earlier advantages did not exist; to fit it to the complications created by the quick powers of perception possessed by some children and the dull mentalities of others, so that one must not be retarded because of the other; these are matters devolving upon the state, demanding daily solution in a multitude of widely separated districts, of which no one parent in a thousand cares and not more than several in a hundred know. Yet these difficulties have been attacked and, for the most part, creditably solved.

Teachers and Subjects

But these problems apply practically to the common schools only. Those of higher grades, such as High Schools, Normal Schools, Summer Schools and, lastly, Universities, where these are state institutions, constitute additional problems, some of which increase with the advance in education required.

That all these shall be organized and regulated properly requires a large staff of the most highly trained and morally equipped specialists of any profession. No man or woman who takes up educational work as a life profession need feel anything but pride in so great a work, especially if something personally is being achieved.

The choice of a curriculum of study involves no mean problem. Half a century ago it was comparatively easy. The innumerable discoveries and developments in the natural and physical sciences during the last fifty or even twenty years, impose upon the sponsors of existing educational systems responsibility for deciding how much of this development can be made of practical value to ordinary school pupils. That no child should be permitted to grow up without some authoritative knowledge in some of these subjects must appear self-evident. Yet these developments have been so rapid and so astounding that it has been a state problem to decide how to keep up with the procession. It is not necessary in this article to deal with or justify such subjects as industrial or domestic science instruction, agricultural education, technical and manual training, and kindred matters. But it must be evident that their inclusion in the curricula of state schools has not been made without reasonable justification. Commercial training also and special courses provided indicate that there must have been some demand that the state include this class of instruction in its school courses. Yet all these still further complicate the difficulties. Additional space for classes is required, extra equipment, machinery, instructors, material upon which to work, and supplies. All these require money, and the financial problems are by no means the least of those which confront both state and minor states or municipalities in their endeavors to make the fullest possible provision for the mental, moral and manual equipment of our future citizens.

Conditions Changed

So it may be perceived that the evolution of school law and the development of an educational system satisfactory under present day conditions is vastly different from the same problems a generation since.

In British Columbia the matters dealt with in the preceding paragraphs are controlled and regulated by a Council of Public Instruction. This Council, consisting of the Minister of Education and nominally "the other members of the Executive Council," of which the Superintendent of Education is secretary, takes up the time of the Ministers, other than the Minister of Education, only when important matters of policy or finance are involved. The Council of Public Instruction has very extensive powers and it must appear from what has been written before that very wide powers are necessary. All the wheels and machinery of the entire system throughout the Province revolve at the discretion or direction of this body. Strangely enough, they have no autocratic power. They may do only what the law authorizes, but it is their duty to see also that whatever the law commands shall be performed by every servant of the Department of Education.



LIBRARY WING OF PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

It is they who create the boundaries of school districts, grant moneys to pay salaries of teachers in whole or in part, grant such other sums as may appear advisable to assist in carrying on schools in the districts they have organized or created. They decide the qualifications of teachers and appoint a sufficient inspectorate to assist those in charge of schools. They select the text books used in our schools and do a multitude of other things not less important. It may not be known generally that the Superintendent of Education, with their authority, has power "to establish a school exclusively for females in any school district where he may deem it expedient to do so, to be presided over by female teachers." So that co-education is not entirely compulsory in the Province.

Scholars and Teachers

For purposes of administration the Province is divided into 665 school districts. This was 29 more in 1921 than in 1920. The school districts are classified under two heads: municipal and rural, the words being self-explanatory. City school districts are called city school districts of the first, second and third classes. The differentiation is made according to average attendance at these schools.

It appears convenient here to state that the aggregate enrolment in all the school districts in British Columbia in 1921 was 85,950, and the percentage of attendance was 79.69. The number of teachers employed in that year was 2,734.

Schools are supported in British Columbia from three sources. The Provincial treasury and districts, by assessments, pay salaries of all teachers and the cost of school buildings and maintenance, fixed and current expenditure by district assessment. The Province has a fixed ratio of payment of its share of teachers' salaries. A per capita grant of $360 for city schools of the first class; of $420 for second class; of $465 for third class, and $480 for district municipalities. These sums are based on the actual number of instructors employed. The department, however, makes provision for additional assistance in certain cases where teachers and instructors in domestic science, manual training, rural nurses, etc., are employed wholly in school work.

It will be seen, therefore, that since the grant of the Province is fixed, in cases where school trustees are meeting local conditions, it becomes necessary in some instances to ask for power to levy taxes in addition to those provided for. The demand for improvements, additional accommodation, better paid teachers and a score of other matters pressing upon school trustees in many districts has raised problems of a local character, in addition to those which are more general.

Boards of School Trustees stand, in relation to the administration of affairs in the districts, somewhat in the same relation as the department to the scheme or system as a whole. They have large powers entirely separate and independent from the authority of municipal councils. It is their duty to provide accommodation sufficient for the school requirements of their district and they fix the salaries of teachers.

One of the recent innovations in the matter of the powers of trustees is a provision under authority of which they may employ some qualified person to examine the teeth of children attending public schools. Subject to the consent of parents, defective teeth may be treated, and the board is empowered to employ and pay wages to duly qualified dental surgeons and nurses, provide necessary building, equipment, fittings, instruments, materials and everything that goes along with a good piece of dental surgery. They may make regulations for the fixing and collecting of fees from parents for such work, but they have discretionary power in this respect.

Certain Courses Not Obligatory

Some misunderstanding exists in the public mind as to the conditions under which manual training, domestic science, commercial courses and experimental science courses may be established in public schools. The position of the Department of Education in this matter is explicit. None of these supplementary courses is forced on a school. Section 47 of the School Act reads:

"Where the board of school trustees of any rural school district or of any municipal school district provides suitable accommodation in connection with any school under its jurisdiction, for a course of instruction in manual training, or in domestic science, or in commercial courses, or in experimental science, there shall be granted by the Council of Public Instruction . . . . . a sum not exceeding one half of the total initial amount expended for the necessary equipment, and in no case to exceed the sum of five hundred dollars, for instruction in any one such course of instruction."

It must be inferred from this that trustees are responsible for initiative in the matter of these courses and that they are not compulsory, whatever the department may think of their importance or necessity.

It will interest many readers to know that there are 51 High Schools giving instruction in the Province. Enrolment for 1921 was 7,259, of which number 3,093 were boys and 4,166 girls.

There are 79 manual training centres with 62 instructors, 51 domestic science centres with 46 instructors. To show how cosmopolitan is the work of this class, it may be stated that in manual training there were 8,349 elementary pupils attending, with 1,436 high school pupils. In domestic science the elementary attendance was 6,362 and high schools 1,326.

School Expenditures

The statistics of the department are too voluminous to permit of even brief summarization, but it should not be omitted to state that a school for deaf, dumb and blind is maintained at Vancouver, the cost of which, for salaries of staff, tuition, maintenance, fares and incidental expenses of students in attendance, amounted to only $25,645.

The aggregate cost of education in British Columbia for 1921 was $7,170,029.50, of which the share of the Government amounted to $2,931,572.25. The last sum includes a grant to the University of British Columbia of $426,249.99.

The educational system in British Columbia has been organized for a little more than half a century. Its early reports date from 1872. Many able men have been employed in its various branches during this period. Some of them have left their indelible mark in the character of the organization and many more have left lasting impressions on the minds of those they taught. Persistent effort has been made to keep abreast of the times, and it has been openly conceded by those quite competent to express opinions on such subjects, that the achievements of the department, its administration and the general results obtained throughout the Province, give it a very high rank among educational departments of Provinces and States on the American continent.

Whether pupils leave our present day institutions with the understanding that education never is completed, that schools are but preparatory even when best, that time for careful and wide reading together with much reflection are necessary to the maturing of mind, is one of the questions that cannot be answered by the present generation. They may think so, but time will tell.



READING-ROOM OF PROVINCIAL LIBRARY

Great Treasure Find at Thebes

LORD CARNARVON and Mr. Howard Carter have revealed to a large company what promises to be the most sensational Egyptological discovery of the century.

The find consists of, among other objects, the funeral paraphernalia of the Egyptian King Tutankhamen, one of the famous heretic kings of the Eighteenth Dynasty, who reverted to Amen worship. Little is known of the later kings, including Tutankhamen, and the discovery should add invaluably to our knowledge of this period and of the great city of Tel-el-Amarna, which was founded in the fifteenth century B.C. by Amenhotep IV., the first of the heretic kings.

The remarkable discovery is the reward of patience, perseverance and perspicacity. For nearly sixteen years Lord Carnarvon, with the assistance of Mr. Howard Carter, has been carrying out excavations on that part of the site of the ancient Thebes situated on the west bank of the Nile at Luxor. From time to time interesting historical data were unearthed, but nothing of a really striking character was found, although Deir el Bahari and Drah Abul Neggar were diligently explored. Seven years ago work was started in the Valley of the Kings, after other excavators had abandoned the Valley. Here, again, the excavators had little success. At times they almost despaired of finding anything, yet they did not lose heart.

The search was continued systematically, and at last the dogged perseverance of Mr. Carter, his thoroughness, above all his "flair," were rewarded by the discovery, where the royal necropolis of the Theban Empire was situated, directly below the tomb of Rameses VI, of what looked like a cache. Mr. Carter covered up the site, and telegraphed to Lord Carnarvon, who at once came out from England.

By this time news of the find had got about. The whole of Luxor, where every one down to the smallest urchin is an antiquity hunter, was agog. Great was the speculation in regard to the contents of the chamber. Would one of the missing kings be found inside? Was it the tomb of a queen or a high member of the court of ancient Egypt (for the region is the burial place not only of many celebrated early Egyptian kings, but also of their wives and high officials)? Little, however, did Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter suspect the wonderful nature of the contents of the chambers —for there are more than one—as they stood outside. The sealed outer door was carefully opened; then a way was cleared down some sixteen steps along a passage of about 25 ft. The door to the chambers was found to be sealed as the outer door had been, and, as on the outer door, there were traces of reclosing. With difficulty an entrance was effected, and when at last the excavators managed to squeeze their way in an extraordinary sight met their eyes, one that they could scarcely credit.

Treasure Discovered

First they saw three magnificent state couches, all gilt, with exquisite carving and heads of Typhon, Hathor and lion. On these rested beds, beautifully carved, gilt, inlaid with ivory and semi-precious stones, and also innumerable boxes of exquisite workmanship. One of these boxes was inlaid with ebony and ivory, with gilt inscriptions; another contained emblems of the underworld; on a third, which contained royal robes, handsomely embroidered, precious stones, and golden sandals, were beautifully painted hunting scenes.

There was a stool of ebony inlaid with ivory, with the most delicately carved duck's feet; also a child's stool of fine workmanship. Beneath one of the couches was the state throne of King Tutankhamen, probably one of the most beautiful objects of art ever discovered. There was also a heavy gilt chair, with portraits of the king and queen, the whole encrusted with turquoise, cornelian, lapis and other semi-precious stones.

Two life-sized bituminized statues of the king, with gold work, holding a golden stick and mace, faced each other, the handsome features, the feet, and the hands delicately carved, with eyes of glass and head-dress richly studded with gems.

There were also four chariots, the sides of which were encrusted with semi-precious stones and rich gold decoration. These were dismantled, with a charioteer's apron of leopard's skin hanging over the seat.

Other noteworthy objects were royal sticks, one of ebony with the head of an Asiatic as a handle in gold, another of the handsomest filigree work; also a stool for a throne with Asiatics carved on it, denoting that the king had placed his foot on the neck of the Asiatic prisoners taken in war. There were some quaint bronze-gilt musical instruments and a robing dummy for royal wigs and robes.

There were also some exquisite alabaster vases with very intricate and unknown design, all of one piece, and some handsome blue Egyptian faience, and enormous quantities of provisions for the dead, comprising trussed duck, haunches of venison, etc., all packed in boxes according to the custom of the time. There were some remarkable wreaths, still looking evergreen, and one of the boxes contained rolls of papyri, which are expected to render a mass of information.

A further chamber revealed an indescribable state of confusion. Here furniture, gold beds, exquisite boxes and alabaster vases similar to those found in the first chamber were piled high one on top of the other, so closely packed that it has been impossible to get inside yet.

Numbers of these treasures are in a fairly good state of preservation, but others are in a somewhat precarious condition. The greatest care is being taken in handling them, however, and there is every hope that under Mr. Carter's capable direction most of them will be preserved.

On the occasion of the official opening of the chambers, Lord Carnarvon's daughter, Lady Evelyn Herbert, entertained a large party at luncheon at the Valley of Kings, including Lady Allenby and Abdel Aziz Bey Ychia, Governor of Kena Province, who has given invaluable assistance in safeguarding the treasures.

Funeral Paraphernalia

From the manner in which its contents were disposed, it is evident that this "cache" has not remained untouched since it was buried. There seems no doubt that this wonderful collection of objects formed part of the funeral paraphernalia of King Tutankhamen, whose "cartouche" is seen everywhere, in both its forms, and that they were moved from the tombs where they were originally placed, and in order to preserve them from thieves were transferred for safety to these chambers.

The sealing and locking of the doors and passages which have so far been opened suggest that metal robbers had attacked these chambers and that inspectors of Rameses IX. had reason to reclose them. From the famous Abbott and other "papyri" it is known that these royal tombs suffered at the hands of robbers. But, whatever the chambers may have contained originally, their contents today are sufficient cause for sensation in the Egyptological world. They considerably increase our knowledge of ancient Egyptian history and art, and experts who were present at the opening consider that the discovery will probably rank as the most important of modern times.

The discovery will clear up many obscure points in regard to the Eighteenth Dynasty, among others, that not only was Smenkhkara co-regent with Akhenaten, but it appears that he must have died, or ceded the throne, simultaneously with him. Sepulchral objects of Smenkhkara found here bear procotols of both monarchs.

Tutankhamen's reign, which was "circa" 1358 to 1350 B.C., marks a transition from the Aten faith back to the worship of Amen. Scenes and inscriptions upon his funeral furniture depict the king under both religions, first under the Aten faith, when he was named Tutankhaten or Living Image of Aten or Sun's Disc, and, secondly, in Theban style, under Amen worship, where he calls himself Tutankhamen, or the Living Image of Amen.

What adds interest to this discovery is that there is still yet a third sealed chamber, which, significantly, the two figures of the king discovered are guarding, and which may possibly turn out to be the actual tomb of King Tutankhamen, with members of the heretic's family buried with him. Until the vast amount of material in the other chambers has been completely removed it will be impossible to ascertain the contents of this third chamber.—Correspondence London Times.

Virtue

Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright!
The bridal of the earth and sky—
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

—George Herbert.

Chipmunks and birds will not eat seeds treated with red lead.



(BY RICHARD L. POCOCK)

"I WONDER why all the editors of Christmas numbers seem to think it's the right thing to fill up with a whole lot of ghost stories and that kind of junk. Why ghost stories at Christmas, I should like to know, just the season when people are supposed to be jolly and festive and all that sort of thing instead of thinking about such depressing and miserable things as ghosts!"

Tom flung down a magazine as he spoke which he had been reading while the three tillicums at the Old Shack were sitting keeping the stove warm while the cold wind whistled outside and the snow was coming down as if it never would cease.

"You don't believe in ghosts, of course, Tom," old Dick replied quietly.

"Why no, Dick; do you?" was the answer.

"Well, that depends, Tom. I can't say I am much impressed by the alleged supernatural manifestations which are stock in trade of the Christmas story tellers; but I'm not such a hard-boiled sceptic about some matters as I think you are. You know the old quotation, Tom: 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' I've proved that by my own experience. There's more things in this world than I can understand, and I don't believe in saying a thing's impossible just because I can't understand it.

Personal Experience

"I'll tell you a yarn if you care to hear it. It won't make your hair stand on end, but to me it's something I'll never forget and something which makes me mighty slow to say that I don't believe in what most folks would, I suppose, call the supernatural. At any rate, if spirits, or the agency of beings not of this world, had anything to do with it, they were good spirits, for what came of this adventure, which seemed to start with nothing but danger and the promise of disaster in it, was nothing but good, and I have a constant reminder of that regularly every Christmas. It comes by mail from the Old Country in the form of a Christmas letter from two friends I haven't seen for twenty-five years nearly, but who never cease to be grateful for the part I had in the matter, though 'twas but a small one, and I did no more than any other man must have done under the circumstances, and not so much as old Jack, who's gone.

"Yes, boys, it was just twenty-five years ago—Christmas Eve, 1907—that this happened, but the details are as clear in my mind as though it had been yesterday. Jack and I were up in the hills putting in the Winter on our claims; the snow was deep and our trips out were infrequent. We had packed in some little things to make a Christmas of our own; there was a real English plum pudding, I remember, and some mince pies, which Jack had made, and there was a bottle of something a little stronger than near beer which we had been saving up for the occasion and one or two other little things. Jack had been busy that afternoon and evening getting things ready so as not to have to work too hard at the cooking on Christmas morning, and he was some cook was Jack, and we were sitting round our stove having a last smoke before turning in. It was cold outside, somewhere below zero, and the pines were going off like pistol shots with the frost.

An Out-of-the-Way Spot

"The claim was some six miles or so up in the hills from the railway track at the foot of the trail, and it was about another six miles from the foot of the trail into town. All of a sudden we heard a human voice outside the door, about the very last thing we expected to hear in that lonely spot in the snow-covered mountains. We looked at each other without a word, and I could see that old Jack's face was white, and it took a lot to rattle him, and I myself felt a peculiar feeling strike a kind of chill through me. Jack was the first to recover himself, and he sprang to the door and pulled it open. As he did so a man on bearpaw snowshoes staggered in, white with snow, and sank down on the seat by our stove without a word.

"'Silent Jim,' old Jack exclaimed. "Well, I'll be goldarned. How in thunder, man, did you get here? For the love of Mike, on a night like this, too. Thank heaven you found the shack anyway. Hold on just a minute, boy, and we'll have some hot coffee and grub in you, and then you can tell us all about it.'

"Our visitor looked up with a look such as I had never seen on a man's face before; it was a mixture of weariness and excitement, and his eyes had an uncanny appearance. I was still struggling with the creepy feeling that had struck me when I first heard that voice outside. Silent Jim, I must explain, was a man who had staked a claim on the opposite side of the divide where we were located. The trail to his claim started from a point on the railway track a good three miles away from where ours hit the mountain, and, although we had seen this lone prospector once in a while in town, we had never been to his claim or he to ours. It would have been a hard hike across the divide even in Summer, and in the Winter, well, it would have had to be a tremendous emergency that would have induced me to attempt the trip. Little was known in the camp about Silent Jim. He was peculiar; everyone was agreed on that, though quite good natured and harmless, and he always worked alone. He had located this claim up in the hills and was putting in a lonely Winter developing it. How he ever came across that divide and found our shack in that snow, and why he ever tried to find us is something I cannot and will not try to explain.

Breaking the Silence

"He must have had an awful trip coming through the snow-covered woods by moonlight, but he was a strong wiry man in the prime of life. Not a word did he utter until he had drunk the hot coffee which Jack soon had ready and eaten ravenously of the beans warmed up in the frying pan and the plateful of sourdough biscuits which Jack put in front of him. Then he spoke. 'Thanks, boys,' he said. 'I must be going now. I've got to meet her, you know, and I must hurry, hurry. She'll be waiting, and I mustn't miss her this time. She'd never forgive me again. She'll be waiting, I tell you, and I must hurry, hurry, hurry,' and he started for the door.

Jack and I exchanged a look. We understood each other without speaking. The man was obviously mentally unbalanced, and to let him go into the night again alone would have been murder. 'Wait a bit, Jim,' Jack says; 'you can't go out again like this. Stop and have a good sleep, and we'll hit the trail together in the morning,' and he put a hand on Silent Jim's arm as he got between him and the door. Jim turned on him in a fury. 'Get out of my way. I've got to hurry, I tell you, hurry, hurry; she's waiting and I must be there,' and he pushed Jack aside with a sweep of his arm, and made for the door again.

"Jack hesitated for just a second, and then he made up his mind. It all took but a fraction of a minute, but it was evidently obvious to him as to me that, if we attempted to restrain Silent Jim, we would have a raving lunatic to deal with.

"'Right you are, boy,' he said; 'just hold on half a minute till we get our snowshoes on and we'll be with you; just half a minute.' Jim turned and gave him a searching look, but, as Jack reached for his bearpaws he stopped and watched him make the preparations for the hike down the mountain side, evidently satisfied that he intended no further attempt to restrain him.

Humoring a Madman

Speedily we threw some grub into a gunny sack, pulled on our "German" socks and rubbers and pushed our feet into the thongs of our snowshoes and then out into the night.

"Fortunately there was a bright moon, and, although it was some days since either of us had been over the trail, and it was pretty well filled up with fresh snow, we managed to keep in it, Jack and I taking turns to break the trail, with Silent Jim in the middle of the Indian file procession.

"Boys, but that was a weary plug down that trail, if it was downhill. If you've had experience of deep snow on a little used trail you'll understand; no need for me to enlarge on the details of a trip in the dead of night through six miles of forest with a crazy man between us, but we made it, God helping us. Silent Jim gave no trouble and we plugged along that trail, all three silent except for an occasional word or two of cheerful encouragement from old Jack. When we at last hit the railway track the going was of course comparatively easy, and Jim forged ahead, giving us all we could do to keep up with him. 'Hurry boys,' he kept saying, 'she'll be waiting, and we must not keep her waiting, must we?' Man, but that was a weird trip, and no wonder I can never forget it.

"As we were plugging along my mind was turning over all the time the problem of what was going to be done when we reached town in the early hours of the morning—it took us six hours to make the trip of twelve miles. Jack of course had been doing the same. When we were still a few miles from town and Silent Jim was hurrying on in the lead, urged by that abnormal force which was keeping him going with full energy, we managed to get in a little conversation out of his hearing and we decided that the only thing we could do would be to try and bring him to the Provincial Police office and then trust to Providence for the rest. The man was liable to become dangerous when he found himself at the end of the trip and his imagined goal not reached.

Providence Again

"But once again something beyond our power and reasoning took a hand in the game, call it what you will. We were within a hundred yards or so from the station when poor old Jim, hurrying with unnatural strength, tripped on the railroad points and fell heavily to the ground, striking his forehead against the steel rail and lying unconscious while the blood streamed from a wound in his forehead.

"We were both of us pretty near all in, but we managed somehow to pack him to the station and laid him down inside the waiting room. There Jack insisted that I should leave him with the sick man while I went for help. I hated to leave him alone, but Jack had had some medical training in former years and he was positive that I need have no fears. 'He'll not be dangerous with that crack on his head, boy, even if he does come to before you get back. Just make it as quick as you can and get the chief down here and enough help to pack him to the hospital.'

"Well, boys, I needn't enlarge on the details of the end of that trip. I managed to rouse the guardian of the law, and he got help enough to pack the sick man to hospital, where we left him in charge of the doctor while we wearily made our way to the hotel and roused Tom Sullivan, the genial hotelkeeper, from his warm bed. When he heard Jack's voice he soon came down and let us in, and, after hearing the outline of our story and seeing to our creature comforts, he showed us to a couple of beds where we turned in and slept with the sleep of exhaustion.

We were up in good time. We were both of us used to hard trips, though not quite as hard as that one usually, and we made the dining room before the last call for breakfast.

Another Surprise

As we came into the room I noticed a lady sitting at a table with Tom Sullivan's wife. Ladies were not very common in that mining camp hotel, and I was surprised. We were both well known to Sullivan's wife, and, as we came in, she rose to meet us and give us 'good morning.' She was a good motherly soul and a good friend to many a poor broken down prospector. After greeting us and telling us Tom had told her we had had a tough trip and saying she hoped we were none the worse for it, she turned to the lady with her and introduced us, and, as we tackled our ham and eggs, she started to tell her companion what her husband had told her of our trip down from the hills in the night with the crazy man. She had hardly started on the yarn when I noticed that her friend turned pale and put her hand to her throat as if she were choking. Mrs. Sullivan noticed it too and stopped, but before she could do anything the stranger broke in. 'It's all right,' she said, 'I am quite well and I am not going to faint, but tell me, tell me quick please, what was the man like whom you brought down the trail?. Quick, please.' Hastily Jack described poor Silent Jim, and, as he did so, that lady's eyes lit up with a sudden look of joy. 'It's he,' she said, 'I know it. At last, at last I have found him. Oh! thank God I have succeeded at last,' and she broke down and wept, her whole body convulsed with a fit of sobbing.

Jack and I looked at each other and started to rise from the table, but, as we did so, she evidently made a great effort to calm herself. 'Pardon me,' she said, 'I must seem mad to you, I know, but let me explain. I have come out here from England searching for Jim, my Jim, whom I lost years ago through wickedness, the wickedness of other people. I have been searching, searching, and at last I got a clue. I followed it here, and I am certain that it was my Jim you brought down from that awful mountain last night. And you say he is hurt? Oh! take me to him, now, at once, for it is I that must care for him and bring him back to life.'

A Happy Ending

As I looked at that poor woman, all distraught, boys, I knew, something told me inside, that she was right. What their story might be I knew not, it was none of my business, and I have never cared to pry into it. They told me afterwards some of the facts, but they are their business and matter not to this story. Well, boys, by this time you have guessed the end of it. We led that poor lady to the hospital, and what happened there I could not describe and would not if I could, but it was her Jim, all right, and she nursed him back to health and strength. Whether the blow on the head had anything to do with it or not I do not know, but the young doctor said that it was a most interesting case of a cure by a second shock.

Silent Jim and his wife have been married these twenty-five years nearly, now, and they have a happy home and a happy family in the Old Country. What ever separated them I cannot tell, and what brought them together again I could not explain; it was something, to my mind, above human understanding. Whether Jim ever had any recollection of that trip in the night over the mountain or of the voice that had bidden him to start on it, I can't tell, but, whatever power it was, was a power for good, and every Christmas regularly I get a reminder from the Old Country and words of gratitude which I do not deserve for doing something which I could not help doing, and some day I hope, if I live long enough, to be able to accept the oft-repeated invitation to go and stay with Silent Jim and his wonderful wife in their beautiful English home and enjoy a real old-fashioned Christmas at their fireside.

"That's the yarn, boys, and it's a true one if I haven't told it with any frills, and, whenever I think of that Christmas Eve, when we heard that voice outside in the cold and the snow, I am still more convinced in my own mind that there are more things in Heaven and earth than I or any other man can understand."

An Ancient to Ancients

Where once we danced, where once we sang,
Gentlemen,
The floors are sunken, cobwebs hang,
And cracks creep; worms have fed upon
The doors. Yea, brighter times were then
Than now, with harps and tablets gone,
Gentlemen.

Where once we rowed, where once we sailed,
Gentlemen,
And damsels took the tiller, veiled
Against too strong a stare (God wot
Their fancy . . . then or any when!),
Upon that shore we are clean forgot,
Gentlemen.

We have lost somewhat afar and near,
Gentlemen,
The thinning of our ranks each year
Affords a hint we are nigh undone,
That we shall not be ever again
The marked of many, loved of one,
Gentlemen.

* * * * * *

This season's paintings do not please,
Gentlemen,
Like Etty, Mulready, Maclise;
Throbbing romance has waned and wanned;
No wizard wields the witching pen
Of Bulwer, Scott, Dumas and Sand,
Gentlemen.

The bower we shrined to Tennyson,
Gentlemen,
Is roof-wrecked, there damps drip upon
Sagged seats, the creeper-nails are rust;
Even she who read those rhymes is dust,
Gentlemen.

We who met sunrise sanguine-souled,
Gentlemen,
Are getting weary. We are old;
These younger press; we feel our rout
Is imminent to Haides' den,
That evening shades are stretching out,
Gentlemen,

And yet, though ours be faltering frames,
Gentlemen,
So were some others' history names,
Who trod their track, light-stepped and fast
As these youth, and not alien
From enterprise, to their long last,
Gentlemen.

Sophocles, Plato, Socrates,
Gentlemen,
Pythagoras, Thucydides,
Herodotus, and Homer, yea,
Clement, Augustine, Origen,
Burnt brightlier toward their setting-day,
Gentlemen.

And you, red lipped and smooth browed, list,
Gentlemen,
Much is there waits you we have missed;
Much lore we leave you worth the knowing;
Much, much has lain outside our ken.
Nay, rush not; time serves; we are going,
Gentlemen.

—Thomas Hardy, in The Century.

Cotton spinning was established in Japan in 1866.

Industrial and Scientific Developments

Machines Employed in Process Control

The amazing degree to which men have shifted the responsibility for watching, regulating and controlling important industrial processes from their own shoulders and placed them upon machines is indicated in a symposium on "Automatic Process Control" in the November Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry.

Work that a few years ago would have required the most careful observation of skilled and trustworthy artizans, constantly alert, is now entrusted to small, intricate-appearing devices, enclosed in glass cases, which carry on their affairs with the same degree of calmness and assurance exhibited by a fine clock in a jeweler's window. When there is trouble of any sort, the machine calls a man to do its bidding by flashing a signal light or ringing a bell. Some of them even go further than this and do not even require human assistance, but automatically turn faucets, divert flows of water or chemical liquids or gases, in accordance with the needs of the situation.

Moreover, the machine keeps a faithful record of its accomplishments and at the end of the day's work turns out a card showing just how smoothly or roughly things moved along.

In the metallurgical industries a great many men have quit their careful guard over processes and gone to some place to sit down, keeping only general supervision to themselves and leaving machines to look after the details of proper operation. They admit, with a smile of relief, that the machine does the job more efficiently.

J. A. Doyle, of New York, writes in the symposium upon the "Control of Industrial Heating Processes." In the treatment of such materials as special steels from which automobile gears are made, for instance, maximum hardness or toughness or whatever quality is required, depends greatly upon temperature. Experience has shown that when such materials reach a certain degree of heat, the molecules have writhed and twisted and worked themselves around to exactly the right position for maximum strength, for instance. And at that exact moment the machine rings a bell and the attendnat removes the metals under treatment and lets them cool, quenches them in oil, or whatever the particular process requires. The machine never makes a mistake. Men, when they did the work, frequently made many mistakes—some of them very costly ones.

Control of Steam

The control of firing of boilers, regulations of draught and all of the activities necessary to the efficient burning of fuel and the production of steam is fast being taken out of the hands of fallible men and turned over to the almost infallible machine. Guy B. Taylor and Hugh S. Taylor, of a great industrial experiment station in Henry Clay, Del., have described in detail how a sensitive little machine that can smell better than the human nose regulates and controls boiler-firing.

When carbon monoxide, which causes the blue flame that one sometimes sees in a domestic furnace when there is a nice bed of coals and this temperamental household heating apparatus is on its good behavior, escapes up the flue, heat is being wasted. Escaped carbon monoxide means a loss of good, burnable material. It is the sort of thing which makes an efficiency engineer look pained.

The device described by the Messrs. Taylor is a carbon monoxide recorder which registers alarm and dismay when this gas makes a break for freedom, and another part of it promptly responds by making whatever adjustments are necessary. All the fireman needs to do is to approvingly look the works over.

Earl A. Keeler, of Philadelphia, contributes to the symposium an article on "Hydrogen-ion and Other Electrical Measurements as Applied to Process Control." The chief use of devices to determine hydrogen-ions is that of measuring the acidity of a solution. It is a commonly known fact that acid in water frequently causes corrosion in boilers and that water must be treated to prevent this.

The hydrogen-ion measuring device works on a highly interesting principle. Suppose you have a solution of sulphuric acid in water. Sulphuric acid is H^2SO^4. If you run an electric current through the solution, the acid breaks up into hydrogen and sulphate ions. The "H" part of the acid will collect around the negative electrode and the "SO" will collect around the positive. The strength of the acid in the mixture thus is measured by the rate at which the hydrogen-ions collect around the negative electrode.

When the acidity is determined, it is a simple step to introduce into the solution substances which offset the acidity. In some cases it is desirable to maintain a slight alkalinity in the water. Without this messuring device, working on the hydrogen-ion principle, men would have to be constantly making tests to maintain an even rate of alkalinity.

Used on Battleships

Mr. Keller tells how this principle is used on some of the U.S. navy's battleships. Water for the boilers and for drinking and cooking purposes on the modern ships is distilled from the salt water of the ocean. It is frequently the case that the steam generated in the process of distillation on a large scale carries particles of salt over into the distillate. Salt water causes rapid corrosion in a boiler, and it is highly important to know how much salt gets into the water.

A conductivity cell is placed in the pipe line which carries the distillate from the evaporator to the boiler.

Pure water—100 per cent pure—is not conductive. It would not carry an electric current any more than gas will. But if there are impurities, such as salt, dissolved in the water, it immediately becomes conductive. Consequently, the cell in the line from the evaporator keeps the ions in a state of agitation, and chlorine is liberated at the negative pole or electrode. The little machine measures the strength of the chlorine and operates signal lights. When too much salt gets into the distillate, the flow does not go into the boilers, but is diverted into the bilge and goes back into the ocean.

Alfred T. Larsen and Sebastian Karrer describe how automatic process control is employed in testing ammonia catalysts at the Fixed Nitrogen Research Laboratory of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. In fixing nitrogen from the air, catalysts are very important to the chemical process. They may be called the "fixers" in a broad sense, for without them the process is so slow and complicated that operation of plants on a commercial scale would be almost impossible.

Some catalysts live longer than others, some are more efficient than others, some resist poisons better than others. So there is constant search for new and better catalysts in progress, with tests to determine their efficiency. Again automatic control devices come into use.

Herbert a Clark, of New York, describes the use of the time-temperature control devices in the rubber industry, which result in more efficient vulcanization, and also in the control of milk sterilizers in the manufacture of evaporated milk.

The symposium indicates the rapidity with which control devices are being applied to all sorts of industries, thus freeing men from routine work and permitting them to turn their attention to the creation of more new and better methods of getting the world's work done.

Nonferrous Metals Scarce in Germany

Zinc is becoming increasingly scarce in Germany, and this country has been compelled to repurchase zinc already sold to Great Britain. Zinc people are looking ahead for imports of zinc from America, because the German parity for this metal is now above the American quotation, says the German correspondent of The Engineering and Mining Journal-Press, of New York.

A curious but at the same time characteristic feature of the present metal market is the negligible difference in price between standard copper and future zinc now ruling. Another feature is the gradual equalizing of prices between different lead brands. The tin scarcity is being sharply felt; it is smoothed over only by the decrease in or entire absence of orders for locomotives from Russian and German railways. The tin production of Russia out of Bolivian ores may be put at around 6,500 metric tons for the current year, compared with 13,500 metric tons for 1913.

The amount of pyrites which may be imported this year from Eastern Upper Silesia into Germany without duty has been established at 2,223,000 kilos; zinc residues, ashes and other forms, at 440,000 kilos.

The silver and platinum businesses have gone entirely under the control of large speculators. Platinum in particular is being smuggled into France. It is generally believed here, rightly or wrongly, that the Paris platinum concern, Societe du Platine, is the last receiver of the multitudinous small lots which are leaving Germany, because it is striving to regain its former monopolistic power in the international trade of platinum. Recently there has been some setback in the American platinum market without the German market having been greatly touched by it, because of incessant French buying.

Water and Tidal Power

In delivering his presidential address before the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Association of the Institution of Civil Engineers on the 20th ult., Mr. R. F. Hindmarsh, chief engineer of the Tyne Improvement Commission, selected for his main topic water and tidal power. In dealing with this subject, Mr. Hindmarsh referred to the early use of water wheels in Egypt, which, as regards design, persisted practically without improvement until the eighteenth century. Tidal wheels had been in use in America, Spain and France, but their small size and the fact that they worked intermittently made them unsuited to industrial use. We owed the modern water turbine to France, and the more recent developments and improvements in turbines and in electrical machines had made possible great advances in the development of water power resources of recent years. The total potential water power in the world was estimated at 200 million horse-power, of which so far only about 25 millions had been utilized. Even to develop this amount of power, however, would take the whole output of the coal mines of this country. Here at present only about 200,000 horse-power are developed by means of water power, but there were still resources which might be developed to an amount equalling that produced at Niagara Falls, or by the 410 public steam plants now supplying electricity to railways and tramways. If barrages were erected across navigable estuaries, it would be necessary to select places where navigation and other important interests would not be interfered with. Engineers should give the question of utilizing water and tidal power their close attention, as coal was too valuable to be burned under boilers if other sources of power were available.—Engineering.

Thackeray

He is so superior a person that to catch him tripping is a peculiar pleasure. It is a scatisfaction apart, for instance to reflect that he has (it must be owned) a certain gentility of mind. Like the M.P. in "Martin Chuzzlewit," he represents the Gentlemanly Interest. That is his mission in literature, and he fulfills it thoroughly. He appears sometimes as Mr. Yellowplush, sometimes as Mr. Fitzboodle, sometimes as Michael Angelo Titmarsh, but always in the Gentlemanly Interest.—W. E. Henley.

Poet's Cheer

One more royal trait properly belongs to the poet. I mean Cheerfulness, without which no man can be a great poet, for beauty is his aim. The true bards have ever been noted for their firm and cheerful manner—Homer lies in sunshine, Chaucer is glad and erect, not less sovereign and cheerful is the tone of Shakespeare.—Emerson.

The Perfect Barrister

ONCE upon a time Nature grew discontented with her own profuse carelessness, and with a world where she flings into every round hole nothing much better than a square peg. So she determined to produce a human creature fitted to his place in the universe with exquisite exactness.

A flawless man was above her powers; she had tried too often not to know it. But certain species exist to whose members shortcomings as well as virtues are requisite in order to carry out their functions. Here Nature no doubt considered that perfection was not unattainable, and her choice for the purposes of this experiment fell upon that tough and highly insular species of man, the Common Law advocate.

The date at which she formed this resolution must have been about half a century ago, for at that time Lord Birkenhead was born.

In one of the happy phrases that are scattered in these two volumes of papers and speeches by the late Lord Chancelor he speaks of "the combination of qualities which is the soil of great forensic success," and declares them to be "undefinable."

The qualities cannot perhaps be defined with a strictness sufficiently rigorous to satisfy an exacting judicial mind, but they can be recognized, and this same soil is to be found in these volumes in a rich and fruitful mixture.

To attain, or even to approach, the high eminence to which Lord Birkenhead leapt so swiftly and so lightly, a man must serve two merciless masters, either of whom imposes a service which alone is too crushing for most people. Somewhere in this book the author calls politics "a hard task-mistress." The law is another, still more exacting.

Advantages of "Style"

A barrister must serve and satisfy both, if he aspires to the highest honors; still more so if he is to reach them early. If he neglects either arena, law or politics, he must miss or retard ultimate success.

In each of them the game is different, so that aptitude and training for one unfits for the other. In the Law Courts or on circuit, the discussion of fact and principle is exhaustive, minute and subtle; at Westminster or on the platform it is passionate, general and plain.

When Mr. Balfour, then at the height of his parliamentary reputation, first heard Rigby, the great Chancery leader of the day, speaking in the House of Commons, he was astonished at his feebleness and said to an acute and entertaining friend, "If that man makes twenty thousand a year at the Bar, I could make forty thousand."

The friend retorted, "If you had gone to the Chancery Bar, Arthur, you would have been universally respected, written a legal book, and made about seven hundred and fifty a year."

But Lord Birkenhead had matched himself against the picked gladiators in either arena, and has proved himself at least equal to the best.

He was endowed, and this book reveals it, with the very style for the double purpose. It is a style lucid to a degree which few speakers can attain who have not subjected themselves to the discipline of juridical training. The chain of argument, however long, is so woven and clear of all irrelevance that it runs to its last link, however distant, without checking or swerving.

On the other hand, it is clear of that dulness which hangs heavily on all lawyer orators. "He never missed a good point," says Lord Birkenhead of one of them. But too many good points make a heavy speech as too many good courses make a heavy dinner, and the speeches of lawyers are not seldom indigestible.

The author's style is no less dignified than logical. If it rarely allows itself any outburst of rhetoric, it never drops into baldness, or stereotyped phrases; it is at just the right elevation over ordinary men, neither uniformed or slipshod like their own colloquial speech, nor too sublime to be outside their reach.

But above all it has the smoothest fluency. So easily does it come, that his speeches have the same finish as his articles; only in his written words the stream, running rather slower, can flow still clearer; that is almost the only difference that can be detected.

Such fluency is innate and cannot be made; the rounded periods fell from his lips as easily in his adolescence as in his mature age. It is the main weapon in the equipment Nature gave him, and the instrument is neither too fine nor too common, and therefore it is exactly suited to the range of practical work he imposes on it, from delivering a judgment in the House of Lords to addressing a meeting in the Albert Hall.

Secrets of Success

But for these very exceptional qualities a price must be paid; nothing, not even skill, can be had for nothing. In these volumes deliberate limitations disclose themselves which are the obverse of these accomplishments, and almost their very condition. Without the defect the virtue itself could hardly have come into existence.

The limits within which the mind of Lord Birkenhead moves with such mastery and facility have been contracted by him; it has abandoned interest in what is outside the practice of his profession and the struggle of parties, and such interest as it has in other matters is fugitive.

No doubt this is one of the secrets of his success. Perhaps Nature, in her design of perfection and by a judicious dispensation, provided that he should not be attracted by anything that was unlikely to develop his powers or promote his career.

Even when he does take up anything disconnected with his absorbing occupations, such as the character of Lord Kitchener or the battle of Le Cateau, the bias asserts itself. He conveys his ideas by bringing down a huge hammer of argument on some opposite view and shattering it to pieces, and so, by a sort of virtuosity, gives a display of forensic ability where there might seem to be no need for it.

Again, the prepossession appears in the very agreeable character sketches to be found in this book. Lord Birkenhead was the friend of some of the golden youth of the age who died in, or soon after, the war—Edward Horner, Neil Primrose, Jack Scott. These sketches are a pious tribute to their memory. Next to these is a portrait of a lawyer, the late Sir Samuel Evans.

The young men remain hazy and conventional figures. The portrait of Sam Evans is as weighty and solid as he was himself.

It constitutes an epitome of every barrister's life—the arduous, unremitting toil, with its constant, exhaustive demands on his intellectual energy; the physical fatigue which the exertions of a growing practice inflict; the constant risk and chances by which at every stage of his slow and laborious ascent, the practitioner may slip from the path of wealth and office into failure and obscurity.

The young men, attractive and romantic figures as they were, and personally endeared to the eminent author, dwell only in the suburbs of his interest. But he writes of uncouth Sam Evans and all the efforts and hazards of his career, with genuine sympathy and therefore real art.

These volumes must not, therefore, be read to discover and weigh literary merits or blemishes. Their attraction is different and far greater. They must be read for what they tell of a man who has excelled in fields of achievement where perhaps the very finest minds in this country concentrate and compete. Such a man cannot be otherwise than very remarkable, and a book by him is no less so.—By Captain Peter E. Wright, in the London Daily Mail.

Lincoln's Inn—Notable Anniversary

THE Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn, which is about to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of its occupation of its present home, doubtless existed long before 1422. But this is the date at which its records commence. They show that a society bearing the name, "Societas de Lincoln's Inn" was then in existence, with a well-established constitution and with rules regarding admission and membership which, with modifications, still obtain.

The official view is that the Honorable Society originated between 1286 and 1310, in a group of lawyers, who were brought by Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, to settle near his manor house in Holborn. They occupied a house in Shoe-lane, from whence they moved to Thavies Inn, and afterwards to Furnival's Inn, from which they passed to the present site. There is, however, an ancient tradition, which has never been entirely discredited, that the Earl of Lincoln's mansion actually stood on part of the present site of Lincoln's Inn, and that the Society had its origin here, and nowhere else.

Another portion of the present-day Lincoln's Inn then belonged to the Bishops of Chichester, to whom the Society paid rent of ten marks a year. Later on, this portion became the property of the Society by purchase.

It was the Bishop's Hall which the Society first used as a Hall. This was the centre of the life of the Inn; here its members met and dined, here readings were given and points of law mooted, here revels and masques were held, Christmas plays were presented, and dancing was practised as a necessary accomplishment of a young lawyer. The Hall had an open fire in its centre and this probably supplied the only warmth to the members, for few of the chambers had fireplaces, and curfew was tolled at nine—an old custom kept up in the Inn to this day.

"Jarndyce v. Jarndyce"

In early times, all the members of the Society lived in the Inn, and were summoned to dinner and supper by the blowing of a horn. But, strange to say, although they dined and supped every day, they breakfasted only four times a week. It was a meagre meal, consisting of bread and beer. They were subject to severe discipline. Students were forbidden to kill the rabbits in the coneygarth adjoining the Hall, or even to carry a bow—an order which, when gunpowder was invented, was extended to firearms.

The Inn claimed jurisdiction over its members both outside as well as within its precincts. And so we read of some who were censured for playing cards at the Porter's house of the Rolls, for wearing gowns in the City, or for visiting disreputable houses in the vicinity, as well as for assaults upon servants of the Society. Punishment ranged from fines, or being put in the stocks, to expulsion from the Inn. The chief servants were the Butler and the Steward, who are still important officials. The Butler, for some time, also held the position of Librarian, and made the first catalogue of the Library, which, unfortunately, has not been preserved.

The existing Old Hall, which succeeded the Bishop's Hall, dates from 1489, and is now the oldest building in the Inn. Besides being used by the Society, it was, a century ago, the Lord Chancellor's Court—the Court which Dickens describes in the opening chapter of "Bleak House," when he introduces us to "Jarndyce v. Jarndyce,"-that picture of Chancery delays and abuses. It is interesting to note that this imaginary case was inspired by an actual suit heard in Lincoln's Inn Hall, known as the "Great Jennens Case." It had commenced long before Dickens was born, and outlived him by many years.

Next in age to the Old Hall is the Gate House opening into Chancery Lane, which dates from 1520-1, and is one of four such Gate Houses left in London, the others being at St. James's Palace, Lambeth Palace, and Clerkenwell. Another link with the past is the Chapel, which was designed and built by Inigo Jones, and opened in 1623. It was built on pillars and the cloister below is the burying place of many more or less famous members of the Inn. Until a Zeppelin bomb destroyed them, its greatest glory was the beautiful windows, painted, according to Horace Walpole, by the Dutch family of Van Linge, who painted many windows at Oxford.

Famous Members

Of the rest of Lincoln's Inn's buildings, some date from a general rebuilding of the Inn in the sixteenth century, when the coneygarth was dug up for the making of thousands of bricks. Some of these were used for the wall on the western side of the Inn, where, tradition says, Ben Jonson worked "with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket." In one of the old houses that still remain lived John Thurloe, one of the Council of State under Cromwell. Long after he died a collection of State Papers was discovered, hidden in a false ceiling.

More recently erected are the Hall and the Library. In the Hall, a very spacious building, which contains a remarkable fresco painting by the late G. F. Watts, the students still keep their terms by eating dinners, just as they did centuries ago. In the adjoining Library, which, as regards its contents, is the oldest library in London, there is a collection of books dating from the time when a very few printed volumes, supplemented by manuscript treatises and commonplace books, constituted the lawyer's library. Now some 70,000 volumes minister to his wants.

Of famous members there is a long roll of names, beginning with Sir John Fortescue, who was the Gubernator or Treasurer in 1424-6, and including Sir Thomas More, the first lay Chancellor; Sir Matthew Hale, whose MSS. in the Library help to keep his name fresh; Lords Mansfield, Brougham, St. Leonards, Campbell, Selborne, Cairns, Herschell, and Russell of Killowen. William Pitt also was a member, as were Disraeli and Gladstone, while, coming to more recent times, the names of Lord Haldane, Mr. Asquith, Lord Morley, Lord Bryce and many other lawyers and politicians occur to the mind as those of members who have taken a more or less active part in the government of the Inn.

Noise in Games

Last Saturday as I stood on the 18th green waiting for my partner to putt, a terrific yell came from a Rugger match two or three fields away. At that moment my partner struck the ball, but he was clearly startled and didn't hole out. "Bad luck!" he muttered, scowling at the football field.

The thought that the particular yell that spoiled his putt may have spurred on a three-quarter to score a try caused reflection on the differing views held by players of various sports concerning noise in games.

One has seen a billiards champion look daggers at a man who coughed as he was about to strike, yet during the recent Blackpool bowling final for £50—and bowls require the nicest judgment, skill, touch and the steadiest of nerves—the "voice of the crowd" was almost continuous, and yet apparently did not worry the players.

Golf, cricket, football, shooting, lawn tennis—in all these games interrupting noise is variously regarded. Especially during the putt in golf is silence demanded. Miss Cecil Leitch, when defeated by Miss Wethered some months ago, had reason to complain of the disturbing noise from the spectators, and there is the story of the player who held that he could beat almost anybody, given permission to ejaculate "Boo!" at critical moments.

Cricket crowds are usually fairly vocal, and unless "barracking" is indulged in no objection is raised; while at football cheers and comment scarcely cease in an exciting game.

Yells of encouragement, indeed, have often played a deciding part in victory. Rattles, hooters, megaphones, squeakers, bells and whistles exerted either for you or against you are bound to have their effect; but no one objects.

Encouraging noise is reckoned as a constant, advantageous factor for the home side. Partly because of that finals are played on neutral grounds.

During shooting tests in the Army the crack of rifles on both sides did not prove disconcerting, although talking was not permitted at the firing point.

Speaking generally, it would seem to be only the unexpected—the really interrupting sound—that upsets nerve and spoils play.

Is it the truth that in certain games such as golf and billiards we have so pandered to the fetish of quietness that in striving after perfect nerve control we have weakened our nerves and play a worse game in consequence? It is a nice point.—James Hodson, in Daily Mail.

Quaker Sonnet

How sweet thus clad, in Autumn's mellow Tone,
With serious Eye, the russet Scene to view!
No Verdure decks the Forest, save alone
The sad green Holly, and the olive Yew.
The skies, no longer of a garish Blue,
Subdued to Dove-like Tints, and soft as Wool,
Reflected show their slaty Shades anew
In the drab Waters of the clayey Pool.
Meanwhile yon Cottage Maiden wends to School,
In Garb of Chocolate, so neatly drest,
And Bonnet puce, fit object for the Tool,
And chastened Pigments, of our Brother West;
Yea, all in silent, sober, calm and cool,
Save gaudy Robin with his crimson Breast.
—A genuine brown study after nature, by Thomas Hood.

Dancers

Lonely, save for a few faint stars, the sky
Dreams; and lonely, below, the little street
Into its gloom retires, secluded and shy.
Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat;
And all is dark, save where come flooding rays
From a tavern window: there, to the brisk measure
Of an organ that down in an alley merrily plays,
Two children, all alone and no one by,
Holding their tattered frocks, through an airy maze
Of motion, lightly threaded with nimble feet,
Dance sedately; face to face they gaze,
Their feet shining grave with a perfect pleasure.

—Laurence Binyon.

The Distinguished Boggs

Sir Philip Gibbs tells in Harper's Magazine about being introduced to an audience by a man who had forgotten the lecturer's name. "'We have on our platform tonight a man,' the chairman began, 'whom it is unnecessary to introduce, whose name—er—whose name—er . . . .' here he cast a beseeching glance at me, and I murmured 'Philip Gibbs' as he bent slightly down over the speaker's desk. He rose triumphantly and introduced me, with a sweeping gesture and a bow, as 'Sir Frederick Boggs'."

Farmers and Farmers' Sons

Peter McArthur, in Toronto Globe

THE question of keeping the boys on the farm has been discussed from many points of view, but I do not remember that it was ever regarded as a religious question until the Rev. M. V. Kelly issued his pamphlet, "The moral danger of the city to the youth of the farm." The author of this very interesting pamphlet quotes in his first chapter the following utterance of some learned pastor:

"People move from the farm to the city for one or other of three reasons, and the three are condemned by the Gospel; they are all enemies of man's salvation. Ask anyone so decided why he is making the change and he will tell you that he can make more money in the city, or there will be less work and hardships, or there will be more pleasures and amusements."

The author devotes himself to showing the fallacy and danger of these reasons for leaving the farm to go to the city. In the course of his writing he paints a picture of city life, economic, social and moral, that is sufficiently appalling. This aspect of his pamphlet I shall leave to city reviewers, who may want to say something in defense of urban life. But I may remark, in passing, that I am very doubtful if holding up the moral dangers will have much deterring effect on those who have decided to move to the city. It is a peculiarity of human nature that we will admit the reality of such danger—to people less capable and strong-minded than we are. In our own particular case we always feel sure that, in spite of the moral pitfalls, we can get what we want, and "trammel up the consequences."

Why Boys Leave

What interests me especially in this pamphlet is the part that deals with the country. It is especially interesting that, before undertaking the work, the author went to the trouble to learn something about his subject. Here is a quotation that might be of interest and instructive to others who undertake to lecture the farmers about sticking to the land:

"If there is anyone really anxious to know how to keep boys on the farm, I should suggest his trying to find out in a number of particular cases—say, a hundred or two hundred—just what causes prevailed to make them leave. I dare to write you on the subject at all, because I have done this and feel a little the wiser for it. There are rural districts in Ontario with whose residents I have been acquainted thirty years; in other districts much longer. In all these districts I know the history of families for several generations. I know the whereabouts of many young men whose grandfathers I remember in their days of ambition and vigor. As far as I can see, in at least nineteen cases out of twenty, a boy will stay on the farm if his father is making a success of it. If the prospects are good, if the farmer understands his business, if his interests are right there, if he has respect for his calling, his sons are satisfied with their lot, their interests are also centered there, they have confidence in the future. It is sometimes supposed—by city people, of course—that hard work is driving the boy away.

"Look around among your neighbors, and you will remark that on any farm where things are going right, everyone is working steadily and faithfully, and it is precisely there that none of the boys are thinking of giving it up. You know men who started with nothing and are called wealthy farmers today; you know the long hours everyone, old and young, puts in, and you know that every son is still farming, because there was a farm to give him and he knew how to handle it."

Avoid the Land

In discussing the reasons for fathers helping their sons to leave the farm, the Rev. Mr. Kelly makes this penetrating comment: "Between ourselves, you know, there is often another reason for keeping the boy at school; it takes less money to set a boy up in a profession than to set him up on a farm." That is something of a knock-down blow to fathers who feel that they are being liberal when they give their boys a college or technical education. And what gives point to the remark is that it is absolutely true. It also explains, to some extent, the trouble that came to the surface about a year ago, when it was announced that a large proportion of the boys who graduate from the Ontario Agricultural College do not go back to the land. The fact is that altogether too many of them lack the necessary capital to set up on a farm. But the author sums up the whole matter of education in this outspoken passage:

"It is about time the schools of the country were used for some other purpose. There could be nothing more absurd than the present situation. All classes feel the necessity of crying 'Back to the land.' The drift cityward is considered a national calamity, and meanwhile what is called the educational system of the country, from kindergarten to university, is busy influencing the youth to look for a future in other spheres. Why cannot you and your fellow-farmers do something to change those ideas?"

Discussing the point so often raised against the farmer, that his children work for him for nothing, the Rev. Mr. Kelly considers it from a new point of view. Without making the defence that when the Government compels the farmer to send his children to school until they are 16 years of age he surely has some rights in the way of having them do some work for him before they go out into the world, he presents the farmer's case as follows:

Question of Wages

"If your boys and girls receive no wages for all their work on the farm, have they nothing of value therefrom? Have they not received something of infinitely greater value than the most lucrative financial returns? By those very occupations they have been trained to be useful, capable men and women. There has been going on all the time a formation of character, a development of brain power, an acquirement of mechanical skill, a broadening experience, which are the indispensable assets for entering upon any future in life. If your boys and girls possess such qualities upon reaching the years of maturity you have done well for them indeed. Everything else requisite for a proper start in life will be easy of attainment. This is real education, the only true education, the education no school or college can give. No boy or girl is supposed to have a case against parents who have contrived to give him or her a good education. No father apologizes to his son for not having paid him wages for the hours he worked over his books in college. No father owes his boy wages for the years he himself spent drilling him in the work that made a man of him."

I could go on indefinitely quoting striking and original observations from this very serious consideration of the farm versus city, but I shall content myself with a concluding question. Perhaps the United Farmers, at their approaching annual meeting, might discuss this point and answer it authoritatively. The Rev. Mr. Kelly asks: "Did you ever know a farmer's wealth to undermine his faith? Can you remember among your life-time acquaintances one farmer the salvation of whose soul was being imperilled because of the amount of money he was making on the farm? I must confess I cannot."

Englishmen Are Wonderful

TO an Englishman a visit to India is not worth making a fuss about, but a Frenchman who goes there feels that he has added no small achievement to his credit.

I cannot conceal from you that the Englishman has no irresistible partiality for the people he sums up in his off-hand way as "natives." Nor does he hide the fact that he has no inclination to fall on their necks. He makes no assumed display of affection either, for, disliking artificiality, the Englishman never masks his sentiments.

I stand open to correction, but the impression I got in India was that the Englishman there lives with his head in a bag. He has no desire to know what goes on around him. He reminded me of a very respectable old gentleman I once knew who had lived 20 years in the same neighborhood but remained unaware both of the name of his street and the number of his house. He was a very haughty old man.

Here is a little scene I saw in the street at Madras. Some Hindoos had got their buffaloes and carts so thoroughly mixed up that it was quite clear that it would take a week to get the block in the traffic sorted out again.

Just then an Englishman came along—one of those Indian Englishmen who walk as if four acolytes were holding an invisible canopy over their heads. He glanced at the chaos of carts and oxen and decided to put things straight. Immediately he seized the buffaloes by their horns, and in a few moments the street was clear, but all without a single word, without even a glance at the Hindoos.

The people he assisted stood there simply transfixed. He conferred benefits as a god, not as a man.

If this little incident had happened at Saigon, in Indo-China, there would have been uproar, perhaps insults. "Idiots! Imbeciles!" the Frenchman would probably have shouted, but eventually the affair would have ended in smiles.

Frozen With Heat

In India the smile is a facial exercise absolutely unknown. The Hindoo does not smile. The Englishman does not smile. In this country of overpowering heat everyone is frozen!

So whatever happens in India it must never be said that Englishmen and Hindoos are drifting apart, for apparently they were never together. There is no more in common between the Englishman and the Hindoo than between a flock of sheep and a shoal of codfish.

Here is a typical little incident: One evening at the Great Eastern Hotel, Calcutta, my interpreter, an Indian from Pondicherry, came to see me at nine o'clock. He had not yet dined, so I told him to come down to the restaurant with me, and he did so.

But no sooner had I, in all innocence, installed this native at my table than quite a number of distinguished-looking Englishmen in dinner jackets and beautiful Englishwomen in evening dress stopped dining at once. The sight of a Hindoo had taken away their appetite. I could not have made a bigger sensation if I had brought a white elephant in with me and sat him at my table with a napkin round his neck.

Another little glimpse. It was at Howrath Station. I was travelling south, and was already stretched out beneath the ventilator, when a little boy in shorts took the next seat. His father glanced at me and asked: "Where are you going?"

"To Madras."

"Would you be kind enough to keep an eye on this boy as far as there?"

"I shall be very pleased."

The boy got in. The father and mother said, "Well, good luck!"

He replied, "Well, good-bye!"—and that was all.

The little boy, I learned, was on his way to school at Bangalore, a three-days' journey. He was setting off unconcernedly all alone right across troubled India. Had that railway station been in a French Colony, what tears there would have been! Here his father and mother walked away with a firm step.

The train started. The little boy put his hand in his pocket and brought out a bright object, which he laid carefully under his pillow. It was a revolver! And he was not more than 13 years old.

I wrote this little story for a French paper and the title put at the head of it summed up my own impression: "The English are a great people."—Albert Londres, in Daily Mail.

After long years there is a day unknown
To strong achievement, held by closing walls
Of flesh to straightened paths; yet wider grown
To hope and vision. Quick to hear the calls
Of that deep loveliness and perfect power
Surrounding life, since many nearer things
Have faded, and the swiftly passing hour
Resounds already to approaching wings.
Thus cometh age; and as the dying rose
Breathes living fragrance, so in love expressed
And sympathy, departed beauty glows.
Peace with its stillness draws the soul to rest,
Serene and silent as great waters lie:
Deep looking unto deep, sky meeting sky.
—Minnie Hallowell Bower.

KODAK SAFETY FILM

TRACKED BY WIRELESS

By William LeQueux

THE MYSTERY WIDOW

"ISN'T it a horrid nuisance, Geoffrey, Lord Hendlewycke has arrived!" exclaimed Sylvia Beverley as she stood with her lover on the terrace before the luxurious Hotel Royal at Dinard.

"Hendlewycke here!" exclaimed the young Marconi engineer in surprise. "Then I suppose it means that I'd better get back to London," he said rather grimly.

"Isn't it too bad of mother? She's just told me that she wrote to the fellow asking him to join us in our motor trip to Touraine," the pretty, dark-haired girl said petulantly. "I shall decline to go."

"But you know the reason, dearest, just as I do," said Falconer. "Your mother disapproves of us being so much together, and intends that you shall become Lady Hendlewycke."

"I obey mother in all things—but I won't marry Hendlewycke," declared the girl decisively. "Of course he's awfully useful to us socially. Through him we've got to know some of the very best people in London. Mother likes all that sort of thing, but personally he bores me."

After Mrs. Beverley's stay at Polduhu she had taken Sylvia on a motor tour. They had landed at Boulogne from Folkestone, and had had a beautiful run to Dinard, where Geoffrey, with three weeks' leave due to him, had joined them a few days before.

It was noon. The gay, cosmopolitan idlers of both sexes were either bathing or taking their aperatif, or else wandering about the scrupulously clean streets and inspecting the shops.

Sylvia, in her cream Summer gown and large hat, presented a delightful figure as, at her lover's side, she wandered presently along the Rue du Casino, in order to buy some flowers for the table of their private sitting-room at the hotel.

The weather was glorious. It was warmer on what the French term the Emerald Coast than it had been in Cornwall, while the life and society was, indeed, a change from the rural quietude of Polduhu Cove.

Just as the pair was passing the entrance to the Casino, a stout, middle-aged, very smartly dressed woman halted and spoke to Sylvia.

"Well, Madame Claudet!" the girl cried. "Why—how long have you been over in Europe?"

"About four months," she replied, speaking in broken English with a strong French accent. "My husband died, you know."

"What?" exclaimed Sylvia. "Mr. Claudet dead!"

And for the first time she noticed that the lady was in mourning.

"He died of heart failure, suddenly—in the street in New York," the rather handsome widow said. Then when Sylvia had expressed her condolence, she turned and introduced Geoffrey.

"I'm at the Hotel des Terrasses," Madame Claudet said to the girl "Where are you staying?"

Sylvia told her, and begged her to call upon her mother that afternoon.

"We shall be very delighted to see you again," she added. "Mother has often spoken of you and recalled our gay days together at Palm Beech."

Madame promised to call, and then, when Sylvia and Geoffrey walked on, the girl said:

"Poor Madame Claudet! I'm so sorry! Her husband was a very wealthy man. They had a lot of valuable property, I believe, in Brazil. We knew her in Florida. I'm so glad we've come across her. I shall ask mother to invite her to go with us to Touraine."

In the afternoon the French widow called upon Mrs. Beverley, and was received with great enthusiasm. At tea Geoffrey met her again, and afterwards agreed with Sylvia that she was a most charming person. She had been born in the Alpes Maritimes, but had been taken to America by her parents when she was about eighteen, and had married a Mr. Claudet, an American, whose father had been French. Hence she possessed all the natural chic of the French woman combined with the go-ahead characteristics of the American.

Back again at the Marconi Works at Chelmsford, Geoffrey became immersed in his patient research into further wonders of the wireless. He was engaged with others upon a new idea.

One day he had occasion to go from Chelmsford over to Witham, where there had just been established the new wireless station in direct communication with Paris. Witham is nine miles from Chelmsford, and although messages from France are received upon the aerial wires there, the transmission is effected from the great aerial at the Chelmsford works.

On that particular morning he had been home in the transmission room at Chelmsford, watching the huge panel with its big array of great illuminated globes—the transmission valves for continuous waves—and chatting with Mr. Drew, the shrewd, dark-haired engineer in grey tweeds, who was, perhaps, the world's greatest expert in wireless telephony. In the big hall, full of wonderful apparatus and huge condensers—the result of many scientific brains—the pair had been watching the relay work, the rapid dots and dashes from the key at Witham, and then, in consultation, they had agreed upon a still further diagram that might perhaps give better results.

In consequence, Falconer had gone over to Witham, leaving the ever-watchful Mr. Drew with his powerful transmission set, with which he had a short time before spoken across the Atlantic, and to Senatore Marconi while on board his yacht in the Mediterranean—the set which he regarded with as much tenderness as though it were his own child—as, indeed, it really was.

The inner room was a hive of industry. Upon the operating bench was a "siphon recorder"— a delicate instrument which was actually writing, by means of a kind of fountain pen, upon the paper "tape" the dots and dashes sent automatically at a speed of one hundred words a minute. The pen never left the paper, but rose up and down, making short or long strokes in violet ink on the upper side of the paper, and was one of the latest marvels of delicate wireless instruments.

Geoffrey glanced at it casually. It clicked on continuously night and day in reponse to the automatic hand of the transmitter in Paris tapping his key.

"The Frenchmen are keeping us very busy," Graham remarked. "Look! We're overwhelmed, but up at the Fenchurch Street office it must be worse."

Geoffrey nodded. For some seconds he watched the "recorder" at work, and then presently he and Graham sat down at the receiving set and began to discuss where an improvement would possibly be made. They were seated close to the "recorder," when presently, through mere force of habit, Geoffrey, even while chatting with Graham, found himself reading the incoming messages. Suddenly there became recorded on the tape in that curious crooked writing the words, "Marguerite Claudet."

Claudet? In a moment he recollected that it was the name of the wealthy widow to whom Sylvia had introduced him in Dinard. He took the tape, and reading back, found that the message, which had been dispatched from Paris half an hour before, was addressed to a person named Mildmay, apparently living in chambers in Ryder Street, London, and that it was in code—a jumble of figures and letters.

At first, the origin of the message being Paris, Geoffrey merely smiled within himself at the similarity of the name, and recollected the seal of secrecy regarding all messages. But a few minutes later, he recollected that Mrs. Beverley had addressed her friend as "dear Margot." For aught he knew the lady was motoring with Mrs. Beverley on their trip to the ancient cheteaux on the Loire.

Before leaving Dinard, Sylvia had given him the Hotel de l' Univers, at Tours, as their central address while in Touraine. At that time Madame Claudet, though invited to join the motoring party, had not decided whether to accept. In Falconer's presence she had declared that she would be compelled to go to Paris to see her bankers upon some matter of business from South America.

The message to Mildmay was evidently a private prearranged jumble of figures and letters, the whole perhaps meaning but one word, "yes" or "no." Such codes are by far the most difficult to decipher.

Next day, so interesting did he become in the message through specs, which had, of course, been delivered to the addressee, that he telegraphed to Sylvia at Tours asking whether Madame Claudet was with them, but begging that she should not be told of his inquiry.

The reply came in due course. Madame Claudet had been on business to Paris, and had just rejoined them at Tours. Naturally, Sylvia asked the reason of his inquiry, to which he replied by wire that he would tell her when next they met.

He had, however, established the fact that the rich widow had been in Paris, and it certainly seemed as if the message he had noticed upon the green recording tape was really from her.

Alone with his private wireless set at one o'clock one morning a few days later, the puzzle of that curious cipher message from the widow obsessed him. He wore the low-resistance telephones over his ears, and was listening to Polduhu sending out the day's news to ships at sea. It was better than reading the evening papers, for here one had news in tabloid form, the news which was printed next morning upon all the transatlantic liners.

"By Jove, I will!" he exclaimed aloud to himself, after listening to a declaration made by Mr. Lloyd George to M. Briand, and reported by the Paris Matin. He removed the head phones, and then muttered to himself:

"I wonder who this man Mildmay can be? I'll find out. It will be interesting—if nothing else. Somehow—why, I don't know—I took an instinctive dislike to Madame Claudet. Yet there was really no reason for it as far as I could see, and she appeared to be quite charming."

And he switched off, and retired to bed.

Two days later, having occasion to go up to Marconi House, he snatched an hour and went to Ryder Street. As he anticipated, the place was a set of bachelor's chambers. The liftman became communicative after a ten-shilling note had been pressed into his hand.

"Well, sir," he said in a low voice, "the fact is that I don't know very much about Mr. Mildmay. Lord Bamford let his rooms to him about six months ago, and he seems to be away quite a lot. I forward his letters to Paris, Vienna, Rome, and other places. He is a constant traveller. He must have business abroad, I think."

"Does he have any lady friends calling upon him?"

"No. Never to my knowledge, sir. He's simply a gay irresponsible sort of man. Dines out every night either with people in smart society or at one of the expensive restaurants. A bit of a mystery, I think."

"Why a mystery? What do you suspect?" asked Geoffrey eagerly as they stood together conversing in low tones against the lift.

"Well, about a week ago a little old man—a foreigner with a grey beard—came here and questioned me closely. At first I refused to tell him anything. He went away. Later in the evening he called again, and together we went round into the Haymarket and we had a drink or two. I told him what I knew, and—well!—he seemed very much interested—very much interested."

"In what way?" asked Falconer.

"Well, I may as well be frank with you. He offered me twenty pounds if I would loan him the duplicate key of the flat which my wife has in order to go in and out to see to things for him. He has no meals here, but his bedroom has to be seen to each day."

"Twenty pounds! Then the little old foreigner was very eager to see inside. I wonder why?"

"Yes. That's in my mind. I haven't accepted the money, and I don't know that I shall. Mr. Mildmay treats me as a gentleman, and I don't see why I should go behind his back—especially with a foreigner. He must be a gentlemen, or Lord Bamford would never have let his rooms to him."

"Does Mr. Mildmay have many visitors?"

"Only two or three men who are intimate friends. I think he may be an inventor—or an electrical engineer."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because sometimes when I go past the door at night, I hear the whirr of the little motor in the flat."

"Oh! There's an electric motor there—is there?"

"Yes, in the scullery—it's run off the electric light current."



"Well—I May as Well Tell You That I Have the Police Outside"

"Do you ever hear any metallic clicks or sharp fizzles and noises?" Falconer asked.

"No. Nothing—only the motor. A little half-horse affair run off the house current. When I was in the army I had a lot to do with small dynamos."

"What can it be used for?"

"Ah! I can't tell. He keeps his sitting-room always closed. He's put a Yale lock on it. And my missus is always wondering why."

Geoffrey Falconer scented mystery.

"What does he went a motor in his flat for?"

"That I can't tell you. He's a generous man. I'll give him credit for that. But somehow I don't like his mysterious electric plant."

Half an hour later the hall porter's wife, on pretence of going to Mildmay's room to see that all was straight, admitted Falconer, who had a good look around. He examined the half-horse electric motor, and found to it attached two high tension wires through the wall into the locked room.

"That's his lordship's dining-room," said the stout, youngish woman. "I can't think why Mr. Mildmay keeps it locked up so securely. Sometimes I think I smell a funny smell, like paint, but I'm not quite certain. It may be my fancy. Mr. Mildmey is out golfing at Berkhempstead today."

Falconer passed into the sitting room, when the first object that greeted him was a cabinet photograph of Madame Claudet!

He had not been mistaken. What connection could the rich Chicago widow have with the men who kept his dining-room locked with a Yale latch?

"I'd like to see Mr. Mildmey," Geoffrey told the porter, who in reply, declared that the gentleman usually came home about six o'clock, dressed, and then went out to his club for dinner.

So just before six o'clock Falconer returned to Ryder Street and watched the entrance of the chambers. He had waited for ten minutes or so when a well dressed fair-haired man of about forty, in golf clothes, alighted from a taxi and, carrying his clubs, went inside, peered in the doorway, and gave the arranged signal that he was the person Falconer desired to see.

There was certainly nothing suspicious about Mr. Mildmey's appearance. He was an ordinary man of leisure, who had been out in the country golfing.

Yet somehow—why, he could not himself tell—he felt that he would like to see more of the widow's mysterious friend. With that object he one night put on his dinner clothes, and waited in Ryder Street until Mildmay appeared, when he followed him unseen to a small and cosy restaurant in Jermyn Street. Scarcely had Mildmay taken his seat at a table against the wall when Geoffrey also entered and took a seat near him, pretending, of course, to take no interest in anything further than the menu which the waiter handed him.

Mildmey apparently told the waiter that he was expecting friends, for the man swiftly laid two extra places, and he had hardly finished when two middle-aged men entered, greeted their friend, and took their seats. Their appearance surprised Falconer, for they were flashily-attired, and evidently not of the same class as himself.

In a few moments all three were bending towards each other. One of the new-comers was apparently relating something in a low, confidential tone, and when he had finished, the trio burst into loud triumphant laughter. Then it did not take long to realise that they were celebrating some occasion, for champagne was soon upon the table and they commenced an expensive meal.

Time after time Falconer endeavored to catch some word of the conversation, but failed. Yet, whoever the men were, he felt instinctively that they were West End undesirables. After their dinner they strolled together into St. James' Street, where Mildmey parted from them and turned towards Pall Mall, while the pair went on into Piccadilly. After walking some distance they entered a bar in Vine Street; yet Geoffrey dare not go in after them for fear of being recognized.

Nevrtheless, he had ascertained that Mr. Mildmay kept rather curious company.

A couple of days later Falconer, glancing at the register of messages passing between Paris and London, saw that during the night another message for Mildmey had been received. He referred to the tape record, and found that it was in code, as before, rather longer, that it had been dispatched from Tours, and was signed by the initials "M. C."

That same evening he called again upon the hall porter in Ryder Street, and inquired if the electric motor had been running.

"I haven't heard it for quite a fortnight now, sir," replied the man. "Last night Mr. Mildmay had two friends here: one man in grey, and the other in a blue suit. Both were middle-aged."

Geoffrey at once described the two men who had dined with Mildmay in Jermyn Street.

"Yes. That's them, sir. Shady customers, I should take 'em to be."

"Just my own opinion," declared Falconer. "But I'd dearly love to know why the dining-room is kept locked, and the reason that half-horse power motor is there."

"So would I, sir," laughed the man. "But, after all, I expect the explanation would be quite simple. I've wondered whether he's experimenting with something or other. At one place I was at we had the same mysteriously locked room. But it turned out that the tenant was a doctor, and was experimenting with the culture of the bacteria of deadly diseases. And that was why he kept the door locked."

"This case we shall find different," Falconer remarked. "I don't at all like the appearance of Mr. Mildmey's friends. I shall probably come and see you again very soon," he added, as, pressing a treasury note into the man's hand, he turned and left.

On the following Friday, in response to a letter he received from Sylvia that Lord Hendlewycke had gone suddenly to Switzerland, and telling him her mother would much like to see him to accompany them in the car on their return journey across France to Boulogne, he obtained a week's leave, and duly arrived at Hotel de l'Univers at Tours.

On alighting the concierge informed him that the ladies were out motoring, but an hour later he met them on their return, and received a warm welcome. His main object in travelling to Touraine was to meet again Madame Claudet.

"Ah, Mr. Falconer!" she exclaimed, with her pretty French accent, as they shook hands. "Sylvia expected you yesterday. "We've been having, oh!—such a delightful time."

"Yes. It has been real interesting," said Mrs. Beverley. "We've been all over Brittany, and now we've seen nearly every one of the chateaux of the Loire." Then turned to Madame, she said: "Come on, Margot, dear. It's time we got upstairs to dress."

From the first Geoffrey realised that the two ladies were on most affectionate terms. They, indeed, addressed each other by their Christian names. And he wondered.

As they sat together Mrs. Beverley explained their programme, namely, to return by way of Blois, Orleans and Fontainebleau, to see the forest and chateau, and thence skirting Paris by Versailles, Beauvais, Abbeville, and Boulogne. That was agreed upon, and later in the evening Geoffrey went out with Sylvia for a stroll beneath the trees in the pleasant Boulevard Heurteloup.

"I had a dreadful time with Hendlewycke," the girl said as they strolled together. "He bored me to death, and I fear I became very rude to him in the end. That's why he made an excuse and went off in a huff to Switzerland. Of course," she added, "mother was furious, but now she's getting over it. I believe we shall never see him again."

"Don't make too sure, dearest," her lover said. "Remember, he's after money, and he thinks he'll get it through you. I suppose you find Madame Claudet a very pleasant companion?" Falconer went on, walking slowly, for the evening was bright, and under the trees many people were enjoying the cool air after the heat of an oppressive day.

"Yes. She's so awfully jolly."

"Has she been with you all the time since I left you?"

"Except when she went to Paris. She left Dinard suddenly, and was only away about fifteen hours. She's such a rapid traveller. I fancy I should have been half dead with fatigue if I had done such a journey in that time. She could have had only about a couple of hours in Paris to do the business."

"With her bankers—was it not?"

"Yes—with the Paris agent of her bank. She's been selling some property in Brazil. She's such a thoroughgoing cosmopolitan—and mother is charmed with her. She is coming to stay with us in London."

"And yet you only knew her slightly."

"Yes. But we knew a lot about her. Wasn't it strange that we met her at Dinard? We shall have a lovely run across to Boulogne. I suppose it will take us a week or more," the girl went on.

Next day the four set out on the return journey to London. Before leaving the Univers, however, a very unpleasant incident occured. Geoffrey had paid his bill with a thousand-franc note which he had obtained from the bank in London before his departure and had received the change. Just, however, as he was entering the car to leave, the manager came to him hurriedly and asked him to step into the bureau for a moment. There the note he had given was shown him, and declared to be counterfeit!

Geoffrey stood stupefied, while the manager waxed very angry, declaring that since the war France had been flooded by spurious money brought there and changed by foreigners. Falconer declared his innocence. Hotel Moderne at Orleans, and after take back the note, when the manager in fury retained it to forward to the Bank of France for destruction. So he was compelled to pay his bill a second time, and also to lose forty pounds or so.

Then, feeling very crestfallen, he rejoined the ladies, without, however, letting them know what had occured.

That night they stopped at the Hotel Moderne at Orleans, and after dinner Geoffrey, without telling them of the incident at Tours, warned them to be on their guard against spurious French bank notes.

"Oh, yes," said Madame Claudet. "I have heard that recently great quantities of forged notes have been passed all over France. Somebody told me they are being made in Spain. One has to be always on the lookout for them. It would be so annoying to pass one in innocence."

"Indeed, one could very easily fall into the hands of the police," exclaimed Mrs. Beverley. "I had a most unpleasant time in Dinard. I bought that little butterfly brooch at a jeweller's close to the casino, and paid for it, when, to my horror, the man said that one of the notes—one for five hundred francs—was a forgery."

"What did you do, my deer?" asked madame.

"Do? Well, I felt a perfect fool. I tore the note up and gave the man another."

"You never told me that, mother," Sylvia remarked.

"No, dear. I felt too angry about it. So I didn't tell anyone. It occurred four days before we left Dinard."

It was upon the tip of Geoffrey's tongue to relate his own experience at Tours, but he hesitated.

Geoffrey's leave was up, so he had to be at the works at Chelmsford on the following day. He seized the opportunity to run over to Witham, and there discovered that during his absence Mr. Mildmay had received two further cipher telegrams, one from Beauvais, both signed "M. C."

Now in his many conversations with the handsome widow she had never mentioned that she had any friend in London. On the contrary, on the night they had stopped at Abbeville, while they were dining at the old Tete de Boeuf, she had exclaimed across the table to Mrs. Beverley:

"It really is most sweet of you, dear, to put me up in London. I know nobody there nowadays. I've been away so long."

She made no mention of the man who occupied those expensive chambers in Ryder Street, and as far as Geoffrey knew the pair had never met. Naturally, the young wireless engineer was often at Mrs. Beverley's house, and his own observations, combined with what Sylvia told him, made it apparent to him that Madame Claudet was a most extravegent woman.

"We are out every night somewhere," the girl said. "And madame will never allow us to pay a farthing. She must be very rich, for she's ordered eight new frocks from Lucille's."

"She has no friends in London, has she?" Falconer asked casually.

"She didn't have any when she arrived, but, of course, she now knows one or two people to whom we've introduced her."

On the following day another curious telegram came through the wireless station at Witham. Dispatched from Marseilles, it had been sent across by wireless from Paris, and was addressed to Mildmay. It was in plain language, and read: "Urgent that Marguerite should come over. The change would do her good.—Jules."

This puzzled Geoffrey more than ever. Why was madame wanted urgently at Marseilles, and what hidden meaning was contained in the declaration that the change would do her good? He was very anxious to ascertain if she ever met the mysterious Mildmay, and for that purpose he went to London one evening and again saw his friend the liftman.

No lady had visited Mr. Mildmay to his knowledge. She certainly might have called when he was off duty.

Hence Falcooner determined to watch again, and after the lapse of several weary evenings, he one night followed Mildmay to the Savoy, where, just before supper time, he took a seat in the lounge and idly lit a cigarette.

Ten minutes later Geoffrey saw standing at the head of the short flight of stairs the familiar figure of Madame Claudet, wearing a gorgeous theatre wrap. Her quick eye recognised Mildmey, therefore she went to take of her wraps, and a few moments later joined him.

From a distance Falconer watched them closely. Mildmay's greeting appeared the reverse of cordial, for on his face was an angry, morose expression. After a brief conversation they passed into the supper room, where, in order to escape recognition, Geoffrey was forced to leave them. But he had established the fact of their secret friendship.

Next evening when he went to Upper Brook Street he found Sylvia alone, her mother having gone to the theatre with madame.

"Isn't a shame!" she remarked. "Madame Claudet has to go to Paris the day after tomorrow—on some of her horrid banking business again. Mother has introduced her to her bank in Pall Mall, so that she has an account in London, therefore these journeys will be avoided in future."

Geoffrey, who had not allowed either Mrs. Beverley or her daughter to suspect his doubt concerning the handsome widow, agreed, and expressed a hope that the lady would soon return.

Next day, having to be at Marconi House, he snatched off a few hours in the afternoon, and succeeded in watching madame leave Upper Upper Brook Street alone, and following her to Ryder Street, where she called upon Mildmay. It was very apparent, by the timid way she slipped into the doorway of the chambers, that she feared being watched. Why?

She remained there for about half an hour, when, emerging, the liftman hailed a taxi for her and she drove to Upper Brook Street.

Geoffrey was perplexed why the mysterious Jules in Marseille should be so concerned regarding madame's health. Hence he determined to watch her movements closely until she should leave Victoria. That night he did not return to Warley, but slept at his club, and at ten o'clock next morning idled unseen at the corner of Upper Brook Street, in case she should come forth. He had ascertained that she was leaving Victoria at midday.

At about half-past ten madame came out alone, carrying her handsome gold-mounted handbag, and in Grosvenor Square she hailed a taxi, in which she drove to a bank in Pall Mall, in order, no doubt, to obtain money for her journey.

She remained within about ten minutes or so, then, re-entering the taxi, she drove back to her hostess' house.

A quarter of an hour later Geoffrey called to wish the gay widow au revoir, and Mrs. Beverley invited him to stay to luncheon. At about half-past eleven madame left for Victoria, her hostess going in the car to the station to see her off. Hence Sylvia and her lover were left together.

Geoffrey Falconer had become disappointed and ill at ease, for the mystery concerning the widow still remained unsolved.

Mrs. Beverley returned, and they had luncheon together, the young wireless engineer remaining till the afternoon.

Just as they were seated at tea, Shaw, the footman, brought a card to his mistress, who glanced at it, and said:

"Oh! It's Mr. Elton! I wonder why he wants to see me? Ask him in here."

The man bowed, and a few moments later a tall, clean-shaven business man was ushered in. In a second it was plain that he was considerably perturbed.

"Mrs. Beverley," he said, glancing at Sylvia and Geoffrey, "I am very sorry to distrub you with a most unpleasant matter. May I see you alone?"

"Unpleasant matter!" gasped the South American woman. "What do you mean? Whatever you have to say can be said right here."

"You have a Madame Claudet staying with you. You introduced her to me, and she opened a small account at our bank," he said. "Well—I may as well tell you that I have the police outside, and I am here to give her into custody!"

Mrs. Beverley stood open-mouthed. "Custody!" she gasped. "For what?"

"She called at the bank this morning, and changed seventy-four thousand five hundred francs in French notes for English notes. These were, at noon, sent along to the head office in Lombard Street, where they have been found to be marvellously clever forgeries!"

"Impossible!" declared Mrs. Beverley, utterly staggered.

"Alas! It is only too true. The bank has lost nearly three thousand pounds."

Then Mrs. Beverley, having explained how her late guest had left for Paris that morning, refused to believe that she could be guilty of any such fraud.

Here Geoffrey interrupted, and related how he had unconsciously endeavored to pass a forged note at Tours, and he recalled to her mind the incident at the jewellers in Dinard. Both those circumstances pointed to the fact that the woman had taken from the purses of both Geoffrey and her hostess real notes, substituting false ones, with the idea of watching whether they would be passed or not.

"I would like a word with the police," Geoffrey added, and with the bank manager he left the ladies to recover from their sudden shock.

In the library he saw the detective-inspector, and briefly related the mysterious messages received by Mr. Mildmey, and the circumstance of the electric motor and the locked room.

Within half an hour a priority telegram had been sent by wireless by Scotland Yard to the commissary of police at the Gare du Nord, in Paris, to arrest madame on her arrival, where a visit to Mr. Mildmay's chambers revealed in the locked room a perfect plant for the reproduction of French and Spanish bank notes of various denominations, the most scientific and complete ever found in the possession of bank note forgers.

Two hours later, when Mildmey returned, he found himself suddenly in the hands of the police, and both he and madame—who was not a widow at all, but his wife, who had been distributing forged French and Spanish notes all over Europe, and reaping a rich harvest—later on received exemplary sentences at the Old Bailey.

GRADING THE SHOPPER

Every customer entering a large drapery store is mentally "graded" by the shopgirl serving her, according to the manner in which she makes her purchase, says a saleswoman in The Daily Mail.

We saleswomen are not interested in what type of person she is. It is the type of shopper that we study, and we classify these types under headings which are universally used by shop assistants throughout the country.

One type we call the "tab." This is the name for the woman who worries us for an hour or more and then instead of candidly admitting that we cannot suit her, makes excuses, of which the following are typical:

She is looking for a friend, who will call later.

She will call again tomorrow

"It is clear that a "mauler" is a woman who ill-uses everything she is shown. During the sales rival "maulers" will sometimes tear fabrics in half. At all times they pull and thumb-mark articles which afterwards have to be sold as shop soiled, often entailing upon the establishments loss instead of profit.

Different goods are known as "lines" by shoppers. Shoppers in turn are known as "lines" by the assistants.

There is the "pattern line"—the woman who seems to devote her life to collecting patterns and appears never to make a purchase.

The "match pattern line" is the woman who demonstrates what size pattern she wants so carefully that it is obvious she wants a free patch for a worn out suit or costume of that material.

A "side-door line" is a woman who constantly arrives just as the shop is about to close for the night. She keeps assistants working when their day's work should have ended. By the time she has made her choice the large doors have been closed on her and she has to be escorted out of a side door.

"Excellent line" refers to a woman with—all the attributes of a good shopper. She knows what she wants and helps the assistant to supply her needs.

Some of these women leave a great deal to the assistants, almost allowing them to choose colors and styles on their behalf.

Shop assistants have excellent taste, and this type of shopper invariably does better than the bullying kind.

Children seven per cent or more underweight require attention.

WITH THE CHRISTMAS MAIL

By George Marsh

Illustration by Roy Fisher

FOR three days the Fort Hope Christmas mail had fought its way through the blizzard that beat down from the Kapiskau barrens upon the frozen Albany. For three days old Pierre, breaking trail through the drifting snow to give footing to his panting dog-team, or swinging his goad of plaited caribou hide from behind the sled while his nephew, Esau, took the lead, had plunged head down into the gale. Stinging like the lash of myriad whips, the pitiless northwester had seemed the frost-blackened faces of the men with cracks, cutting the noses of the laboring huskies until they whined with pain. At times, when the fury of the snow-swirls which enveloped them in a blur of white had sucked their very breath, the men threw themselves gasping beside the ice-coated dogs whose red lips and tongues, to which clung the frozen froth of their hot mouths, alone marked them as living things. Still, hour after hour, they had hurled themselves headlong into the storm. And ever as they had conquered each hard-won mile of the frozen river, the parting words of the factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Albany lived again in the ears of the old halfbreed — words which had etched themselves into his memory as he left the post, asleep under the stars in the grey dusk of the December morning, to take the long Fort Hope trail.

Whenever, at daylight, the boy had urged that they remain in camp, deep in the shelter of the spruce, until the storm blew itself out, the sting of those last words of the factor had spurred him on as a rowel drives a spent steed. Always his reply had been a hoarse "Marche!" as he struck the lead-dog with an unwonted fierceness that Esau could not comprehend. But old Pierre had not deigned to voice the thoughts that consumed him, and the boy, Indian like, did not question. So, forcing the huskies to the limit of their endurance and encouraging the lad, who already showed signs of the physical strain of the battle with wind and snow, the old Cree had pushed on and on.

"In canoe or on snowshoes no better man had served the Company But you're stiffening up and growing too old to take the Winter trail to Fort Hope. It's the toughest trail in the north country, and next year a younger man will go, for the mail must get through on time."

These were the words that for four days had tortured the pride of the old Company servant, repeating and repeating themselves through every white mile of the shifting, drift-barred trail. He recalled, too, how the factor had rested his hand kindly on his shoulder and gripped his fingers at parting as if to lighten the blow—the blow that had been the deathknell of his manhood.

And so at last, he mused, the end had come—the end foretold of late years by recurring twinges of "mal raquette," and stiffened back on portage and river. He had hoped that he had concealed it from the younger men, but now even the factor knew. Fiercely the pride of the French blood of his father and the stoicism of the Cree had fought for mastery within him through the miles of white silence on the first day out. But in vain he battled with the demons that mocked. The sentence that he knew some day must come to all men had come now to him. So this was his last long trail. At length, age had struck him down as the timber wolves in Winter strike down on old caribou deserted by the herd. A few years of light river work and easy trips with the dogs, and then a seat at the fire with the squaws and old men, remained to him, Pierre Grassette, who, among the swift, dog-runners of all the wide North, had met none, half-breed, red man, or white, who could take the trail from him in the days of his youth.

Longed to Die on the Trail

This which he had dreaded above all things; this ignominy which in the last few years he had prayed he might be spared; this rusting out at a post —would be his lot. He had longed to die on the trail, in harness. But his dearest wish was to be denied him, this death of a man, which had overtaken so many of his comrades.

Years before, one still in the flush of early manhood had drowned with the crew of a Company boat in the great gorge of the Abitibi. Another, strong as a young moose, had been frozen with his dogs on the Nepigon trail; but he, the last of them, would rot with garrulous squaws and toothless old men at Fort Albany, a pensioner of the Company.

Time and again, as he urged on young Esau and the dogs, had his thoughts traversed the forty years as mush and boy that he had served so faithfully the masters he had never seen, who dwelt far toward the rising sun across the Big Water. Instinctively he had quickened his pace as he remembered how once, on a bet, he had brought the Winter mail from Moose to Rupert House, up the east coast, ninety miles as the goose flies, in twenty hours, finishing fresher than his dogs and dancing that night at the Christmas carousal. Not without reason had the Crees of the James Bay country called him "The Man Who Does Not Sleep." Once his fame as a voyageur had traveled from Whale River, in lonely Ungava, down to Norway House, far in the Ojibway country. Into the dark eyes of the old Cree there had flashed momentarily the fire of his lost youth, as he tossed his head with pride at the memories of his prowess in days long dead. Then the words of the factor had banished his dream. "Next year a younger man will go, for the mails must get through on time."

Never had Esau seen such a pace set on snowshoes as Pierre had made that first clear day out of Albany. Inured to the Winter trails though he was, it had taxed his youthful strength to follow the seemingly tireless stride of the old courier. When the night closed in upon them, they had turned the weary huskies to the shore, and with their shoes cooped out a camping place in the deep snow of the spruce timber, where they pitched their shed-tent as a windbreak and boiled their tea and pemican. As Pierre threw the rations of frozen white fish to the hungry dogs, he had accosted the tired lad with a strange glitter in his deep-set eyes:

"Next long snow I t'ink young man not feed de dogs at dees place on first sleep from Albanee!" Then he had added almost fiercely: "What you t'ink?"

"Nama, no," the lad had quickly answered in Cree, and then asked: "Why you travs! so quick? You run lak de Windigo was on your track." But the Spirit-broken Pierre had turned away that the boy might not know his grief.

Did Not Wait for the Storm

The next morning, at daybreak, they had crawled out of their robes of rabbit-skin to plunge into the driving northwester which had swept down, over night, from the wild wastes of Keewatin into the valley of the Albany. But the veteran who bore the scars of forty years battling with the fury of the subarctic Winter did not wait in camp for the storm to blow itself out. It was his last trip to Fort Hope and the mail should go through. The next long snow one of the young men might crack his whip over the Christmas mail-team, but he would need the heart and sinews of a king caribou to match the records that Pierre Grassette—known among the Fort Hope Ojibways as "Flying Feet"—had left for the long Albany trail. So obsessed with but one thought, for three days he had forced the whining and reluctant huskies into the drive of the gale.

On the afternoon of the third day the storm ceased. Through new drifts and over ice beaten bare by the hammering of the wind, the old Spartan ran like a white wraith in his snow-crusted capotte. In the rear Esau, flicking the ear of a lagging husky with his long whip, or calling to the lead-dog, already dreamed of the good cheer that awaited them three hundred miles away at Fort Hope. In fancy he tasted the boiled salt goose and the juicy caribou steak of their Christmas dinner, and a smile lit his swarthy features as he pictured himself swinging the dusky Ojibway girl at the New Year's revelry. Suddenly the yelp of the lead-dog and the stopping of the sled roused him. Looking up he saw the huskies nosing the prostrate figure of his companion.

As Esau bent over him Pierre attempted to rise, but fell back, choking, upon the snow. The terrified boy knelt, turned back the fur-lined hood of the capote and gazed into the bloodshot eyes of his companion, who struggled painfully for breath. Supporting him in his arms, Esau held the old man, whose lean frame shook with a paroxysm of coughing. The attack ceased, but on the quivering lips of the stricken voyageur it left a deep crimson stain. Then Esau understood. Tenderly he lifted the limp body, placed it on the sled, and drove to the shore, where in the thick spruce he found a hollow sheltered from the wind. There, clearing a camp-ground with his snowshoes, he pitched their shed tent, and close in front, so that the heat would reflect into it, built a fire. Soon revived by hot tea, Pierre whispered wearily:

"It ees better dees way dan at Albanee."

"How you feel now?" asked the lad anxiously.

"Ver' bed," was the feint answer. "My wind—ees broke." The old man was seized with a repetition of the attack, while his lean hands convulsively clutched his chest. Again the hot tea revived him, and he continued:

"I camp here—wid de wolf. You go—on—to Hope." As he spoke, from a distant ridge the lonely howl of a timber-wolf broke the silence. The boy started as if the cry were an omen of evil, but Pierre had but one thought. "De mail—she mus' go tru," he whispered painfully.

The boy did not protest. An Indian never does at orders he does not intend to obey. There had been a rupture of blood-vessels in the lungs, a not uncommon occurrence in the North among the red runners of the Company. If it proved to be a bad hemorrhage, Pierre would die; if not, he would be able later to travel back to Albany on the sled. There was nothing to do but wait. So he fed the dogs and made soup of the pemican for the sick man.

Traced a Map in the Snow

In the morning Pierre was better. Stimulated by the hot tea and soup, he asked the boy to prop him up in his blankets, where he could trace a map of the Albany trail on the snow.

"Up dere," he said, pointing with a lean, shaking finger at his tracings, "de Ghost Riviere meet de Albanee. One sleep up de Ghost you fin' petit lac. On dees lac de Cree hunt fur. Go an' bring two man. De mail she go tru for sure."

An attack of coughing checked him; in a moment he continued: "De old man at Albanee, he feel ver' bad de mail she not go tru."

Exhausted by the effort, Pierre lay back in his blankets.

"How you keep de fire?" objected the boy. "You seek. You freese wid no fire w'en I go, and den de woff he get you."

But the sick man was not to be denied. So Esau cut a great pile of birch logs, each of which would burn for hours, and heaped them in front of the tent, that they might be pushed easily on the fire. Harnessing the dogs, he lashed his blankets and provisions to the sled and, gripping the old man's hand, said: "I not lak to leave you alone seek, But I bring de Cree back by next sun, or I sleep in de muskey wid de wolf."

The lad hastened to the waiting dogs, waved his whip at the prostrate figure muffled in rabbit-skins by the fire, and shouted:

"Bo'-jo! Bo'-jo! Pierre! I come back before two sleeps wid de Cree."



In his joy at the sound of the voices of the approaching men he started to meet them, but, as the first jingling dog team appeared, led by Esau and a Cree, the trembling legs of the old man gave way beneath him.

But as he swung down to the river trail behind the dog team, the boy shook his head sadly, for in his heart he felt that he had said good-bye to Pierre Grassette forever.

All that day the doomed men lay by the fire with his grief. After forty years of faithful, unquestioning service, he had failed the great Company. The factor was right; he was too old for the long trails. His place was with the squaws. But the one thought that never left him, which kept him company through the long hours as he lay alone among the silent, snow-enveloped spruces under the bitter sky, was that the mail should go through by Christmas day. There was yet time if Esau should find the Crees who Wintered on the headwaters of the Ghost. To his own condition the old Stoic gave little thought. He had seen men travel on snowshoes before until blood vessels in the overtaxed lungs were ruptured. He might get well—there was not so much pain and he coughed less—or he might die there on the shores of the Albany, and in April when the snow melted, the ravens would finish what the wolves and foxes had left of Pierre Grassette, voyageur of the great Company. Well, a men must die sometime, he mused, and how better then on the trail, as he had lived?

Before Esau left, Pierre had wrung from the boy the promise that, if he returned with the Crees to find him dead, he would bury him in the snow on the shore, and push on to Fort Hope with the mails. This was his one consolation.

No Fear of the Wolves

Again, as the eerily dusk descended upon the valley of the great river and the first cold stars glittered above the camp in the spruce, the mournful cry of the grey wolf waked the solitude. But the figure prostrate by the fire gave no sign. Later, when the crescent moon dipped behind the far Keewatin hills, dark shapes glided stealthily to and fro in the shadows of the timber, while from out the gloom near the silent camp here and there twin balls of fire gleamed, to disappear and then to gleam again, until a shift in the wind or the crackling of the burning logs left the blackness of the enfolding forest unbroken. But the fear that kept the long watches beneath the frozen stars with Pierre Grassette was not a fear of the skulking cowards that patroled the dusk-filled places of the night.

On the following day there floated through the twilight to the eager ears of the sick man the feint tinkle of bells. Painfully he raised himself, where he lay, to a sitting position to hear more distinctly. Again on the biting air drifted the welcome sound.

"De Cree!" he exclaimed. "Esau fin' de Cree! De mail go tru for sure!"

Nearer came the bells; now they were turning in from the river. He tried to shout the salutation of the Crees, "Quey! Quey!" but his voice broke in a hoarse whisper. He wondered why they were so silent. It was not that way that men came into camp. Then the tired dogs appeared, followed by a lone figure. It was Esau.

"De Cree? de Cree!" whimpered the sick man piteously, as the boy with bowed head stood before him in silence. But Pierre knew well that the illusion had been in vain.

"I follow de petit riviere till de husky een travel no more," said the boy. "Dere is no lac. I follow it clear into de muskeg."

The old man groaned in desperation.

"By Gar! Have I not camp on dat lac? It ees dere, it ees dere, ane sleep toward de risin' sun from de Albanee. You have turn to de nor' up de petit creek. Dat is w'ere you lose de trail, for de Ghost eum tru by de islan'."

"I not see islan' for deep snow on de ice," protested the heart-broken lad, "De snow is dreft ver' high. But I shoot two deer, and de stew will mak' you strong. How you feel now?"

"W'en you have sleep, you go back for de Cree," commanded Pierre, ignoring the question.

That night Esau and the huskies feasted on caribou steak, and the strong broth strengthened the old man, who had eaten little since the boy left him.

At daybreak Esau, after cutting a huge pile of firewood, again set out for the camps of the Crees. Then followed days and nights of hope and fear for the one who waited. Throughout the evening of the second day Pierre lay with ears straining to catch the tinkle of bells or voices of the drivers. Once a faint, far call from the direction of the mouth of the Ghost brought him with bounding pulses to his elbows, only to fall back in his blankets when his trained ears recognised the hunting-cry of the snowy owl. Another day dragged by, and, with the coming of the dusk, crept the shadow of despair into the heart of the old man, for he knew that if Esau had found the Cree camps he would have returned on the second night. Either the lad had met, with an accident or the Indians were not Wintering on the head waters of the Ghost. They had camped there the Winter before, but this was the year of the rabbit plague and they might have gone to another country, for lynxes and foxes range far at such a time. But if Esau had lost his way or had fallen and broken a leg? Even in such a case there was a chance that the boy might get back on the sled. The dogs were not wild huskies. he, Pierre, had trained them: and yet —who knew?

Better Not to Return

He recalled the Winter, years ago, when the boy's father had perished with his dog-team in the Elkwan country in just such a storm as they had met on the Albany. In fevered fancy he beheld the dusky face, furrowed with lines of sorrow, and the reproachful eyes, of the lad's widowed mother back at the post. He had promised her to take care of the boy, and now he had sent him to a lingering death by freezing or starvation, in the barrens.

"It ees better," he sighed, "det Pierre Grassette return not to Albanee."

The sun lifted above the low Ontario hills on the morning of the fourth day of Esau's absence to glisten on white-shrouded spruce and balsam surrounding a shed-tent, half buried in the deep snow, in which lay a sick man waiting for the death from freezing which the night would bring. The wood which Esau had cut would last but the day, and Pierre had not the strength to swing an exe, or to gather more. Once he managed to drag himself to the nearest trees and lop off a few branches, but he paid for the exertion with a protracted fit of coughing which so weakened him that he lay motionless for hours. As the night neared he pushed the last logs on the fire and boiled his tea and pemican; then, whispering a short prayer to the Master whom the Oblat Fathers at Albany had taught him to reverence, he rolled himself in his blankets, and lay down by the fire to await the coming of the white death—the most merciful of the many that haunt the tepees of the children of the snows.

Swiftly the advancing gloom cloaked the camp in the spruce. Soon the freezing sky was ablaze with myriad stars. At intervals the icy shell of the great river boomed like a cannon shot as it split under the contraction of the increasing cold. To the north, over the brooding bay, the first glow of the aurora pulsed and waned, then the ribboned lights, loosed from the horizon, writhed and coiled like snakes across the heavens. But the muffled figure in the tent by the dying fire lay motionless. For him the Winter trails were ended. No more the river roads of Summer would beacon his canoe.

Suddenly out of the hush there broke a faint, far call. The man by the dying fire stirred as though in a dream and again lay motionless. Once more through the soundless spaces of the night drifted the cry. The sleeper moaned as if in pain. Then clear upon the bitter air rang men's voices. Quickly the form was alert with life. Trembling with excitement, the half-frozen man cast off his blankets and rose stiffly to his feet.

"Esau fin' de Cree!" he cried. "De mail go tru! De mail go tru for sure!"

In his joy at the sound of the voices of the approaching men, he started to meet them, but, as the first jingling dog team appeared, led by Esau and a Cree, the trembling legs of the old man gave way beneath him, and with a feeble "Quey! Quey!" of welcome he sank to the snow at their feet.

Sinewy arms carried the limp form to the smoldering fire, where vigorous rubbing gradually restored the circulation to the stiffened limbs. Then through the sleeping forest sang the axes of the Crees, biting deep into two huge birches, and soon where, but a short space before, a man lay freezing by a dying fire, kettles of tea and caribou haunch bubbled and steamed in the roaring flames that licked the great logs. By such light tenure are held the lives of the dwellers in the North.

Pierre Made a Promise

When they had eaten Esau told his story to Pierre, who lay swathed in blankets by the fire.

"W'en I leave you," said the lad, cutting with his hunting knife a pipeful of Company niggerhead and lighting it with an ember, "I keep dees tam to de beeg riviere at de Islan' and sleep at de Cree camp on de petit lac. But a fin'd chil' and squaws alone. De men hunt deer in de muskeg country. Two boys I send to fin' dem and say I wait one sleep and den go back to Albanee. But de squaw tell me de men not go if I do not wait. Widout dem I not lak to cum, and I have fear to wait wid you seek at de Albanee. I have hard job what to do, eh, Pierre?"

"You did well to wait," whispered the sick man.

"Yes," continued the boy: "two sleep I wait for dem. De nex' sun I hitch de dog to take de back trail, w'en de Cree cum in wid sled heavy wid meat. But dey not leave camp until I promeese de Companee fill dere tepee wid tea and flour so de squaw and chil' grow fat and laugh tru de long snow. For dees dey come."

"E-nh, yes!" broke in the older Cree in his native tongue; "for this flour and tea we go with you to that fort above the great white waters toward the setting sun."

"It was good t'ing we camp here deese sleep, Pierre, for you freeze soon widout fire," added Esau.

"Yes, it was good for sure," sighed the sick man, "for now de mail she go tru."

Already he had forgotten the doubt and agony of the last two days while he awaited Esau's return.

"Next sun we start for Hope," he said, as the men freshened the fire with great logs, and lay down in their robes on the bed of spruce boughs between the windbreak and the heat.

On the following day the rising sun overtook two dog teams hurrying westward on the Fort Hope trail. Miles behind them still smoldered the camp fire in the spruce. Ahead of the teams swung a tall Cree, breaking trail, while at the gee-pole of each sled a caribou-skin-clad driver with long dog-whip urged on the huskies. But lashed to the second sled lay the blanketed form of one whose voyaging days over white Winter trails and wind-whipped lakes of Summer were forever ended.

On up the great ice-bound river hurried the belated Winter mail. Traveling from starlight to starlight —for the December days were passing —men and dogs, half-breed Cree and husky, held to a heart-breaking pace, that the rising sun of Christmas day might find them at the journey's end.

Day after day they knew no respite from the toil of trace and trail. Now, with snowshoes for shovels, breaking through great drifts left by the heels of the blizzard, now speeding over wind-packed snow or glare ice, they traveled into the sunset. And each day when the shadows of the northern night crept out over the white river from the timbered shores and the killing pace began to lag, the weak voice of the benumbed sick man on the sled would urge them on into the twilight. The Crees' protests that their dogs were raw with harness sores and that they themselves needed rest were of no avail with one in whose ears still echoed the words of the factor at Albany. So leg-weary men and dogs slaved on under the stars. But at last, in camp, the torture of "mal raquette" in the stiffened legs of Esau and the Crees ceased, when the drugged sleep of exhaustion claimed them, while Pierre of the broken heart lay with his grief far into the silent night.

Through the desolate cliff country, where the river winds like a huge reptile between towering, timberless shores behind which the sun sets almost at noon; on past the thousand islands where, in Summer, the trout and dore lie below a hundred silver cascades; up the great lake that the Ojibways call "The Charmed Water," where the river sturgeon breed; over three hundred miles of subarctic Winter trail they toiled, that the factor at Hope might open his mail from Scotland on Christmas day, and a halfbreed keep his word.

Twenty Miles From the Goal

At last, on Christmas Eve, as the cold moon lifted above the silhouetted spruce fringing the hills to the east of the Lake of the Elbow and flooded the white wilderness with light, two trail-worn dog teams turned into the shore. Soon the blows of the axes on frozen birch echoed from the adjacent cliffs and the Fort Hope Winter packet from Albany made camp twenty miles from its goal.

When, two days before, they had left the path of the blizzard and found the trail beyond free from drifts, Pierre, at last, knew that they would win. And, with the knowledge that they had conquered in their long battle with the snow and cold, new strength crept into his limbs and joy transformed the dauntless warrior of the wilderness trails.

As Esau helped him from the sled at their last camp tears blinded the deep-set eyes in the lean, wind-blackened face. With an exclamation of delight the old man pushed back the hood of the lad's capote and kissed him on both cheeks.

"De mail she go tru for sure. De old man at Albanee know de mail ees safe wid de familee Grassette!" he cried, his arms around his nephew's neck.

Then he turned and gripped the hands of the smiling red men who had given so loyally of their best that his honor might remain untarnished.

"De Companee will not forget," he said as he thanked them.

Long before daylight of Christmas morning the eager Pierre roused the sleeping dogs and men. The harnesses were made gay with colored worsted and new bell-straps adjusted that they might jingle bravely into the post as befitted the dignity of the Company's Christmas mail team. In honor of the event Esau adorned himself with a pair of blue-cloth leggings, gaudy with red-and-yellow embroidery, and wound his slim waist with a many-colored Company sash.

With difficulty they prevailed upon Pierre to resume his place on the sled. Thrilled with his victory, the false strength of excitement speeded the blood in his veins. But twenty miles away lay Fort Hope. He begged for his snowshoes that the people there should not know his shame. Even the lean, harness-raw huskies—shadows of the great dogs that had left Albany and the Ghost—felt the excitement of the drivers and leaped whining into their collars at the signal for the start.

Up the lake trail, packed hard by the teams of Ojibways bound to the post for the Christmee revelry, hurried Esau, followed by the Crees. To the helpless sick men, lashed to the sled like a bag of pemican, never had Winter morning seemed so beautiful. The Great Father to whom he had prayed through the dark days behind them had turned, indeed, a listening ear. Crippled and a derelict though he was, forever doomed to sit and dream of days that were done, he yet had been allowed to keep faith with the great Company. He had brought the mail through by the day appointed and it was well. Those unknown masters who lived beyond the Big Water would be pleased that Pierre Grassette had not failed them in his old age—Pierre Grassette, who had served them so gallantly in the days of his masterful youth.

Privations Already Forgotten

But the mind of young Esau running behind the sled was busied with the anticipation of the hot bread and steaming geese of the Christmas and the unbroken slumber that awaited him in the sleep-house at the post. There would be a merry week of feasting and dancing. Every Ojibway family within reach of Fort Hope would come in. Already the boy had forgotten the privations and sufferings of the Albany trail. He had won his spurs in the fiercest blizzard of a generation, over what was known among the old French coureurs as "la longue traverse," the bitterest Winter trail from Labrador to the Barren Grounds. He straightened his shoulders with pride, but the instincts of the boy in him soon turned his thoughts to the Christmas dinner and the dusky Ojibway belles at the post.

On they traveled through the morning hours until they neared the point of spruce which conceals Fort Hope from the east. There Pierre called a halt.

"It ees not good that Pierre Grassette ride lak a dead moose into Fort Hope. He will run in lak a man, on de raquette," he said.

In vain Esau objected. Pierre was too weak. He would bring on another hemorrhage by the exertion. It was madness. But the sick man would not be denied. It was his only wish, that he might bring the mail in for the last time as befitted a man and a dog-runner of the Company.

The buildings of the settlement lay but a few hundred yards beyond the point ahead. Perhaps, thought Esau, it would be well to allow Pierre his own way. He might walk that far, and the boy knew well how deep would be the veteren's shame to be carried helpless into Fort Hope on a sled. So they gave him his snowshoes.

Supported by Esau's arm, Pierre shuffled slowly up the trail ahead of the impatient dogs which the Crees with difficulty kept from running their master down. Painfully he moved his stiff legs, uncertain from long disuse. Under the exertion and excitement his breath came in hoarse gasps. But as they neared the headland the trained muscles began to answer the iron will that drove them, and he flung off the friendly arm of Esau.

They rounded the point and a chorus of howls from the post huskies announced their coming. The Crees flung themselves upon the yelping dogs of the teams, who strained at their collars to bolt up the trail. At the sound of the tumult from the trade-store, sleep-house, and tepees of the post rushed white men and Ojibways to greet the overdue Albany mail. Cheers of welcome mingled with the howls of the huskies. At last the Christmas mail—given up as lost in the blizzard—was in from the Big Water. Men, women, and dogs rushed to the shore to greet those already mourned as victims of the long trail. To the eager ears of the excited Esau and Pierre floated the Ojibway welcome: "Bo-jo! Bo'-jo!"

Broke Into the Old Swing

Pierre waved his hands, as Esau shouted in answer, "Quey! Quey!" the salutation of the Cree. The heart of the old man pounded in his breast, while the old fire inflamed his blood. The huskies, despite the blows of the Cree drivers, sprang forward upon the heel of the now delirious halfbreed. Carried away with the moment, he pushed the boy aside and waving his hand at McKenzie the factor, whose stalwart figure he recognised in the crowd on the shore, broke into the old swing ahead of the dogs, as he had run into Fort Hope for thirty years.

The fear-stricken Esau begged the madman to remember his condition, but he could have checked a Keewatin northwester as readily as the fevered Pierre Grassette, who labored on, with his bloodshot eyes fixed on the factor, every breath torturing his lungs. Once, as his strength for a moment ebbed, he faltered; then, straightening up, he continued. Close behind a Cree clung to the leader of the mail-team, holding the yelping huskies by sheer strength. As they approached, the people of the post crowded down to the river trail. Only too well they sensed the meaning of the pace of the old voyageur. Often before strong men had been loosed from the death grip of the sullen Winter trails, to creep into Fort Hope spent and broken.

When but a few strides separated him from the outstretched hand of the advancing factor, Pierre suddenly reeled in his tracks. Collecting himself, he again lurched forward, but before Esau could reach him, fell headlong to the trail.

Esau and the factor knelt beside the crumpled figure, shaken by a convulsion of coughing. Tenderly they raised the head of the choking man from the crimsoned snow beneath. A lean hand clutched that of the factor as Esau wiped the blood from the quivering lips. Presently the eyes of the striken voyageur sought McKenzie's with a look of appeal. The factor bent his head close to the ashen face, distorted with suffering. Once, twice, the moving lips tried to convey what the old man struggled to articulate, when an attack of coughing checked him. Then he grew stronger, and, releing himself, whispered:

"Tell—old man at Albanee—Pierre bring—mail—trul!" and, with a deep sigh, sank into Esau's arms.

The shaggy leader of his mail team threw back his great head with a long, mournful howl. And the dauntless spirit of Pierre Grassette, faithful servant to the great company, even unto death, sped far on the mystic trail to the Valley of Rest.

THE CROCODILE

The crocodile belongs to the genus Lacerta. It has a compressed, jagged tail; five toes on the fore feet and four on the hind. It is the largest of the lizard kind. An account of one dissected in Siam was sent to the Royal Academy at Paris. It was eighteen and a half feet long; the legs were short, including thigh and paw, only two feet four inches; the toes were armed with large claws, nearly an inch and a half long. The head was long; the mouth fifteen inches, having twenty-seven teeth in the upper and fifteen in the lower jaw. The eyes were small in proportion to the rest of the body; the color of the upper part of the body was dark brown, and below of a whitish citron; from the shoulders to the extremity of the tail, it was covered with large square scales, in number about fifty-two. The whole skin was covered with a kind of armor, contributing greatly to its defence. The crocodile lays eggs the size of those of a goose, to the number of about sixty, which she covers with sand, leaving them, like the ostrich, to be hatched by the heat of the sun. They are to be met with in the rivers Nile, Niger and Ganges, and in many other large rivers in Southern Asia and Africa. They are of enormous voracity and strength; amphibious, swim with amazing quickness, and attack mankind and animals with daring impetuosity. Of all monsters it has the largest mouth, and moves both its jays equally. The alligator of America resembles the crocodile, but is not of the same species.

Christmas By Injunction

A Masterpiece of Humor and the Christmas Spirit

By O. HENRY

CHEROKEE was the civic father of Yellowhammer. Yellowhammer was a new mining town constructed mainly of canvas and undressed pine. Cherokee was a prospector. One day while his burro was eating quarts and pine burrs Cherokee turned up with his pick a nugget weighing thirty ounces. He staked his claim and then, being a man of breadth and hospitality, sent out invitations to his friends in three States to drop in and shere his luck.

Not one of his invited guests sent regrets. They rolled in from the Gila country, from Salt River, from the Pecos, from Albuquerque and Phoenix and Santa Fe, and from the camps intervening.

When a thousand citizens hed arrived and taken up claims they named the town Yellowhammer, appointed a vigilance committee, and presented Cherokee with a watch-chain made of nuggets.

Three hours efter the presentation ceremonies Cherokee's claim played out. He had located a pocket instead of a vein. He abandoned it and staked others one by one. Luck hed kissed her hand to him. Never afterword did he turn up enough dust in Yellowhemmer to pey his bar bill. But his thousand invited guests wers mostly prospering, and Cherokee smiled and congratulated them.

Yellowhammer was meds up of man who took off their hats to a smiling loser; so they invited Cherokee to say what he wented.

"Me?" said Cherokee, "oh, grubstakes will be about the thing. I reckon I'll prospect elong up in the Mariposas. If I strike it up there I will most certainly let you all know about the facts. I never was any hand to hold out cards on my friends."

In May Cherokee packed his burro and turned its thoughtful, mousscolored forshead to the north. Many citizens escorted him to the undefined limits of Yellowhemmer and bestowed upon him shouts of commendation and farewells. Five pocket flasks without an air bubble between the contents and the cork wars forced upon him; and he was bidden to consider Yellowhammer in perpetual commission for his bed, bacon and eggs, and hot water for shaving in the event that luck did not see fit to warm her hands by his campfire in the Meriposas.

The neme of the father of Yellowhammer was given him by the gold hunters in accordence with their popular system of nomenclature. It was not necessary for a citizen to exhibit his baptismal certificate in order to acquire a cognomen. A man's name was his personal property. For convenience in calling him up to the bar and in designating him among other blue-shirted bipeds, a temporary appellation, title, or epithet was conferred upon him by the public. Personal peculiarities formed the source of the majority of such informal baptisme. Many were easily dubbed geographically from the regions from which they confessed to have hailed. Some announced themselves to be "Thompsons," and "Adamses," and the like, with a brazenness and loudness that cast a cloud upon their titles. A few vaingloriously and shamelessly uncovered their proper and indisputable names. This was held to be unduly arrogant, and did not win popularity. One man who said he was Chesterton L. C. Belmont, and proved it by letters, was given till sundown to leave the town. Such names as "Shorty," "Bow-legs," "Texas," "Lazy Bill," "Thirsty Rogers," "Limping Riley," "The Judge," and "California Ed" were in favor. Cherokee derived his title from the fact he claimed to have lived for a time with that tribe in the Indian nation.

On the twentieth day of December, Baldy, the mail rider, brought Yellowhammer a piece of news.

"What do I see in Albuquerque," said Baldy, to the patrons of the bar, "but Cherokee all embellished and festoonsd up like the Czar of Turkey, and lavishin' money in bulk. Him and me seen the elephent and owl, and we had specimens of this seidlitz powder wine; and Cherokee he audits all the bille, C.O.D. His pockets looked like a pool table's after a fifteen ball run."

"Cherokee must have struck pay ore," remarked California Ed. "Well, he's white. I'm much obliged to him for his success."

"Seems like Cherokee would ramble down to Yellowhammer and see his friends," said another, slightly aggrieved. "But that's the way. Prosperity is the finest cure there is for lost forgetfulness."

"You wait," said Baldy; "I'm comin' to that. Cherokee strikes a three-foot vein up in the Mariposas thet assays a trip to Europe to the ton, and he closes it out to a syndicate outfit for a hundred thousand heasty dollars in cash. Then he buys himself a baby sealskin overcoat and a red sleigh, and what do you think he takes it in his head to do next?"

"Chuck-a-luck," said Texas, whose ideas of recreation were the gemester's.

"Come and Kiss Me, Ma Honey," sang Shorty, who carried tintypes in his pocket and wore a red necktie while working on his claim.

"Bought a saloon?" suggested Thirsty Rogers.

"Cherokee took me to a room," continued Baldy, "and showed me. He's got that room full of drums and dolls and skates and bags of candy and jumping-jacks and toy lambs and whistles and such infantile truck. And what do you think he's goin' to do with them inaffectoue knickknacks? Don't surmise none—Cherokee told me. He's goin' to load 'em in his red sleigh and—wait a minute, don't order no drinks yet—he's goin' to drive down here to Yellowhammer and give the kids—the kids of this here town—the biggest Christmas tree and the biggest cryin' doll and Little Giant Boys' Tool Chest bloweut that was ever seen west of Cape Hetteras."

Two minutes of absolute silence ticked away in the wake of Baldy's words. It was broken by the House, who, happily conceiving the moment to be ripe for extending hospitality, sent a dozen whisky glasses spinning down the bar, with the slower traveling bottle bringing up the rear.

"Didn't you tell him?" asked the miner called Trinidad.

"Well, no," answered Baldy, pensively; "I never exactly seen my way to.

"You see, Cherokee hed this Christmas mess already bought and paid for; and he was all flattered up with self-esteem over the idea; and we had in a way flew the flume with that fixsy wins I speak of, so I never let on."

"I cannot refrain from a certain amount of surprise," said the Judge, as he hung his ivory-handled cane on the bar, "that our friend Cherokee should possess such an erroneous conception of—ah—his, as it were, own town."

"Oh, it ain't the eighth wonder of the terrestriel world," said Baldy. "Cherokee's been gone from Yellowhammer over seven months. Lots of things could happen in that time. How's he to know thers ain't a single kid in this town, and so far as emigration is concerned, none expected?"

"Come to think of it," remarked California Ed, "it's funny some ain't drifted in. Town ain't settled enough yet for to bring in the rubber-ring brigade, I reckon."

"To top off this Christmas tree splurge of Cherokee's," went on Baldy, "he's goin' to give an imitation of Santa Claus. He's got a white wig and whiskers that disfigure him up exactly like the pictures of this William Cullen Longfellow in the books, and a red suit of fur-trimmed outside underwear, and eight-ounce gloves, and a stand-up, lay-down orosheyed red cap. Ain't it a shame thet a outfit like that can't get a chance to connect with a Annie and Willie's prayer layout?"

"When does Cherokee allow to come over with his truck?" inquired Trinidad.

"Mornin' befors Christmas," said Baldy. "And he wents you folks to heve a room fixed up and a tree hauled and ready. And such ladies to asslet as can stop breathin' long enough to let it be a surprise to the kids."

The unblessed condition of Yellowhemmer hed been truly described. The voics of childhood hed never gladdened its flimsy structures; the petter of restless little feet had never consecrated the one rugged highway between the two rows of tents and rough buildings. Later they would come. But now Yellowhammer was but a mountain camp, and nowhere in it were the roguish, expectant eyes, opening wide at dawn of the enchanting day; the eager, small hands to reach for Santa's bewildering hoard; the elated, childish voicings of the season's joy, such as the coming good things of the warm-hearted Cherokee deserved.

Of women there were five in Yellowhammer. The assayer's wife, the proprietress of the Lucky Strike Hotel, and a laundress whose washtub panned out an ounce of dust a day. These were the permanent femininee; the remaining two were the Spangler Sisters, Misses Fanchon end Erma, of the Transcontinental Comedy Company, then playing in repertoire at the (improvised) Empire Theatre. But of children there were none. Sometimes Miss Fanchon enected with spirit and address the part of robustious childhood; but between her delineation and the visions of adolescence that the fancy offered as eligible recipients of Cherokee's holiday stores there seemed to be fixed a gulf.

Christmas would come on Thursday. On Tuesday morning Trinidad, instead of going to work, sought the Judge at the Lucky Strike Hotel.

"It'll be a disgrace to Yellowhammer," said Trinidad, "if it throws Cherokee down on his Christmas-tree blowout. You might say that that man mads this town. For one, I'm goin' to see what can be done to give Santa Claus a squars deal."

"My co-operation," said the Judge, "would be gladly forthcoming. I am indebted to Cherokee for past favors. But, I do not see—I have heretofors regarded the absence of children rather as a luxury—but in this instance—still, I do not see—"

"Look at me," said Trinidad, "and you'll see old Ways and Msans with the fur on. I'm going to hitch up a team and rustle a load of kids for Cherokee's Santa Claus act, if I have to rob an orphan asylum."

"Eureka!" cried the Judge, enthusiastically.

"No, you didn't," said Trinidad, decidedly. "I found it myself. I learned about that Latin word at school."

"I will accompany you," declared the Judge, waving his cane. "Perhaps such eloquence and gift of language as I mey possess will be of benefit in persuading our young friends to lend themselves to our project."

Within an hour Yellowhammer was acquainted with the scheme of Trinidad and the Judge, and approved it. Citizens who knew of families with offspring within a forty-mile redius of Yellowhammer came forward and contributed their information. Trinided made careful note of all such, and then hastened to secure a vehicle and team.

The first stop scheduled was at a double log-house fifteen miles out from Yellowhammer. A man opened the door at Trinidad's hail, and then came down and leaned upon the rickety gate. The doorwey was filled with a close mess of youngsters, some ragged, all full of curiosity and health.

"It's this way," explained Trinidad. "We're from Yellowhammer, and we come kidnappin' in a gentle kind of a way. One of our leeding citizens is stung with the Santa Claus affliction, and he's due in town to morrow with half the folderols thet's painted red and mede in Germeny. The youngest kid we got in Yellowhammer packs a forty-five and a safety razor. Consequently we're mighty shy on anybody to say 'Oh' end 'Ah' when we light the candles on the Christmas tree. Now, partner, if you'll loan us a few kids we guarantee to return 'em safe and sound on Christmas Day. And they'll come back loaded down with a good time and Swiss Family Robinsons and cornucopias and red drums and similar testimonials. What do you say?"

"In other words," said the Judge, "we have discovered for the first time in our embryonic but progressive little city the inconveniences of the absence of adolescence. The season of the year having approximately arrived during which it is custom to bestow frivolous but often appreciated gifts upon the young and tender—"

"I understand," said the parent, packing his pips with a forefinger. "I guess I needn't detain you gentlemen. Me and the old woman have got seven kids, so to speak; and, runnin' my mind over the bunch, I don't appear to hit upon none that we could spare for you to take over to your doin's. The old woman has got some popcorn candy end rag dolls hid in the clothes chest, and we allow to give Christmas a little whirl of our own in a insignificant sort of style. No, I couldn't, with any degree of avidity, seem to fall in with the idea of lettin' none of 'em go. Thenk you kindly, gentlemen."

Down the slope they drove and up another foothill to the ranch-house of Wiley Wilson. Trinidad recited his appeal and the Judge boomed out his ponderous antiphony; Mrs. Wiley gethered up her two rosy-cheeked youngsters cloes to her skirts and did not smile until she had seen Wiley laugh and shake his head. Again a refusal.

Trinidad and the Judge vainly exhausted more than half their list before twilight set in among the hills. They spent the night at a stage road hostelry and set out again early the next morning. The wagon had not acquired a single passenger.

"It's creepin' upon my faculties," remarked Trinidad, "thet borrowin' kide et Christmas is somethin' like tryin' to steal butter from a man thet's got hot pancakes a-comin'."

"It is undoubtedly en indisputable fact," said the Judge, "that the—ah—family ties seem to be more coherent end assertive at that period of the year."

On the dey before Christmas they drove thirty miles, making four fruitless halts and appeals. Everywhere they found "kids" at a premium.

The sun was low when the wife of a section boss on a lonely railroad huddled her unavailable progeny behind her and said:

"There's a women thet's just took charge of the railroad eatin' house down at Granite Junction. I hear she's got a little boy. Maybe ehe might let him go."

Trinidad pulled up his mules at Granite Junction at five o'clock in the afternoon. The train had just departed with its load of fed and appeased passengers.

On the steps of the eating house they found a thin and glowering boy of ten emoking a cigarette. The dining-room had been left in chaos by the peripatetic appetites. A youngish woman reclined, exhausted, in a chair. Her face wore sharp lines of worry. She had once possessed a certain style of beauty that would never wholly leave her and would never wholly return. Trinidad set forth his mission.

"I'd count it a mercy if you'd take Bobby for a while," she said wearily. "I'm on the go from morning till night, and I don't have time to 'tend to him. He's learning bad habits from the men. It'll be the only chance he'll have to get any Christmas."

The men went outside and conferred with Bobby. Trinidad pictured the glories of the Christmas tree and presents in lively colors.

"And moreover, my young friend," added the Judge, "Santa Claus himself will personally distribute the offerings that will typify the gifts conveyed by the shepherds of Bethlehem to—"

"Aw, coms off," said the boy, squinting his small eyes. "I ain't no kid. There ain't any Santa Cleus. It's your folks that buys the toys and sneaks 'em in when you're asleep. And they make merks in the soot in the chimney with the tongs to look like Santa's sleigh tracks."

"Thet might be so," argued Trinidad, "but Christmas trees ain't no fairy tale. This one's goin' to look like the ten-cent store in Albuquerque, all strung up in a redwood. There's tops and drums and Noah's arks and—"

"Oh rats!" said Bobby, wearily. "I cut them long ago. I'd like to have a rifle—not a target one—a real one, to shoot wildcats with; but I guess you won't have any of them on your old tres."

"Well, I ain't say for sure," said Trinidad diplomatically; "it might be. You go along with us and see."

The hope thus held out, though feint, won the boy's hesitating consent to go. With this solitary beneficiary for Cherokee's holiday bounty, the canvassers spun along the homeward road.

In Yellowhammer the empty storeroom had been transformed into what might have passed as the bower of en Arizona fairy. The ladies had done their work well. A tall Christmas tree, covered to the topmost branch with candles, spangles, and toys sufficient for more than a score of children, stood in the centre of the floor. Near sunset anxious eyes had begun to scan the street for the returning team of the child-providers. At noon that day Cherokee had dashed into town with his new sleigh piled high with bundles and boxes and bales of all sizes and shapes. So intent was he upon the arrangements for his altruistic plans that the dearth of childhood did not receive his notice. No one geve away the humiliating state of Yellowhammer, for the efforts of Trinidad and the Judge were expected to supply ths deficiency.

"When the kids are rounded up," he instructed the volunteer arrangement committee, "light up the candles on the tree and set 'em to playin' 'Pussy Wents a Corner' and 'King William.' When they get good and at it, why—old Santa'll slide in the door. I reckon there'll be plenty of gifts to go 'round."

The ladies were flitting about the tree, giving it final touches that were never final. The Spangled Sisters were there in costume as Lady Violet de Vere and Marie, the maid, in their new drama, "The Miner's Bride." The theatre did not open until nine, and they were welcome assistants of the Christmas tree committee. Every minute heads would pop out the door to look and listen for the approach of Trinidad's team. And now this became an anxious function for night had fallen and it would soon be necessary to light the candles on the tree, and Cherokee was apt to make an irruption at any time in his Kriss Kringle garb.

At length the wagon of the child "rustlers" rattled down the street to the door. The ladies, with little screams of excitement, flew to the lighting of the candles. The men of Yellowhammer passed in and out restlessly or stood about the room in embarrassing groups.

Trinidad and the Judge, bearing the marks of protracted travel, entered, conducting between them a single impish boy, who stared with sullen, pessimistic eyes at the gaudy tree.

"Where are the other children?" asked the assayer's wife, the acknowledged leader of all social functions.

"Ma'am," said Trinidad with a sigh, "prospectin' for kids et Christmes time is like huntin' in limestons for silver. This parental business is ons that I haven't no chance to comprehend. It seems that fathers and mothers are willin' for their offsprings to be drowned, stole, fed on poison oak, and et by catamounts three hundred and sixty-four deys in the year, but on Christmas day they insist on enjoyin' the exclusive mortification of their company. This here young biped, ma'am, is all that weshes out of our two days' manoeuvres."

"Oh, the sweet little boy!" cooed Miss Erma, trailing her De Vere robes to centre of stage.

"Aw, shut up," said Bobby, with a scowl. "Who's a kid? You ain't, you bet."

"Fresh brat!" breathed Miss Erma beneath her enamelled smile.

"We done the best we could," said Trinidad. "It's tough on Cherokee, but it can't be helped."

Then the door opened end Cherokee entered in the conventional dress of Saint Nick. A white rippling beard and flowing hair covered his face almoet to his dark and shining eyes. Over his shoulder he carried a pack.

No one stirred as he came in. Even the Spangler sisters stared curiously at the tall figure. Bobby stood with his hands in his pockets gazing gloomily at the effeminate and childish tree. Cherokee put down his pack and looked wonderingly about the room. Perhaps he fancied that a bevy of eager children were being herded somewhere, to be loosed upon his entrence. He went up to Bobby and extended his red-mittened hand.

"Merry Christmas, little boy," said Cherokee. "Anything on the tree you want they'll get it down for you. Won't you shake hands with Santa Claus?"

"There ain't any Santa Claus," whined the boy. "You've got old false billy goat'e whiskers on your face. I ain't no kid. What do I want with dolls and tin horsee? The driver said you'd have a rifle, and you haven't. I want to go home."

"I'm sorry, Cherokee," he explained. "There never was a kid in Yellowhammer. We tried to rustle a bunch of 'em for your ewaree, but this sardine was all we could catch. He's a atheist, and he don't believe in Santa Claus. It's a shame for you to be out all this truck. But me and the Judge was sure we could round up a wagonful of candidates for your gimcracks."

"That's all right," said Cherokee gravely. "The expense don't amount to nothin' worth mentionin'. We can dump the stuff down a shaft or throw it away. I don't know what I was thinkin' about; but it never occurred to my cogitations that there wasn't any kids in Yellowhammer."

Meanwhile the company hed relaxed into a hollow but praiseworthy imitation of a pleasure gathering.

Bobby had retreated to a distant chair, and was coldly regarding the scene with ennui plastered thick upon him. Cherokee, lingering with his original idea, went over and sat beside him.

"Where do you live, little boy?" he asked respectfully.

"Granite Junction," said Bobby without emphasis.

The room was warm. Cherokee took off his cap, and then removed his beard and wig.

"Say!" exclaimed Bobby, with a show of interest, "I know your mug, all right."

"Did you ever see me before?" asked Cherokee.

"I don't know; but I've seen your picture lots of times."

"Where?"

The boy hesitated. "On the bureau at home," he answered.

"Let's have your name, if you please, buddy."

"Robert Lumsden. The picture belongs to my mother. She puts it under her pillow of nights. And once I saw her kiss it. I wouldn't. But women are that way."

Cherokee rose and beckoned to Trinidad.

"Keep this boy by you till I come back," he said. "I'm goin' to shed these Christmas duds, and hitch up my sleigh. I'm goin' to take this kid home."

"Well, infidel," said Trinidad, taking Cherokee's vacant chair, "and so you are too superannuated and effects to yearn for such mockeries as candy and toys, it seems."

"I don't like you," said Bobby, with acrimony. "You said there would be a rifle. A fellow can't even smoke. I wish I was at home."

Cherokee drove his sleigh to the door, and they lifted Bobby in beside him. The team of fine horses sprang away pranoingly over the hard snow. Cherokee had on his $500 overcoat of baby sealskin. The laprobe that he drew about them was as warm as velvet.

Bobby slipped a cigarette from his pocket and was trying to snap a match.

"Throw thet cigarette away," said Cherokee, in a quiet but new voice.

Bobby hesitated, and then dropped the cylinder overboard.

"Throw the box, too," commanded the new voice.

More reluctantly the boy obeyed.

"Say," said Bobby, presently, "I like you. I don't know why. Nobody never made me no anything I didn't want to do before."

"Tell me, kid," said Cherokee, not using his new voice, "ere you sure your mother kissed that picture that looke like me?"

"Dead sure. I seen her do it."

"Didn't you remark somethin' a while ago about wanting a rifle?"

"You bet I did. Will you get me one?"

"Tomorrow—silver-mounted."

Cherokee took out his watch.

"Half-past nine. We'll hit the Junction plumb on time with Christmas Day. Are you cold? Sit closer, son."

The Last Words of the Old Year

By CHARLES DICKENS

(Reprinted from Household Words)

The venerable gentlemen, christened (in the Church of England) with the names One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty, who had attained the great age of three hundred and sixty-five (days), breathed his last at midnight on thirty-first of December, in the presence of his confidential business agents, the Chief of the Grave Diggers and the Head Registrar of Births. The melancholy event took place at the residence of the deceased, on the confines of Time; and it is understood that his ashes will rest in the family vault, situated within the quiet precincts of Chronology.

For some weeks it has been manifest that the venerable gentleman was rapidly sinking. He was well aware of his approaching end, and often predicted that he would expire at twelve at night, as the whole of his ancestors had done. The result proved him to be correct, for he kept his time to the moment.

On the night of his death, being then perfectly collected, he delivered himself in the following terms, to his friends already mentioned, the Chief of the Grave Diggers and the Head Registrar of Births:

"We have done, my friends, a good deal of business together, and you are now about to enter into the service of my successor. May you give every satisfaction to him and his!

A Year of Ruin

"I have been," said the good old gentleman, penitently, "a Year of Ruin. I have blighted all the farmere, destroyed the land, given the final blow to the Agricultural Interest, and smashed the country. It is true, I have been a Year of Commercial Prosperity, and remerkable for the steadiness of my English Funds, which hevs never been lower than ninety-four.

"I have been," he said, resuming his last discourse, after a short interval of silent satisfaction, "doomed to witness the sacrifice of many valuable and dear lives, in steamboats, because of the want of the commonest and easiest precautions for the prevention of those legal murders. In the days of my great grandfather, there yet existed an invention called Paddle-box Boat. Can either of you gild the few remaining sands fast running through my glass, with the hope that my great grandson may see its adoption made compulsory on the owners of passenger steamships?"

A Stupendous Work

"A stupendous material work," these were his next words, "has been accomplished in my time. Do I, who have witnessed the opening of the Britannia Bridge across the Menai Straits, and who claim the man who made that bridge for one of my distinguished children, see through the Tube, as through a mighty telescope, the Education of the people coming nearer?"

He sat up in his bed, as he spoke, and a great light seemed to shine from his eyes.

Any Education?

"Do I," he said, "who have been deafened by a whirlwind of sound and fury, consequent on a demand for Secular Education, see any education through the opening years, for those who need it most?"

A film gradually came over his eyes, and he sank back on his pillow. Presently, directing his weakened glance towards the Head Registrar of Births, he asked that personage:

"How many of those whom Nature brings within your province, in the spot of earth called England, can neither read nor write, in after years?"

The Registrar answered (referring to the last number of the present publication), "About forty-five in every hundred."

His Last Wishes

As the hands of the clock were now rapidly advancing towards the hour which the invalid had predicted would be his last, his attendants considerd it expedient to sound him as to his arrangements in connection with his worldly affairs; both being in doubt whether these were completed, or, indeed, whether he had anything to leave. The Chief of the Grave Diggers, as the fittest person for such an office, undertook it. He delicately inquired whether his friend and master hed any testamentary wishes to express. If so, they should be feithfuly observed.

"Thank you," returned the old man, with a smile, for he was once more composed, "I have something to bequeath to my successor, but not so much (I am happy to say) as I might have had. The Sunday Postage question, thank God, I have got rid of, and the Nepaulese Ambassadors are gone home. May they stay there!"

The Head Registrar of Births took a note of the bequest.

"Is there any other wish," inquired the Chief of the Grave Diggers, observing that his patron closed his eyes.

His Bequests

"I bequeath to my successor," said the ancient gentleman, opening them again, "a vast inheritance of degradation and neglect in England, and I charge him, if he be wise, to get speedily through it. I do hereby give and bequeath to him, also, Ireland. And I admonish him to leave it to his successor in a better condition then he will find it. He can hardly leave it in a worse."

The scratching of the pen used by the Head Registrar of Births was the only sound that broke the ensuing silence.

"I do give and bequeath to him, likewise," said the Testator, rousing himself by a vigorous effort, "the last in peace.

Court of Chancery. The less he leaves of it to his successor, the better for mankind."

The Head Registrar of Births wrote as expeditiously as possible, for the clock showed that it was within five minutes of midnight.

"Also, I do give and bequeath to him," said the Testator, "the costly complications of the English law in general. With which I do hereby couple the same advice."

The Registrar, coming to the end of his note, repeated, "The same advice."

"Also, I do give and bequeath to him," said the Testator, "the Window Tax. Also a general mismanagement of all public expenditure, revenues and property in Great Britain and its possessions."

With this, the Old Year turned seranely on his side and breathed his last.

The Gift of the Magi

One of the Greatest Christmas Stories Ever Written

By O. HENRY

ONE dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldosing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at $8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid $30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to $20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculeted. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There wes a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an $8 flat. A very, thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One wes Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to deprecate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her ourling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the raveges made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island Chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! whet could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At seven o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his steps on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went to him.

"Jim, derling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the herdest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with en air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like any girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della hed worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoiseshell, with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart hed simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were here, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim hed not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they, are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

COCKY LEWIS

By WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

Illustrated by William Oberhardt

Love and Luck and Baseball

I WAS sittin' in the lobby of the hotel in San Antonio one Spring night when this blue-eyed young cake eater with curly hair an' an "Oh, girls, look!" suit of clothes on come up to me an says: "Are you Clark Scanlon, the manager of the Yanks?"

I gave him a quick up an' down, an' picked him for a bug.

So I give him a look that would have felt like a cold wind to a polar bear, an' I says to him, I says: "Yes, I'm Clark Scanlon, an' I'm manager of the Yanks too," I says to him. "An' that ain't half of it," I says. "Just about this time—on nights when it's a full moon—I get red in the face an' bite nice little boys with blue eyes an' curly hair. There's a full moon tonight," I saye to him. "Go on out an' watch it come up."

But this young snip reaches in his pants pocket, pulls out a fancy cigarette case, opens it, takes out a pill, shuts the case, an' taps the end of his cigarette on it, like an actor playin' a rich man's son. Then he strikes a match an' lights his smoke, an' after he gets his smoke goin' good, he give me the eye.

He started with the top of my head, which don't seem to meet with his approval, went down across my face, clumb down over my chest, and on down the rest of me to the soles of my feet.

When he got through sizin' me up he looked me right in the eye, an' he says: "Is it indigestion, or were you just born that way?"

Say, that boy had a tone in his voice that was just the same to me as a lighted match to a pile of gunpowder. I couldn't 'a' got madder at an umpire than I was at him that minute.

"Just step outside with me so I can have the open air to spatter you around in," I says to him. "Boy," I says, "you're going to cover an awful lot of territory when I get done sowin' spare parts of you here an' there!"

The kid looks at me an' kind o' sighs. "You're a darn poor manager," he says. "A good leader of men ought never to lose his temper. But that's all right. You ain't going to worry me any. I'm Cocky Lewis."

"If you're Lewis, you're cocky all right," I says to him. "You're cocky, whatever the rest of your name is. Come on outside," I says to him, "an' if I can find out what makes you this way, while I'm takin' you apart, I'll throw it away. If you get well, maybe you'll be all right."

"You're gettin' old," the young fellow says. "I don't want to take advantage of you. Anyhow, I might break a knuckle on you, or something like that, an' you can't afford to have me laid up with a bum hand."

Then I make him. Cocky Lewis! The Cocky part what was put me off. He was a young rookie from the Pacific Coast, that Jack Costello had tipped me off on an' sent up for his first shot at the big time. I remembered what Jack had written me about the kid. "I'm afraid to say how good a second baseman I think this boy is," he wrote in. "I think so well of this kid that I must be losing my judgment in my old age. No rookie can possibly be as good as this one looks to me. Take a slant at him an' find out what ails him."

But he hadn't spoken of him as Cocky Lewis, just J. K. Lewis. And this was the kid!

I give him the up an' down an' says: "Well," I says, "you know how to get in right with a guy who can put butter on your bread or skids under your feet! Now don't you?"

"I don't have to get in right with any guy," the kid says to me cool an' unexcited. "That ain't the way I get by," he says.

"Oh, you do get by, do you?" I says.

"I've had one year of semi-pro ball," he says to me, "an' I'm here to play second base for the Yanks, ain't I? I guess that's gettin' by."

"You're here," I says, "because poor old Jack Costello is gettin' along in years. He must be failin' fast to fall for you! I'm goin' to take one quick look at you, young fellow, an' before I do, let me give you a piece of advice. If you brought a trunk with you, don't waste any money havin' it sent up to the hotel. You've already cost us your car fare here, an' a little birdie tells me we're goin' to be out your car fare back by just about tomorrow night."

"You and Jack Costello are just about the same age, ain't you?" the kid pops back at me. "The old-timers tell me you were both good once."

That slid up under my vest an' scratched. It's a lot easier for me to remember back to the time when I last needed a comb an' brush than it is to recall the first time I had to use a razor. We hadn't gone so good the year before, an' some of the sport writers an' a lot of the bugs were puttin' on a campaign to have me signed up with the Home for the Aged an' Infirm.

I stood there an' blinked at the kid—stuck! The only comeback I could think of was a smack on the jaw, an' I couldn't afford that. They'd have said I was gettin' old an' grouchy.

"Show up at the park tomorrow an' make me think you're a ball player," I says to him. "Try an' do it!" An' I walked off an' left him.

Of course, everybody that knows anything about baseball knows what happened when Cocky Lewis showed up at the park. After an hour's work he didn't have a friend on the team, an', likewise, he didn't have any more chance of bein' shipped back to the bushes than I have of pitchin' the kind of a game that I used to turn in twenty years ago. The guy was almost as good as he thought he was, an' believe me when I say that I'm praise in' him.

We'd figured on usin' old Swede Hanson at second for one more year. But Cocky Lewis hadn't been doin' his stuff for half of the mornin' workout when the Swede passed me on his way to the bench to get a drink, an' give me as game a grin as I ever seen on a man's face.

"I'm goin' to sell my extra pair o' shoes an' invest the dough in havin' the seat of my pants re-enforced," he says to me. "I'm goin' to have time to set an' think this summer."

"Fat chance you got of settin' anywhere when there's a ball game on, sucker," I says to him.

"You're a good-hearted liar, Clark," the Swede says. "The kid's a dark, ain't he?" Then he pulled his cap down over his eyes an' went on to get his drink of water.

By the time we got home an' started the season Cocky Lewis was in wrong with every man on the team. Did you ever play poker with a guy who could draw two cards to a flush an' fill? An' make inside straights? An' then keep right on doin' it night after night? A guy who can do that, an' does it, has got to have a wonderful disposition to keep any friends. Cocky Lewis did it; he did it right along, an' he had a disposition that would make you hate him, even if you were winning his money, which none of us ever did.

He got the sport writers with the team set against him before he'd been with us two weeks. When they wrote that he was good—which he was—he'd go round an' bawl 'em out for not havin' made their stories stronger. An' when they wrote that he was a swell-headed youngster, which they also did, he'd laugh at 'em an' tell 'em sure he was swell-headed: he had something to be swell-headed about.

So when we got home the only friends he had left in the world were the fans an' Mary Horton.

It was all right with me about the fans, but the Mary Horton thing made me sore. Mary was my sister's kid, an' I'd had her with me ever since her mother died, when the youngster was five. Mary was twenty-one the year Cocky Lewis first came up, an' she was one little peach. Her time had been divided between boardin' schools an' college, press stands an' ball parks, Pullmans an' hotels. Her friends ran all the way from highbrow professors an' multi-millionaires' kids on down to roughneck ball players. I'd always been awful proud of the way she stayed clear of the hundred an' one young snips that tried to make love to her.

She hated a case of swelled head as much as I did. And yet she fell for Cocky Lewis!

"He's a nice boy, uncle," she told me when I tried to set her straight on him. "I know what you think about him, an' I know what everbody else on the team thinks, an' you're all wrong. Mr. Lewis has only two big faults, an' I'm willin' to overlook them."

"Only two!" I says to her. "What two of the ten thousand seven hundred and eighty-six have you recognized?"

"He's bashful," she says, "an' he lacks confidence in himself."

"Mary," I says to her, "I wish I had a daughter of my own," I says. "I wish I had her just so I could profit by what you've taught me, an' never send her to college."

"I know what you think," Mary says to me, "but you're wrong, uncle; you're wrong, an' I'm right."

So they got engaged, an' that was that up to the time of that game with Chicago, the first week in July. I'm not one of those that says Dusty Hanson meant to do it. I don't like Dusty an', never did; but he's no murderer. Cocky was always crowdin' the plate, anyway, an' Dusty wasn't the first one who burned 'em in high an' inside to drive him back. Of course Dusty expected the boy to duck, an' why he didn't do it nobody knows. Cocky himself could never explain it. I talked to him about it while he was in the hospital. He said he seen the ball comin', an' the next thing he remembered he was in bed.

It was while he was delirious from that crack on the bean that I first learned about the luck piece. It was a gold-mounted rabbit's foot, attached to an old twenty-dollar gold piece. The kid got to callin' for it in the ambulance before we got him to the hospital. "I want Uncle Jim's luck piece," he kept sayin' over an' over again. "Something's happened to me. I want Uncle Jim's luck piece! I want it! I tell you something's happened, an' I want Uncle Jim's luck piece."

He kept on an' on like that, an' none of us knew what he was talkin' about till Mary showed up. As soon as she heard what he was askin' for she told me what to get. I frisked his clothes an' I found this rabbit's foot with the twenty-dollar gold piece in a little special trick pocket in the inside of his vest. An' you know what? He had a look on that pocket! Yes, he did! It was lined with leather an' had a leather flap with one o' these little bits of locks on it, like you see on jewelry boxes.

I got it out an' took it to him. He was unconscious all right; but, boy! He had sense alive in him somewhere to close his hand over that luck piece when I put it in his palm, an' he never let loose of it for all the time he was delirious. Pretty near three weeks, that was; an' he held that luck piece in his hand all that time.

There was a dozen times that the doctors thought he was goin' to pass out, an' whenever he was pretty near gone he'd start in sayin': "It's all right. I got Uncle Jim's luck piece. I don't care! Something's happened to me, but I got Uncle Jim's luck piece. I don't care! I got Uncle Jim's luck piece."

Mary told me about the thing. An uncle of Cocky's was an old-time Western gambler. He used to play the Pacific boats a lot. One of the best known of the early gamblers in Dawson an' Nome. Quite a character, I guess. Supposed to be honest; never stacked a deck, but depended on his luck. It seems like every time he missed a train it was wrecked. If he meant to go to the theatre an' didn't, the theatre burned down—an' all such like as that.

When Cocky was born in San Francisco this Uncle Jim was just in, down from the North, an' booked for passage on a boat to China. It seems he give Cocky's mother this luck piece with a lot of rigmarole about what it would do for the kid an' how it had always got him by; but he had plenty of money now, an' he'd seen a lot anyhow—an' all such like as that. An' then he sailed for China, an', of course, the boat was never heard from again, an' Cocky had had it dinned into him from then on that as long as he owned that luck piece he couldn't lose; an' if he ever lost it that would be all for him.

"That's why he's so seemingly confident an' boastful about everything," Mary explained to me. "You see, he really isn't confident nor boastful either. All of his confidence is in that silly, stupid old luck piece, an' he's just like a scared boy whistlin' in the dark to keep up his courage. He brags about things because he has no confidence in himself, an' he's afraid someone will find it out."

"Well," I says to her, "if you're goin' to get married to him, you'd better find some system of makin' sure that he never loses that luck piece."

"Loses it!" says Mary, lookin' at me, an' the tears come into her eyes. "I'll never be happy until he does," she says, an' turned around an' went away.

I've never been married, but I know enough about women never to ask them to explain when they make some crack I don't understand, so I just let it go at that.

Cocky Lewis wasn't able to get back in the line-up that season, but he showed up for Spring trainin' after a Winter out on the Pacific Coast, lookin' huskier an' cockier than ever. He an' Mary were to be settled in June, an' when I seen the look on her face the first day he come prancin' into the hotel at our Spring trainin' quarters, I felt as if I could almost like him. She certainly did think the world an' all of that youngster!

As I said, Cockey looked all right, but the first time he stepped up to the plate, with a bat in his mitts, I knew he was in for bad trouble. Blocky Miller lobbed one over for him that you could have counted the stitches on as it came up; an' what does Cocky do but stick his foot in the water bucket! Yes, sir! Cocky Lewis, that had always crowded the plate an' leaned into the fastest of 'em, drew back as this little heave come toward him an' kind o' half ducked.

He looked over at me an' laughed. It was a pretty poor job of laughin,' at that. "What do you know about that?" he says. "Can you beat it? I guess I must have been thinkin' about that one that caught me on the bean." He hammered the plate with his bat an' called out to Blocky: "Feed me another one kid. Put some beef into it an' watch me do murder."

Blocky heaved him another one: a wide one it was, an' slow too. I was watchin' the kid close, an' I seen that he stepped back even before the ball left Blocky's hand. He stepped back when the pitcher made the motion to throw! You know what a lot o' chatter there is goin' on on a ball field when the boys are warmin' up, particularly along the first of the Spring trainin'? Well, sir, that field was as quiet as a church. Everybody was lookin' at Cocky Lewis.

His face got red, an' he grabbed his bat hard an' asked for another one. Blocky fed him another easy one, an' back the kid went. He stepped away from the plate even before the ball left Blocky's hand!

"All right," I saye to him. "Cut it out for a while, Cocky. Try it again later." He threw down his bat an' walked over to me. He was shakin' all over, an' there was an awful scared look in his eyes.

"I swear I don't know what's the matter with me, Mr. Scanlon," he says in a scared voice, "but when Blocky starts to throw that ball I pull away from the plate. I can't help it. When I see it start I just pull away as though somebody give me a crack in the jaw an' knocked me back."

"Oh, you'll be all right, Cocky," I says to him, an' I never deliberately told a bigger lie in my life. "That'll wear off."

"I hope so," he says. He walked away a little piece an' called to old Jack Slater to toss him a ball. Jack was fiddlin' round, playin' catch with a couple of the boys. He drew back his arm to toss the ball to Cocky, an' what does the boy do but draw back an' half duck again! He caught the ball all right, an' tossed it back to Slater an' motioned for him to throw it again. With the motion of his arm Cocky pulls back an' kind of half ducks.

Before he'd been beaned, any manager in the league would have given me fifty thousand cash an' maybe more for Cocky Lewis; an' right at that minute, standin' there on the field watchin' the boy, I'd 'a' sold him for a dime an' been sure I was gettin' the best of the bargain. Once they've been hit that way, an' get real sure-enough gun shy, they're done!

I walked over to the kid, an' when I got to him he was blubberin' a little bit. "I don't know what's the matter with me," he says, tryin' to keep the tears back. "I ain't afraid of the ball, but I just can't help steppin' away from it. It's just like somebody shoved me."

"Come on, kid," I says, puttin' my arm around his shoulder, "you go get your clothes on now an' forget it. This is your first day out since you were hit, isn't it?" He nodded yes. "Well," I says to him as he walked along toward the clubhouse, "you just go on back to the hotel an' rest. You'll be all right tomorrow."

But he was scared: scared right! By the time I got to the clubhouse with him he was cryin' like a kid. "I ain't afraid of the ball," he kept on sayin', "but when I see a guy make a motion to throw I just pull away an' duck. I just can't help it. What's the matter with me?"

I tried to kid him along, but I knew I wasn't gettin' anywhere with it. Probably I wasn't convincin' him for the good an' sufficient reason that I knew I was lyin' when I told him he'd be all right.

I stayed with him while he was gettin' dressed, an' he was in a terrible stew, up till he started to put on his coat an' vest. An' then, all of a sudden, a look of relief came into his face. He took a long breath an' begun to laugh. It was a real laugh this time. The regular old Cocky Lewis laugh, that we all knew an' hated. He was fingerin' that little bump on the inside of his vest; that fool luck piece made of a rabbit's feet and a twenty-dollar gold-piece!

"I lost my goat for a minute," he says, "but I'm all right now. I'll be in there tomorrow bustin' 'em over the fence. You watch me! They're goin' to have to put 'em close and fast to drive me away from that plate. You watch me!"

I figured maybe his faith in that fool luck piece would pull him through, an' I was glad of that, because he was a valuable piece of baseball property, an' on account of Mary, too, of course. But at the same time it made me kind o' sick! There was something about seein' a full-grown man with all his will an' courage dependent on the possession or loss of a fool rabbit's foot hooked on to an old twenty-dollar gold piece—that seemed kind of awful!

But for once his luck piece failed to work; that is, with anybody but Cocky. He came out to the field the next day as full of pep an' high purposes as ever, perfectly sure that he was all right again. But he went right on philin' away an' kind of half duckin' every time anybody threw a ball at him. But it didn't worry him. He'd step up to the plate an' pull away from one so far he couldn't have hit it with a telephone pole, An' laugh about it an' say: "Never mind; I won't do it again." An' then he'd step up an' do the same thing right over again, an' laugh some more. He was perfectly certain that fool luck piece of his was goin' to pull him through. The rest of us all knew he was done, but he still had confidence in his charm: absolute confidence, what I mean! He knew nothin' bad could happen to him as long as he had that luck piece, an' he went right on plannin' for a great career as a ball player long after the rest of us had put a lily in his hand an' kissed him good-by, so to speak.

If it had been anybody but Cocky Lewis, he'd got all the sympathy in the world, but the gang were glad enough to see him hit the chutes. He'd acted so doggone swell-headed—cocky is the right word—when he was goin' good, that they were all glad to see him slip.

His contract run for all that season, but along late in June the owners began to talk to me about payin' what was comin' to him an' letting him slide. They didn't see any sense in payin' his car fare round the circuit, an' naturally we couldn't get anything for him in a trade. The news about him was out an' there wasn't a team in the league would have paid the price of a uniform for him.

I first began to think maybe the kid wasn't such a bad sort of a human bein' after all, when he insisted on postponin' his weddin' date. Mary wanted to go through with it, but the kid said no.

"I'm goin' to be all right," he says to me. "You can laugh if you want to, but I know what this luck piece of mine does for me. I'm going to be all right, an' I know it! But just now ball playin' is the only thing I can get any real dough at, and everybody thinks I'm through. You've all got me pegged for a dead one. I know you're wrong, but I'm not goin' to marry your niece till I prove you're all wrong. She'll wait for me an' I can wait for her until I make good again."

"Well, Cocky," I says, "I don't like to be a crape hanger, but I might as well tell you, you're through in baseball. I'm tellin' you this now, because the quicker you find it out, the sooner you may quit wastin' time an' get started in some other business. Your luck piece may work for you again if you'll start sellin' automobiles, or insurance, or something like that, but it'll never be any use to you with a bat in your hand."

"I know what you think," he says, "but you're wrong. Just watch me!"

A week later we're in Chicago, an' I'm up in a hotel room watchin' a bunch of the boys playin' a little stud, when the big stick-up comes off. Two birds did the trick. They knocked at the door an' one of 'em says: "Telegram!"

Red Snider opened the door, an' the two of 'em oozed in. The first guy had two guns, one in each mitt, an' he spoke his little piece about how healthy we'd be if we didn't make no noise. He lined us up against the wall, an' his pal started to frisk us. None of the boys had more than a few dollars an' some small jewelry on, so we all stood for the frisk, without makin' any squawk until the guy that was goin' through us got to Cocky Lewis.

Cocky didn't squeal until the bird had gone all through his pockets an' finally felt inside of his vest, where the luckpiece was.

"Well, well," says the holdup guy who was goin' through him, "what have we here?"

Cocky's face was chalk white an' he was shakin' like a pair of dice in a nervous crap shooter's hand. "That ain't worth nothin' to anybody but me," he says. "Let me keep it, will you? Listen. I'll do anything for you if you'll let me keep that. Please don't take it. It ain't worth anything to anybody but me."

"Is that a fact?" the holdup guy says. He ripped loose the lock on the pocket an' fished out the luck piece.

"Please don't take that," Cocky begged, shakin' all over. "That ain't any good to you, an' I—I can't get along without it!"

The holdup guy looked at the thing an' hefts it in his hand. "It looks like gold," he says, "an' it feels like gold. If it is gold, I can use it," an' he starts to put in his pocket.

You could see Cocky's whole body kind of contract like a doubled-up fist. His hands came down a little bit an' he sort of crouched, all ready to jump at the guy. The bird that had been friskin' him backed up a bit, an' the fellow across the room, that was holdin' the guns on us, turned both of 'em on Cocky.

"Easy there," he says. "I don't want to shoot, but one more move like that out of you an' I'll spill a couple of gunfuls into your dinner."

"An' then Cocky began to beg in earnest. He promised 'em everything. He'd send 'em checks. He'd bring 'em money at any place they'd say. He'd do anything if they'd only give him back that luck piece!

But you can't do business with a holdup guy. He don't make any dates to meet you later, no matter how much dough you promise to bring along. He's got to get what he's gettin' while he's gettin' it.

There was nothin' doin' on givin' Cocky back his luck piece or makin' any arrangement for him to buy it back later. I was watchin' the kid close, because, knowin' what I did of the way he felt about it, I figured there was goin' to be a play before ever those two birds got out of that room with that fool thing that the boy set such store by. I was on the opposite end of the line from Cocky, an' I didn't bat an eye until I was sure he was just at the bustin' point. I reckon a guy playin' baseball as long as I did gets a kind of sixth sense that tells him when a man's just on the point of startin' to do something; or run or throw, or something like that. Anyhow, I knew that Cocky was goin' to go, just the tiniest split flash of an instant before he started an' I knew that the crasy kid was goin' first for the guy with the guns.

An' just that flash of an instant before he did start, I took my life in one hand an' threw it up in the air an' took chances on catchin' it again when it come down.

I give a sharp, quick yell an' kind of half moved; just a little bit. The bird with the guns jumped an' swung 'em my way an' then he swung 'em back toward Cocky an' cut loose with 'em.

But he didn't swing 'em quick enough. Cocky was across the room an' into him like a flash, an', as the guy shot, Cocky ducked, reachin' forward as he did it, with his arms up; he grabbed the guy's hands as he came in on him an' shoved 'em up. There were two shots an' both of 'em went high. Before the stick-up guy got fingerin' his triggers again, Cocky was in on him with a smash of his head in the pit of the fellow's stomach, and the rest of us were right there with him. Somebody yanked one of the guns out of the stick-up guy's hand an' banged the butt down hard on the top of his head, an' that was all for him.

The windows leadin' out on the fire escape were open, an' the other guy—the one who had frisked us—dove for one of 'em.

Cocky gave a yell an' went after him. The guy grabbed an alarm clock off a stand that was sittin' beside the window an' drew back to throw it at Cocky.

Well, sir—there it was! This guy had what Cocky thought meant more to him than anything else in the world an' he was doin' the one thing that got Cocky's goat. He had his arm back like a ball player's, with a thing in his hand to throw, an' he was goin' to throw it at Cocky! It all happened faster than a guy could clap his hands together once, but I didn't miss any of it.

The fear that was in Cocky's brain, burned in there by that ball that Dusty Hanson beaned him with, half stopped the boy, an' made that old motion to pull away an' duck.

But the other thing was bigger. His craze for that luck piece was greater than his fear of the guy throwin' something at him. He gave a great, big yell an' dove for the bird. The stick-up man by the window let drive with the alarm clock—an' missed. He didn't miss much, but that wasn't any help to him. He missed an' Cocky had him.

When we finally got 'em untangled, the kid had his luck piece held tight in his hand an' he started jabberin' at me like a madman. "I got it beat," he says. "Scanlon I got it beat. I ain't afraid of 'em any more. I didn't duck when he started to throw that clock at me. I wanted to, but I didn't an' I got it beat. You think this luck piece is the bunk? Is that so! Well, you see what happened! Put me in battin' practice tomorrow an' just watch what I do. I got it beat!"

Well, I'll say he did. The kid didn't go to bed that night. He walked the streets an' roamed around the hotel all night long an' next mornin', at battin' practice, he stepped up to the plate and leaned into 'em with all the nerve he'd ever shown in the old days. I put him in to pinch hit that afternoon, with two out an' two on, an' he stepped into a fast one, high an' inside, an' cracked out as pretty a double as you'd ever want to see. He was cured.

That night I wae sittin' up in my room, talkin' with him an' Mary an' he was fingerin' this luck piece of his. It made me kind of sick, the way he petted it an' run his fingers over it. All of a sudden he started to look awful hard at the twenty-dollar gold piece. A funny look came over his face, and he took it over close to the light an' held it up to his eyes an' stared at it. Then he looked around at Mary.

"Look!" he says to her, holdin' out the luck piece. He acted like a fellow that had just been shot. "The date on this is 1880. I—why—I thought—Why, what's happened? It was 1870! Why, I've noticed it a hundred times. Uncle Jim's piece was 1870! Why, something's wrong!"

Mary stood up straight an' looked at him an' for a minute she didn't say nothing. The creepiest kind of a feelin' come over me, as I stood there watchin' her, because somehow the look in her face, the expression in her eyes, was just the same thing I'd seen in Cocky's face the night before, when he thought he was goin' to lose his luck piece an' was decidin' that if it come down to that, he'd rather lose his life. An' just that same way, too, a flash of an instant before Mary started to speak, I had that funny little feelin' inside of me that she was goin' to do something—do something that took all she had in her to put over.

"Boy, it's time you learned to believe in something real," she said, an' her voice was as stern as a judge's. "Do you remember Miss Creegan, the night nurse at the hospital where you were operated on? She took that luck piece of yours an' gave it to her sweetheart. I had another made as near like the original as I could get it, but I didn't have much time, an' I couldn't find a twenty-dollar gold piece of the right date in such a hurry. It never had any power for good or evil any more than the one you've got there, that I had made to substitute for it."

After she began to speak I quit watchin' her an' begun watchin' Cocky. Did you ever see one of these birds on the vaudeville stage doin' a trick balancin' act, way high up somewhere? One of these acts where a guy stands or sits on something an' leans an' leans till you're blame sure he's goin' to fall?

You know how you sit in your seat all tightened up an' thrilled, wonderin' if he's goin' to lean that extra little millionth of an inch an' come crashin' down to bust his noodle on the stage, or recover his balance an' swing back into safety again? Even when you know it's an act that the guy does twice a day, an' that he's sure to be all right, you get an awful kick out of it, don't you? Sure you do! Well, watchin' Cocky was just like watchin' one of those acts, only more so. Right that minute the kid was standin' in an awful tough spot, an' you could see he was just about to fall. An' you knew, too, that if he did fall right there, that would be the end of him.

He stood there lookin' at that luck piece in his hand for I don't know how long! I suppose it wasn't more than half a minute, but it sure did seem to me like a couple of the longest years I ever lived. Then he looked up at Mary, an' all of a sudden he begun to laugh, and I knew the kid had got his balance again. It was the same old Cocky laugh, with a little something gone. The thing that was gone was the thing in him that had made everybody—but Mary—dislike him; an' the thing that was added was the thing that made everybody who had anything to do with Cocky after that admit that Mary was right in the first place.

Mary run over to him an' hugged him an' cried over him, an' they started laughin' together, an' I went an' looked out the window, feelin' kind of solemn and churchy in my guise.



There were two shots an' both of 'em went high. Before the stick-up guy got fingerin' his triggers again Cocky was on him.

Bazaars and Their Uses

(T. J. Morris in Montreal Star)

BAZAARS are ripe just now. How do I know? Well the first intimation that this modern method of Paul Clifford, Claude Duval, Robin Hood, and other gentlemen in the same line of business was in full swing was that one afternoon recently when two semi large and beaming ladies were ushered into my office. Soft smiles and "asking" looks were written al over their faces. These up-to-date highway robbers levelled ingratiating glances at one's head instead of pistols. "Hands up" they cried and prepared to go through you. "We have come to collect for the bazaar in ald of the Society for so and so," said they. What could and would I give them?

Now as my office is up two long flights of stairs and the elevator out of order and these ladies were both at the fair, fat and forty stage of their life, my bump of philanthropy started to work over time. Pity oozed up in my heart for these two perspiring supplicants of charity—for others. I mentioned that I would donate a sum which I though quite large. Evidently I was wasting my pity on these semi-elderly, semi-good-looking ladies; they were simply animated bags for putting money into. They semed to have no regard for me as a man at all, only as a money producer. Such a withering glance of contempt as I received when I mentioned the sum I would give. I thought it quite large—that amount—considering the big slice of commiseration I had been bestowing upon them.

It was quite obvious to me by this time that they preferred cold cash to warm sympathy. So taking my kindly feelings and putting them safely away for the next comer, I took out my check book instead and with my best charity bow presented it to these disdainful dames.

Their smiles as they thanked me were about 1-10th of an inch in diameter, just little corner smiles, quite large enough for my donation they thought.

They also sold me tickets for this coming bazaar and extracted from me a promise that I would surely attend. I said yes if I had time I would go. At the same time I also made a little private promise to myself that the required "time" would not be forthcoming. How little does a man know his own future, after a little soft(?) woman has promised to honor and obey (?) him for life, he is as wax in her hands—alas! Assuredly the lady who has the felicity of pouring out my morning Mocha has a better insight into my "coming events" than I. For it so transpired for some weeks after the operation had been successfully performed of separating me from some of that lubricant that oils life's wheels, that the ruler of my destiny said to me: "George, I have an idea."

Now don't think for a moment that ideas are such an unfrequent visitor to my wife. Occasionally she has quite an epidemic of them, but this seemed a particularly good one judging by the sparkle in her eye.

"Well," said I, "out with it."

Now you know that bazaar you subscribed to, you have tickets for it." (Oh Lord, why had I given them to her.) "Let's go to it, it is close on to Christmas time now. They are sure to have dozens of beautiful things we could give away as presents and we could buy cheaply and enjoy ourselves as well."

Brilliant brain to have evolved such a wonderful idea!

So to the bazaar went we. The moment we entered the doors we were waylaid, besieged, captured by all sorts and conditions of banditti—girls with flowers to sell, girls with cushions to raffle, pretty girls, giggly girls, serious girls, plain girls, but alas, no shy girls. With determined airs of making us paupers before we left the building all these bundles of fluffy femininity got around us: "Take a chance on this"; have a throw on that," they cried in solo and chorus.

Further down the hall the ladies waxed older and—bolder; lean spinsters with that sort of home-made-pickle-and-preserve brand of face—faces of the vintage of 1867 came out of booths all down the line and grabbed us! And we bought from them!! Large motherly looking creatures took us into their embraces (metaphorically) and covered us up quite cozy and snug in the warm glow of their ingratiating smiles. And we bought from them!! We bought and bought and then some, and still that insatiable maw of charity cried like Oliver Twist for "More."

Oh the articles we bought,—useful, ornamental, good, bad and indifferent. We ate homemade candy, we drank homemade concoctions that would make even a staunch prohibitionist have compassion. We consumed vast quantities of vile ice cream (the donated kind,—made with a special brand of oleomargarine and a new specie of hair oil flavoring.)—And all in the cause of charity!!

And we still continued to buy. Oh Lord, I said to myself, will this orgy of money scattering never cease?

Fascinated by all the vari coloured cushions and brilliant snares for the unwary, my leading lady flew from booth to booth; I after her carrying heavy bundles and an ever lightening purse, the banditti in full swing after us. Like Kipling's famous gentleman I continuued to "pay, pay, pay." But at last, at last, with masterly determination I tore my reluctant spouse away from that place of fairy lights and diabolical heat.

We had to hire a small sized truck to carry away our purchases. Oh yes, we had bought enough for about six Christmases—and at prices large enough to cover six more. We won a bag of potatoes and six bottles of paris green looking pickles, and a home made cake that looked as if it would come in very handy next Summer for sinkers for my fishing tackle.

The next morning my wife was having that usual "brown taste," only it was in a mental way. She had recovered from the intoxicating influence of last night's "buying orgy," and her remorse was working over time. "Why did I buy this? Why did I get that?" She kept on exclaiming. "The morning after the night before" was getting in its usual work.

I murmured a few requiems over my dead and gone cash and then in a bland and gentle voice, I said to my wife: "Bazaars are very well in their way, my dear, but kindly refrain from putting them in my way in the future.

When staying at his family seat, Belvoir Castle, the Duke of Rutland has to walk more than a quarter of a mile to bed. This is the distance from the Duke's study, at one end of the historic old castle, and his bed room at the other.

Motors & Motoring

MAXWELL CO. BUSY

CLOSED CAR PRODUCTION IS AT HIGH FIGURE

Big Demand Has Made Increase in Schedule Necessary—Club Coupe Meets With Favor

DETROIT, Dec. 23.—Maxwell Motor Corporation's closed car production, which has shown steady gains throughout the year, has now reached a point higher than ever before in the history of the company, and the unusually large buying demand is forcing the Maxwell factories to work day and night. There are also substantial indications that even the present high mark may be exceeded within the next few months.

For the last year Maxwell closed models have held an exceptionally strong position in a market ruled by intense competition. Several times it was found necessary to increase production materially in the company's large body plants in Dayton, O. Recently additions were made in the Dayton properties which permitted the Maxwell organization to aim at a manufacturing schedule that would more closely conform to the steady and insistent buying demand. The present high closed car output is the direct result of the greatly expanded resources for fine closed car manufacture, it is pointed out by Arthur E. Barker, vice-president of the company, but even with this tremendous schedule it has been found necessary to make further increases, and in the last week the Maxwell factories have been in operation nights as well as days. There is every evidence that this condition will continue.

"Our increased facilities for building closed cars have made possible the attainment of what is believed to be the highest proportionate closed car production ever recorded for a car of or above the Maxwell price," said Mr. Barker. "And our plants for the next few months call for even more remarkable closed car manufacturing developments in our factories.

"The Maxwell club coupe, a two-passenger inclosed vehicle that has found instant favor in the less than $1,000 class, is being turned out in increasing quantities each day. As soon as we are able to realize our production requirements in this model I feel certain that our closed cars will represent an even greater proportion of our total schedule.

"The public response to this vehicle has been so wonderful that we are already warning dealers and motor car users to place orders well in advance."

BECOMES SECRETARY OF BEAVER TRUCK COMPANY, HAMILTON



R. H. BEAL

For many years connected with the Bank of Nova Scotia, has left that institution to become secretary and office manager of the Beaver Truck Corporation of Hamilton.

Mr. Beal has had wide experience in banking circles. He was identified with the Bank of Nova Scotia for many years, the latter six as manager of one of their important branches in Hamilton.

News of the appointment has been received with marked interest in automotive circles.

Starting on Compression

Before stopping the motor, speed up the engine a little, at the same time making the gas a little richer, if you have a dash control. This leaves a strong mixture in the cylinders, making it easier to start again, especially on damp, heavy mornings.

THOUGHTFUL OWNER USES AMPLE CAUTION

Valuable Points on Proper Manipulation of Brakes and Gears—Speeding Hard on Car

Care and caution are the watchwords of the thoughtful man at the wheel. They are his second nature. Not so much from fear of his own safety as from consideration of others, and, incidentally, for economical operation of his car, and for getting all possible service out of it.

For example, consider the matter of holding the steering wheel. The careful man takes a firm grip on it—palms up, the hands at each side at a point of out one-third of the way from the bottom. The careless driver may be found with one hand or two hanging loosely at the bottom, palms down. At first palms up may be uncomfortable, but the position will soon become the easier, as it is the safer and more secure.

Cautious Driver Shifts Quietly

The careful and cautious driver starts his car with an even, quiet acceleration of his motor, dropping in the clutch with a smooth, velvet-like motion, shifting into the various gears without clashing, the change from low to high being accomplished in such a manner that the passengers in the car are hardly conscious of the change that was taking place.

It is not necessary to clash the gears, yet many drivers go through their whole motoring experience with a continuous clash; they drop in their clutch in such a manner that their passengers are frequently tipped up "on their backs," so to speak. And when these same drivers stop their cars, they usually grind their brakes and stop with a suddenness that nearly throws the passengers out of the car.

Many motorists dread driving up and down hills. This is no more difficult to the careful and experienced driver than traveling on the level. It is only the inexperienced driver who insists on taking every hill on high. Usually he hits the top of the grade with motor laboring or knocking, to the ultimate damage, or ruin, of the car.

Gears are placed in an automobile for a purpose. It is always advisable to remember that one law of mechanics is, "In order to gain speed you must sacrifice power, and in order to gain power you must sacrifice speed." If a driver is approaching a hill he needs power. A lower gear provides this and should be used. Also, it is easier to shift near the bottom of the grade.

Compression Best Method

In descending a grade, the careless driver will apply brakes, both foot and emergency. The careful driver shifts into a lower gear and brakes on the motor's compression; on a slight grade second gear, and on a steeper, low. In each instance, however, his foot brakes or emergency brakes are only auxiliary.

Driving rapidly over rough spots does not eliminate discomfort. What is more, it is hard on the tires. Bouncing up and down in the rear grinds the tread off the brakes and is worse than skidding or sliding the tires under heavy brake pressure. Skidding on wet pavements may be overcome by careful driving. With a skid likely, the careful driver slows up, goes into lower gear and applies the brakes very gently. Disengaging the clutch and applying the brakes usually precipitates skid that is quickly beyond control. Especially is this true if the brakes are not properly equalized.

USE OF MIRROR SAFETY MEASURE FOR AUTOMOBILE

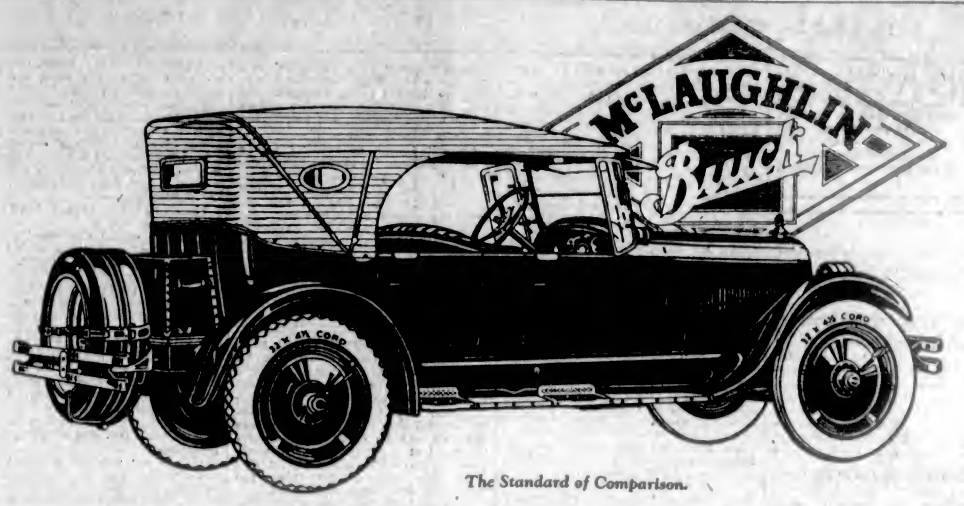
Mirrors on automobiles, showing the driver, at a glance, the condition of traffic immediately behind him, are among the best preventives of traffic accidents in use today, according to the American Automobile Association officials. Mounted at the left side of the windshield on the open car, or screwed to the frame of the closed car in the same position, the mirror calls immediate attention to a car approaching from the rear, and often saves a collision, with resultant loss to both cars, it is pointed out.

"The American Automobile Association has always maintained that every truck in the United States should be equipped with a mirror," said M. O. Eldridge, executive chairman of the American Automobile Association, "and the addition of a mirror to the left-hand side of the passenger automobile would prove a large added factor of safety. The American Automobile Association rule of the road is that one vehicle approaching another from the rear and passing it, shall pass to the left of the vehicle ahead, and this rule gives the driver with a left-hand mirror a perfect view of the approaching motorist and enables him to give the passing car its share of the road. It does not attract the attention of the driver from the road ahead, as a passing glance is all that is needed to show him traffic conditions to the rear of his car.

"Fifteen states and the District of Columbia now require mirrors on trucks, the states being Vermont, Washington, California, Connecticut, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New York, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri and New Jersey. Nevada is now considering such a law and the movement is spreading to other states.

"Passenger cars can benefit from this example and their drivers can do much to increase their present margin of safety by affixing a small mirror to the left-hand side of the car."

A three-wheeled motor truck has been invented in England, driven by the third wheel, which is at the rear.



The Standard of Comparison.

A Stylish Sport Touring
But First of All a McLaughlin-Buick

Beautiful in appearance, rich in contrasting colors, spirited and eager in performance, the new 1923 McLaughlin-Buick Sport Touring is an outing companion of the finest sort.

Nickel and beveled plate glass are liberally used to best advantage. Not in years has McLaughlin produced a car so strikingly smart nor so richly appointed as the new 23-55 Special.

STANDARD EQUIPMENT INCLUDES

Disc wheels, double bar nickel plated bumper front and rear, top of genuine English Burbank with natural wood bows and nickel-plated slat irons, adjustable sunshade, miroscope, windshield wiper, glass covered instruments, gasoline gauge on dash, clock, cigar lighter, approved transmission lock, engine primer, handsome luggage trunk, drum-type head and cowl lamps, front snubbers, walnut steering wheel, heavily nickeled radiator, aluminum scuff plates, guard rails, windshield wings, dumb-bell radiator filler cup with motometer, cord tires, etc.

PRICES F.O.B. OSHAWA, GOVERNMENT TAX EXTRA.

Master Fours—23-35 Regular, $1235; 23-54 Special, $1275; 23-35 Special, $1295; 23-36 Coupe, $1645; 23-37 Sedan, $1950; 23-39 Touring Sedan, $1853. Master Sixes—23-41 Touring Sedan, $2725; 23-44 Special Roadster, $1895; 23-45 Special, $1735; 23-47 Sedan, $2795; 23-48 Coupe, $2675; 23-49 Special 7-Passenger, $2995; 23-50 Sedan, $3095; 23-54 Special, $2295; 23-55 Special, $2275.

McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED OSHAWA, ONT.
Subsidiary of General Motors of Canada, Limited

H. A. DAVIE, Limited
860 YATES STREET PRIVATE EXCHANGE, 6901

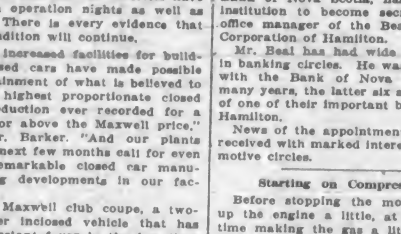
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"THE SERVICE GARAGE"
Automobile Repairs—Storage—Accessories. Selling Agents for Studebaker and Gray-Dort Cars
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Seiberling Tire Blows Out!



We are sorry to report a 34 x 4½ SEILBERLING CORD blew out on Murphy's Stage after 18,000 MILES SERVICE.

The motoring public is requested to inquire of the following users of SEIBERLING and PORTAGE TIRES, regarding the excellent service these tires are giving:

C & C Taxi
Murphy's Stage
Jordan River Stages
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B.C. Electric
Provincial Police Cars
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Veterans' Sight-Seeing Company
Flying Line

If the SEIBERLING TIRE can satisfy the exacting demands of the Stage Lines surely it will give the private car owner no cause for worry.

HORROCKS & JACKSON
740 Yates Street
Phone 1128

And
NANAIMO MOTORS, LTD.
Nanaimo, B.C.

AUTO DESIGNERS BUSY WITH SAFETY DEVICES

Steering Knuckle Tested to Give Maximum Protection to Speeding Motorist—Heat Treatments

Because of refusal of many motor car drivers to realize that a continuous sixty-mile-an-hour gait on a highway is as conductive to ill health as a swim in the Arctic Ocean in December, the motor car manufacturer has spent many fortunes in an effort to give the advocate of "stepping on it" as much protection from his own folly as can be afforded in the car itself.

Illustrating this E. F. Roberts, vice-president of manufacturing for the Packard Motor Car Company, took the methods now employed by quality car manufacturers to make a steering knuckle as an example. Because of its importance in the safety factor the steering knuckle must be virtually perfect.

The knuckle is made from a billet of chrome vanadium steel, the texture and structural character of which is changed five times before the finished work is turned out, Mr. Roberts said.

The original billet has a tensile strength of 72,000 pounds to the square inch and is lacking in toughness. Drop forging is the first operation. This forms the piece roughly and results in a 25 per cent increase in strength in the finished part, which would otherwise not be obtained.

It next is annealed to relieve internal strains and refine the grain. This gives a tensile strength of 80,000 pounds and the toughness is tremendously increased. Next the piece is rough machined, which causes no change in the metal structure.

Through heat treating, the next operation, is obtained the maximum refinement of grain and great strength. The tensile strength is increased to 240,000 pounds per square inch. The metal now is brittle, hard and lacking in toughness. Its strength is excessive.

MOTOR NOTES

Mr. George Minty, of Minty & White, heard Atlanta, Georgia (WDAJ) on his radio the other evening. This is quite a record, as only a detector tube was used. Mr. Minty has one of the most complete radio sets in the city.

"California is certainly a beautiful country, but I prefer to live in Victoria," stated Mr. H. A. Davie of H. A. Davie, Limited, local McLaughlin-Buick distributors, who has just returned from a motor tour in the south. Mr. Davie thinks Vancouver Island has far more attractions for the motorist than the South. Everybody in California has an automobile of some kind, and at the present time cars are at a premium. During the past week several new and second-hand cars were sold.

Mr. Ernie Eve, local Paige-Jewett distributor, has sold two sedans this month. "There is quite a demand for closed cars at the present time," stated Mr. Eve yesterday. "The snow and cold weather has made the public feel the need of a sedan or coupe. Both the Paige and Jewett closed models are elaborately finished, and their distinctive lines are meeting with the approval of the motoring public in all parts of the country." "Ernie" is very optimistic and thinks 1923 will be a big year for Jewett and Paige cars.

George Weller, of the Weller Auto Supply House, states that the past month has been a busy one, and he has found it necessary to increase his staff. The battery department has had to work nights for the past week to keep pace with the onrush of business. The Weller Auto Supply House is the local distributor for the famous Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery.

The Atkinson Motor Company, Limited, expect to be in their new home within a week or ten days. Owing to the heavy snowfall and wet weather of the past month the builders have been held up. Mr. Lovell, sales manager, reports business brisk. Several Stars and Durants are to be given as Christmas presents to some lucky persons.

There was quite an uproar in motor circles Friday morning. The Saanich Reeve and councillors were testing the various trucks, to be used as a municipal bus, on the Quadra Street hill. Truck experts from Vancouver, Seattle, Spokane, and as far south as Portland, were on the job to offer their valued advice.

Mr. H. E. Bayley, manager of Thomas Plimley, Limited, reports that several closed models were sold last week.



TO ALL
ROLFE ELECTRIC & BATTERY CO., LTD.
YATES STREET AT QUADRA Day Phone 7290 Night Phones 3785R and 4638R

Willard STORAGE BATTERY SERVICE STATION

Wishing You All
A Merry Christmas and
A Prosperous New Year

MINTY—WHITE
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Phone One-5-Seven-5 1819 Douglas (1 Block Below Hudson's Bay)
Night Phone: W. White, 5695L Night Phone: G. Minty, 5585X1

JEWETT
of Chrysler Six Built by Paige

It is Not a "Light" Six

The Jewett offers 2800 pounds of tested metal and fine mechanical construction. It is heavy because it is built to endure. The frame, axles and all other chassis units were selected, not because of their cost, but because of their strength and efficiency. All this, with a superb 50-horsepower, six-cylinder motor, can be yours for $1525 f.o.b. Windsor, Taxes Paid.

That's only part of the story. Get behind the wheel and learn the rest.

DOMINION GARAGE
Agent: ERNEST EVE
Jordan and Courtney Street Phone 846

Wishing All
A Merry, Merry Christmas

JOHN MESTON & CO. LTD. VICTORIA B.C. ESTABLISHED 1862

1407-11 Broad St. Phone 3212

To Our Many Patrons and Friends We Wish

A Merry, Merry Xmas and a Prosperous New Year

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We sell them because they give our customers

More Miles Per Dollar

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Finer Repairs
Carried Out With Precision

Cylinder boring and grinding, new pistons, pins, and rings fitted, special rings made to fit orphan cars which pump oil.

All bearings perfectly fitted by correct method. Engines thrown out of alignment through worn bearings or poor workmanship carefully traced up.

Excess friction eliminated.

Fully equipped machine shop and 23 years combined experience building and repairing engines.

"If you are particular, try us."

The Mechanical Motor Works, Limited
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Victoria, B.C. Phone 5964
H. L. Rose, Res. Phone, 7787L2

FREEZE-PROOF BATTERY

Everybody who drives knows that the automobile battery contains solution. Experience with radiators has taught the folly of forgetting that liquids freeze. So, putting two and two together, most folks arrive at the answer—in this case the wrong one—that it is hard to protect a battery against freezing.

Minty and White, local Willard service station dealers, has this to say about freezing of batteries. "There was never a piece of equipment that carried with it the preventive of trouble the way the storage battery does. A man in his right mind would laugh if you told him that a tire would be puncture-proof if kept pumped up, yet the battery protects itself in a way just as remarkable.

If a battery is kept well charged—above 1.250—it will be practically freeze-proof, and will give no cause for worry even in the coldest weather. It is when the charge runs low that Jack Frost begins to take an active interest in your battery, for, with a battery in a low-charge condition, it only takes a few puffs of his frosty breath to turn it into a solid block of ice, or at least freeze it enough to badly injure it.

Beware of zero weather and the battery that runs below 1.250. They are not satisfactory team mates.

Wood disc wheels are being made.

MAKES ROAD RECORD

Durant Breaks Phoenix-Los Angeles Road Record, Held by Barney Oldfield Since 1914

Victoria followers of motor car speed records will get a thrill from the message relayed by Cliff Durant's Oakland headquarters to the Atkinson Motor Co., Ltd., local Durant dealers, telling of the breaking of the Phoenix-Los Angeles road record, held by Barney Oldfield since 1914.

Here is Cliff's telegram, which he sent from Los Angeles:

"Joe Waddell, driving Durant four touring car, broke Barney Oldfield's Los Angeles to Phoenix record, dethroning the old-timer. His time was twenty-two hours, forty-four minutes for the 671 miles. Four miles of desert and mountain road. Barney's time in the last Los Angeles to Phoenix road race, the event that won him the title of master driver, was twenty-three hours, one minute and two-fifths of a second. Oldfield's time was made over a period of three days with two night controls, one at Needles, Calif., and the other at Prescott, Ariz., but the driver of the Durant four and his mechanic, Ham Baker, drove straight through, and the wonderful record of the twenty-two hours, forty-four minutes includes all stops. The Durant used was stock, except Hartford shock absorbers, wire wheels and spotlight, which are optional accessories. The top fenders and windshield were removed as safety measures. This is a record we can well be proud of."

DRIVERS MAKE GREAT MISTAKE USING BRAKES

"The greatest fault with drivers today is that they drive with their brakes," declared a veteran in the automobile trade.

"It may be due to the fact that life is speeding up to a dizzying pace that our great cities are congested with automobile traffic, and that the brakes are actually built so mechanically sound that even in spite of the abuses they are subjected to they stand up under the strain.

"Every time you hear a traffic officer's whistle in a large city you almost immediately hear a crunching of brakes and scraping of dry tires on the dry pavement.

Country Drivers

"And even in long cross-country drives, where hilly country is encountered, some drivers constantly jam on their brakes when slowing down instead of allowing their cars to slow down before brakes are applied. Every tire mark on the pavement costs some automobile money sooner or later.

"The motorists should take things easy when driving, whether in a crowd or out of a crowd. Fast driving between short city blocks, followed by a sudden jamming on of the brakes, gains little time and is expensive, both in the wear and tear of the tires, the burning out of the brake lining and injury to the brakes and other mechanical parts of the car. Never put more pressure on the brakes than is absolutely necessary to stop at the point you wish.

Going Down Grade

"In going down hill take your foot off the accelerator and the motor set at a safe pace will hold the car back. If the grade is very steep shift to second or first speed, as the grade may require, before starting.

"Under no circumstances is it advisable to throw the clutch out when actually driving down hill. To do so may mean absolute loss of control. It is not good driving, either, to shut off the spark completely. It is a safe practice to have the motor running in order to have power on tap in case of emergency.

"There is no question at all that brakes are extremely important for the purpose for which they are built, but simply because they are efficient, reliable and the easy way to drive is no reason for their abuse, which results in damage to other parts of the car as well."

HOW TO KEEP YOUR LIGHTS IN FOCUS

When the headlights are out of focus it is not always due to the brackets being bent. The trouble may be due to the reflectors being loose, or, if tight, the padding may have worked out of place on one side, causing the reflectors to tilt. Quite frequently, however, the trouble lies in the bulb itself, due to the filament not being centred. The only remedy is replacement of the bulb, though frequently, by giving the bulb a half turn in its socket the results, though not of the best, may still give passable satisfaction. This trouble not only throws the beams of light in the wrong direction, but it neutralises the non-glare effect of the lenses, which are intended to function only with properly focused bulbs.

An Unnecessary Habit

Slamming of doors on a car is a practice which should be avoided at all times. Persistent slamming racks the hinges and loosens the doors until they become wobbly and hang loosely.

Never rub in circles when cleaning the body of a car with a chamois. Always rub in straight lines.

Mrs. Geo. Warman Tells How Cuticura Healed Pimples



"I had a breaking out of pimples on my face which irritated so much at night that I began to scratch and they broke out in deep, sore eruptions. My face looked so badly that I did not want to go anywhere. I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I bought them. After using one and a half boxes of Cuticura Ointment, with the Cuticura Soap, I was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Geo. Warman, 19 Duchess St., Toronto, Ont.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. Use Soap to cleanse, purify and beautify, the Ointment to soothe, soften and heal and the Talcum to powder and perfume.

New York Has Had Its Snow



MISS MARGARET HALDANE

Popular in Philadelphia society, taking her departure for Scotland a few days ago by hurling snowballs from the deck of the steamship at her friends gathered at New York Pier to see her off.

STEEL AUTO IS PROVING POPULAR

Many Manufacturers Are Now Considering Building All-Steel Car —Stands Hard Usage

Several months ago an automobile manufacturer advertised a new "business" car, claiming as one of its principal features the fact that the body was of steel. The advertisement is significant for two reasons; it is the outward evidence of a great improvement in sheet rolling methods and is indicative of the trend of public opinion toward a better understanding of the uses and possibilities of steel.

Behind the fine velvety appearance of a high-class steel automobile body is a story of compromise between quality and quantity production. During the past five years, with the exception of a few short periods, the demand for sheets has kept ahead of the supply. Under these conditions, mill operators were not in a position to give the needed attention to improving their product. Nevertheless, the current progress in automobile design presupposed a corresponding advance in the quality of sheets. Under pressure of the apparent need of improvement, a number of manufacturers adopted the old method of "loose" rolling, which, although involving a loss in production insures a normal run of higher grade sheets.

Further gains in the art of rolling are sure to be made. Sheet makers and automobile manufacturers have been cooperating in an effort to arrive at an understanding as to specifications covering the product. The large number of new mills also is an encouraging sign. Competition eventually will place quality to the front, and producers will be obliged to seek business on a basis of merit.

REVARNISH THE CAR EVERY SIX MONTHS

The best way to keep the car looking new is to have it varnished every six months. Varnish is a protective transparent coating for the paint or color underneath. It is a glass case which permits the color to be seen and yet keeps the weather away from it. As long as the glass case remains intact the color underneath should hold its pristine appearance, but as soon as the varnish covering is broken the weather ravages the color. Varnish, like everything else, wears. Wind and rain and dust scrape and chew its shiny, smooth surface, eventually digging holes into it. Obviously then, the thing to do is to revarnish the car before the varnish becomes threadbare even in a single spot. It is clear that if this is done full protection is afforded the paint and it must last indefinitely. Varnishing is much cheaper than repainting, and the car is in the shop for only a day or two, whereas a complete repainting job might take a week or more.

To Locate Noises

The car which has had several seasons of use invariably develops squeaks and rattles from vibration and wear, and in many cases from lack of attention in oiling and in adjusting. To locate the sources of noise is a matter of systematic examination and testing, which should be done after all dust and mud have been washed away, nuts and bolts tightened, lubricating passages cleaned and the car thoroughly oiled and greased.

A Caution Hint

When following another car closely on crowded roads be ready to turn out to one side or the other when using the brakes. Sometimes they fail or do not work as quickly as expected. If the wheels are pointed to one side there is less danger of a collision.

Battle on Trade

South America has become the battleground and monopoly of the automobile trade, where American exporters are staging a gigantic fight for supremacy. Since the war the United States has virtually monopolised South American markets.

California Leading

California is now claiming the lead in motor car registration for the United States, with a total of 837,000 vehicles.

HOLD CHRISTMAS TREE AND CONCERT AT SOOKE

Annual Closing Exercises Carried Out With Much Elaboration—Santa Claus Pays Visit

SOOKE, Dec. 23.—The Sooke Hall looked very pretty with all its Christmas decoration on Friday evening, when the annual school concert and Christmas tree took place. The teachers, Misses MacKinnon, Halford and McGibbon, had spent a great deal of time in preparation for this event and had been handicapped by reason of the bad weather keeping so many of the children away. However, during the past week the weather man has been kind, and the pupils succeeded in preparing their parts.

The following is the programme in full:

Song, "Christmas Lullaby;" exercise, "Christmas," nine boys; wreath drill, ten girls; dialogue, "The New Man," Ian and Ruth Rayment; carol, "The First Noel;" the dolls' drill, eight girls; recitation, "Signs of Christmas," Willie Shields; the boys' band; recitation, "A Christmas Eve Thought," Vera Seward; sketch, "The Rehearsal," Alvida Laukkanen, Murray Barbour, Roy Harris, Harold Pontious, May Wilham and Elizabeth Dundas; the sailors' drill, Division I; solo, "On the Good Ship Yacki Hicki Doo La," Willie Harris; recitation, "A Present for Mamma," Mollie Richardson; a stocking drill, ten boys; dialogue, "Don't Count Your Chickens Before They Are Hatched," James Poirier, Alan Felton and Ralph Pontious; song, "Au Claire de la Lune" and "Le Marseillaise," Division I; exercise, "Britannia."

Dr. Richard Felton, as secretary of the School Board, took the chair and announced the items. At the close he spoke a few words congratulating the teachers and children, expressing his opinion that there was great improvement shown in the rendering of the pieces this year. Last year the programme was excellent, but one could not help noticing a decided advance both in elocution and singing. Three cheers were called for the teachers, and these were very heartily given.

Miss Barbara Felton kindly acted as accompanist throughout in a most efficient manner. The drills were all very correctly given, the dolls' drill by the tiny tots being very much enjoyed. Willie Harris' solo was very well rendered; he certainly was a bold pirate, and his make-up and costume were the outstanding feature of the evening.

"Britannia" was a most imposing conclusion for an excellent programme. Miss Maggie King made a very stately Britannia as she received gifts from all of her "colonies," who, when they were all assembled, sang "Rule, Britannia," after which the whole audience joined in "God Save the King."

Then came the much looked for moment—the arrival of Santa Claus. Mr. Holloway very kindly took this arduous part and was a very busy Santa as he handed out presents to over 120 children. In the meantime Mrs. Musgford was busily superintending the cake department whilst Mr. Wright was keeping an anxious eye on the coffee. Refreshments were served after Santa left, and then the children had their games, which were kept up until after 11 o'clock. Dancing for the grown-ups was then enjoyed for a short while.

Bridal Couple Arrives

Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Elworthy, who were married recently in Vancouver, came over from the Mainland on the night boat last night to spend the Christmas holidays with Mr. Elworthy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Elworthy, Brightlicot, 59 Menzies Street. Mrs. Elworthy was formerly Miss Violet Mary Wells, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wells, of East Cliff, Woolston, Southampton, England. The marriage was solemnized on the evening of November 15 at St. Helen's Church, Vancouver, by the Rev. Harry R. Trumpour, the bridal couple later making a honeymoon trip about the Sound cities before taking up residence at 610 Jervis Street, Vancouver. Mrs. Elworthy, before her marriage, had been for some time a Vancouver girl, while Mr. Elworthy is of a well-known Victoria family with a wide circle of friends in this city.

SCHOOL CONCERT AND CHRISTMAS TREE HELD

Tolmie Primary Institution Had Interesting Programme at Closing for Holidays

On Thursday afternoon at the Tolmie Primary School a Christmas tree and concert was given by the children, under the direction of their principal, Miss V. Lemmax, aided by Miss Agnes Turnbull. An interesting feature of the afternoon was the arrival of Santa Claus, who distributed gifts from his pack.

Owing to an unfortunate circumstance Trustee Hobbs was not able to be present to act as chairman.

The programme was as follows: Chairman's remarks; welcome, by Gordon Maycock; chorus, "Santa Claus," by the school; recitation, "A Christmas Eve Thought," by Winnie Fisher; recitation, "The Doll I Love Best," by Irma Miller; solo, "Santa's Visit," by Dorothy Blair; recitation, "Christmas Gifts," by Jessie Falconer; dialogue, "Two Little Christmas Dolls," by Aileen Wright and Evelyn Cruickshank; recitation, "A Christmas Tree," by James Booth; a Christmas acrostic by five girls and five boys; chorus, "Sleigh Bells;" recitation, "Young Santa," by Andrew Miller; recitation, "Santa Claus," by Richard Griffiths; "The Snowflakes," by five girls; recitation, "A Brave Child," by Jenny Perrillet; recitation, "Santa Claus," by Lillian Bethel; chorus, "Sing a Song of Christmas Time;" reading of promotion lists; solo by Eileen Rogers; Santa's visit; God Save the King.

WHAT THE KING SAID HUNDRED YEARS AGO

LONDON, Dec. 23.—The pomp and ceremony attending the opening of Parliament probably attracts more attention in the House of Lords than do the words of the King's speech, but the last address from George V. contained no interpolation such as was once made in a speech from the throne by George IV.

It is asserted that when he was Regent, George IV made a bet with Richard Sheridan, the dramatist, that so little attention would be paid to the reading of his speech that he could interpolate any nonsense he liked without anyone showing surprise.

The bet was accepted. The Regent paused in the course of the address and said distinctly, "Baa, baa, black sheep," and then went on. No one took notice of the strange words. Chagrined at the loss of his wager, Sheridan asked George Canning, the Premier, if he had noticed anything strange.

"Oh, yes," said Canning, "I heard the Prince say, "Baa, baa, black sheep," but as he was looking straight at you at the time, I took it for a personal allusion."

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 23.—Orville P. Walby, grocer, was shot and instantly killed by a robber who paused to take about $95 in small change before he disappeared. Walby was standing behind a counter, his hands raised in the air, when the gunman fired. The bullet struck the grocer in the heart and he died instantly.

(Visitors Always Welcome)

The Old, Old Wish—Simple and Sincere

A Very Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year

VICTORIA STEAM LAUNDRY CO. LTD.
Always The Best

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"Advertising Is to Business as Steam Is to Machinery"

To Our Clients
And Those Who Are Not

We Extend Our
Heartiest and Best Wishes for a
Merry Christmas



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Removing Tar Spots

If a car is driven at a rapid rate on a freshly tarred road tiny particles of tarry road oil are thrown forward by the front wheel and caught by the body as the car moves ahead. Immediate washing will do much to eliminate these little specks of tar from the body surface, but where this does not suffice it is worth remembering that there are some excellent tar-removing compounds on the market, and your garage or accessory dealer should have one which he can honestly recommend.



ECONOMY

We have found by actual tests that the

Modern Pipeless

Furnace saves from 25% to 50% of your fuel.

$135 Installed

Thacker & Holt
Broad at Pandora Streets



Why Not a Moncrief for Christmas?

Early Christmas morning the children troop downstairs in nighties and pajamas to see what Santa has brought. In the excitement that follows, there is little chance to dress them. If you have made the family a present of a Moncrief Pipeless Furnace, installed in your cellar, you need have no fear of their catching cold. They may play as long as they like, warm and happy. The joy of heating comfort adds to all other joys, not only on Christmas morning, but all Winter through, year after year.

Moncrief Pipeless Furnace

The Moncrief is now selling at greatly reduced prices. The bungalow size as low as

$130.00 Installed

W. R. MENZIES & CO.
943 Cormorant Street

WHEN YOU GO TO **SAN FRANCISCO**
for Good Accommodations at Moderate Rates
Stop at HOTEL STEWART

On Geary St., just off Union Square, in the midst of the best stores, cafes and theatres. Homelike comfort and splendid service at very moderate rates. The best known meals in the United States. Breakfast, weekdays and Sundays, 50c, 60c and 75c; Lunch, weekdays, 60c, Sundays, 75c; Dinner, weekdays, $1.25, Sundays, $1.50. Room rates furnished upon request. To insure positive accommodations, definite reservation before arrival is advised. Municipal car line passes the door. Stewart Bus meets trains and steamers.
Chas. A. and Margaret Stewart, Proprietors

BULL DOG SIZE

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THE FINEST QUALITY CIGAR

2 FOR 25¢

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Important Notices, Employment, Business and Professional Directory, Wants, Etc.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES

One and one-half cents a word each insertion, nine cents a word a week, with a minimum of 12 words; cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than twenty-five cents.

Death and Funeral Notices, $1.50 first insertion, $1.00 for each additional insertion. Marriages, Cards of Thanks and In Memoriam Notices, $1.50 per insertion.

Birth Notices, $1.00 per insertion.

Business or Professional Cards, of four lines or under, $8.00 per month. Additional space at $1.00 per line per month.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS

DEATHS

PENMAN—At the Royal Jubilee Hospital, on Saturday, Dec. 23rd, Robert Penman, aged 70 years and 10 months, of 0030 Blackwood St. The deceased leaves to mourn, a daughter, Mrs. Wm. Laird, of Dauphin, Man., and two sons, Wm. and R. Newton, of this city.

The funeral will take place on Wednesday afternoon from McCall Bros.' funeral chapel, and proceed to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, where services conducted by Rev. W. L. Clay, D.D., will be held at 2:30 o'clock. Interment will be made at Ross Bay Cemetery.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

SANDS FUNERAL FURNISHING CO.
1612 Quadra Street
Phones: Office 3306, res. 6028 and 7023
PROMPT, EFFICIENT SERVICE DAY OR NIGHT

PRIVATE family rooms. Home-like chapel, and funeral service and appointments to comply with every wish. Lady assistant.

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734 Broughton Street Established 1867

CALLS responded to day or night. Charges reasonable. Embalming for shipment a specialty. Lady attendant.

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Reginald Hayward, Secretary
Frederick Caselton, Manager

THOMSON FUNERAL HOME

OUR Home-Like Funeral Chapel, with its private family rooms, private family entrance, enables us to conduct a funeral service as if in your own home.

FRANK L. THOMSON
Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer
Phone 498

Johnson Street, at Vancouver Street
Phone 383
McCALL BROS.
Directors of Sympathetic Funeral Service at Moderate Cost
(Mrs. McCall in attendance if requested)

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FLOWERS FOR EVERY PURPOSE. Use our F.T.D. Service. In distant cities our Bonded Association delivers to your loved ones within a few minutes any order you place with us.
Res. Phone 8463L 618 Fort St. Phone 1881

ANNOUNCEMENTS 1

A NEW YEAR'S Fancy Dress Ball, under the auspices of Alexandra Lodge, Sons of England, in the Knights of Pythias Hall, North Park Street, Monday, January 1, 1923, from 9 to 1. Ladies 50c, gents 75c, including supper. Also Whist Drive, admission 50c; this admits you to supper and dance after 11 p.m. Special prizes will be given for whist drive. Dance., fancy dress optional.

CHRISTMAS dance, under auspices of L. O. O. Moose, Caledonia Hall, Monday, December 25; dancing 9 to 1. Hunt's orchestra. Admission 50c. One also on New Year's Night.

CANADIAN Order of Foresters will hold a Whist Drive Wednesday, at 8:30, 1200 Government. Six scrip prizes and special.

LOYAL Order of Moose invites membership, ages 21 to 50. Initiation $10. Sickness, doctor and funeral benefits. Apply any member, or secretary, 349 Fort. Phone 5023 day, 7830R night.

MILITARY 500, Orange Hall, Tuesday, 8:30. Scrip prizes.

NEW Friendship Club dance, Tuesday, December 26, at K. of P. Hall, North Park Street, 9 to 1. Hunt's orchestra. Tickets $1 each, including supper, now on sale at Mr. Straith's, clothier, Douglas Street; Mr. Hall, butcher, Fort Street; Mr. Pitt, Champion Shoe Store, Yates St.; Mr. Little, grocer, Quadra St., and K. of P. Hall. For reservations, phone 3183 or 3046.

THE regular meeting of the Knights of the Thistle will be held Tuesday, December 26, at 8 p.m.

USUAL Thursday whist drive at the Sailors' Club, Esquimalt, at 8:30.

CHURCH NOTICES

ANGLICAN

Christ Church Cathedral. Fourth Sunday in Advent. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins and sermon, 11 a.m.; preacher, the Dean. Carol service, 2:30 p.m. Evensong and sermon, 7 p.m.; preacher, the Dean. Christmas Day services: Holy Communion, 6 a.m., 7 a.m., 8 a.m., 9:15 a.m. and 11 a.m.; preacher at 11 a.m., The Bishop of Columbia. Very Rev. C. S. Quainton, D.D., Dean and Rector.

St. Barnabas' Church, corner Cook and Caledonia; car No. 3. Fourth Sunday in Advent. 8 a.m. and 11 a.m., Holy Eucharist. Christmas Eve, 7 p.m., Festal Evensong. Christmas Day: Holy Eucharist (midnight), commencing at 11:45 p.m. Christmas Eve, 8 a.m. and 11 a.m.

St. Saviour's, Victoria West. Holy Communion, 8. Morning Prayer, 11. Children's Carol Service, 2:30. Evening Prayer, 7. Morning sermon, "The Old Order Changeth." Carols in the evening. Christmas Day, 8 and 11.

CHURCH NOTICES (Continued)

ANGLICAN

St. John's. Today. 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 11 a.m., Morning Prayer; preacher, Rt. Rev. C. D. Schofield, Bishop of Columbia, 2:30 p.m., Sunday School; 7 p.m., Evensong and Carol Service. Christmas Day. 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 11 a.m., Morning Prayer and Holy Communion; preacher, the rector, Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick, M.A. A blessed Christmas and a cordial invitation to all men of good will.

St. Paul's Royal Naval Station and Garrison Church, Esquimalt. Today, Dec. 24, 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 10.30 a.m., Morning Prayer; 7 p.m., Special Carol Service, with antiphonal singing by choir and congregation. Christmas Day: Holy Communion at 8 and 9; Matins and Choral Eucharist at 10.00 a.m.; Special collections for clergy widows and orphans. A short service of preparation for Communion will be held 8 p.m. Saturday. Rev. F. C. Chapman, B.A., chaplain.

St. Mary's, Elgin Road, Oak Bay. Fourth Sunday in Advent. 8 a.m., Holy Communion. 11 a.m., Matins and sermon. 3 p.m., Children's Service. 4 p.m., Holy Baptism. 7 p.m., First Evensong of Christmas; carol service. Christmas Day: Holy Communion, 7, 8, 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon; Matins and anthem, 11 a.m. Rev. G. H. Andrews, M.A., rector.

St. Mark's Church. Today, Dec. 24. Holy Communion, 8 a.m. Matins, 11 a.m. Carol Service, 7 p.m.; anthem, "Arise, Shine, for Thy Light is Come" (Elvey); "Star of Bethlehem," solo by Mr. H. Hutchinson. Christmas Day: Holy Communion, 8. Choral Communion, 11. Evensong, 4. Rev. H. V. Hitchcox, vicar.

BAPTIST

Emmanuel, corner High School grounds; Fernwood car terminus. Pastor, Rev. William Stevenson. Christmas Services today. 11 a.m., Carols by a group of children; anthem, "Adeste Fidelis," by the choir. 7:00 p.m., selections from "The Messiah", soloists, Mrs. J. Nixon, Mr. Mark Parfitt, Mr. N. Sheepwash; anthems, "And the Glory," "O Thou That Tellest"; three-part ladies' chorus: "Star of the East" (Smart); "The Magnificat" (Ebdon); carols: "Merry Christmas Bells," "Good King Wenceslas," "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen."

First Baptist Church, corner Yates and Quadra. Rev. W. P. Freeman, B.A. pastor. Services today at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Sunday Schools at 2:30. Christmas commemorated at both services. Morning subject, "His Lowly Birth"; evening subject, "The Sign." Appropriate music. The pastor will preach. All are invited to worship with us.

CHRISTADELPHIAN

Christadelphian Ecclesia, 970 Burnside Road. Sundays, 11 a.m. Lecture, 7:30 p.m.; subject, "Peace on Earth." Seats free. No collection.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

First Church of Christ, Scientist, corner Chambers Street and Pandora Avenue. Services, Sundays, 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Subject for today, "Christ Jesus." Testimonial meetings, Wednesday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Visitors are welcome to the services and to the Reading Room and Lending Library, 515 Sayward Building.

CONGREGATIONAL

Congregational Church, Quadra and Pandora Streets. Rev. A. K. McMinn, B.A., pastor. Morning, 11. Church School, 3:00. Evening, 7.30. Special Christmas music. This is the homelike church. Everybody welcome.

METHODIST

Metropolitan Methodist Church, corner Quadra and Pandora Ave. Rev. W. J. Sipprell, D.D., pastor; H. A. Downard, choirmaster; E. Parsons, organist. 10 a.m., class meetings. 11 a.m., "The Message of Christmas," Dr. Sipprell; anthem, "Christians Awake" (Maunder); solo, Mrs. Lewtas; soprano solo, "The Message of the Angels" (Hawley), Mrs. G. A. Downard; contralto solo, "The Gift" (Behring), Mrs. S. Morton; anthem, "There Were Shepherds" (Barnby); solo, Mrs. Lewtas. 2:00 p.m., Sunday School session. 7:30 p.m., "The Christmas Spirit," Dr. Sipprell; anthem, "Adeste Fidelis" (Novello); anthem, "In the Beginning" (Andrews); solo, Mrs. E. Parsons; tenor solo, "Star of Bethlehem" (Adams), Mr. J. O. Dunford; carol anthem, "The Heralding Star" (Matthews); contralto solo, "First Christmas Morn" (Ernest Newton), Mrs. Robert Baird; anthem, "O Holy Night" (Adams); solo, Mrs. G. A. Downard; soprano solo, "The Angels' Christmas Song" (J. H. Brewer), Mrs. E. Parsons; carol anthem, "There Was Silence in Bethlehem" (Stainer); baritone solo, "Nazareth" (Gounod), Mr. P. Edmonds; anthem, "Lo God, Our God, Has Come" (Haynes); solo, Mrs. E. Parsons. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

James Bay Methodist Church, corner Menzies and Michigan. Pastor, Rev. J. W. Saunby, B.A., D.D.; phone 0796R. Christmas services, today, Dec. 24. 11 a.m., sermon by pastor on "The Incarnate Glory"; special music. 2:00 p.m., Sunday School. 7:30 p.m., Song Service; Christmas carols; short address by pastor on "The Magnetism of Christ." Wednesday evening, 7.45, Christmas Cantata by the Sunday School.

Hampshire Road. Services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at 2:30. Special Christmas topics, hymns, solos, duets, chorus by the young people, etc. Peace and goodwill on earth. A very fine cantata will be rendered by the scholars of the Sunday School on Thursday, Dec. 28th, at 7:30 p.m. Minister, W. C. Frank.

NEW THOUGHT

NEW THOUGHT TEMPLE
938 Pandora Ave.

Dr. T. W. Butler will speak at 11 a.m. Subject, "PEACE AND GOOD WILL." 7:30 p.m., "THE NEW THOUGHT FOR THE NEW AGE."
Wednesday Evening, HEALING TALK AND DEMONSTRATIONS
The Public Is Invited.

OAKLANDS HALL

Oaklands Gospel Hall, Hillside car terminus. 11 a.m., Worship; 3 p.m., School; 7 p.m., Gospel Service. All welcome.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY

UNITY CENTRE
500 Campbell Building

Children's Service, 11 o'clock.
Evening Service, 8 o'clock
Speaker, Mrs. Gordon Grant
Subject, "THE CHILD OF LOVE."
Thursday, 8 o'clock, Study Class.

PRESBYTERIAN

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. Rev. W. Leslie Clay, D.D., minister. Christmas Services today. 11 a.m., "Saviour, Christ, Lord"; anthem, "O Come All Ye Faithful"; solo, "The Infant Jesus," Mrs. Longfield. 2.30 p.m., Sunday School and Bible Class. 7:30 p.m., Service of Praise; anthems, "There Were Shepherds" and "The Christmas Story"; solos, "Night of Nights," "He Shall Feed His Flock," "Come Unto Him" and "The Star of Bethlehem"; soloists, Miss Wright, Mrs. Longfield, Miss Simpson and Mr. Angus. The service will conclude with the "Hallelujah Chorus."

First Presbyterian Church, corner Quadra and Balmoral Streets. Minister, Rev. W. G. Wilson, M.A., D.D. Services today: 11 a.m., "White Gifts." Service to be conducted in part by the Sunday School. 7:30 p.m., service of song. The choir will render appropriate Christmas music. Visitors and friends are invited to attend these services.

St. Columba, Oak Bay, Rev. J. H. White, M.A. Special Christmas music at 11 a.m. Selections from the "Messiah" by an augmented choir, at 7:30 p.m. The minister will preach both services.

REFORMED EPISCOPAL

Reformed Episcopal Church, corner Humboldt and Blanshard. Rector, Rev. A. de B. Owen. Morning service, 11. Evening service, 7.

ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

A service will be held in the Fellowship Hall, 617 Pemberton Building, at 8 p.m. Subject of Lecture, "The Birth of Christ a Cosmic Event." You are Welcome.

SPIRITUALIST

First Spiritual Church, Harmony Hall, 704 Fort Street. Today, service, 7:30 p.m. Sunday School, 2:30. Speaker, W. H. Barton; subject, "Dying We Live." Christmas morning service, 11 a.m., subject, "The Good Samaritan." Circle, Thursday, 7 p.m. All welcome.

Church of Revelations will meet at 1414 Douglas Street, 7:00; Mme. Sherry will speak on "The Esoteric Christ." Musical programme, messages. Circles, Tuesday, Friday. Phone 7331L.

THEOSOPHY

Victoria Theosophical Society, 101 Union Bank Building. Tonight being Christmas Eve, no meeting will be held.

UNITARIAN

Unitarian Church, corner of Fernwood and Balmoral Roads. Morning service only, 11 o'clock.

WANTED—MALE HELP 2

CARPENTERS, Bricklayers, Contractors and Builders—Make more money by our method. Send for free building plan and our book "How to Read Blue Prints." Just out. No charge. Address, Bldg. Dept., 6188 Chicago Tech., 6121 S. Mich. Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DON'T miss the chance of a job—Driving lessons and mechanical instruction in McLaughlin and Ford cars. Apply Fernwood Garage, 2300 Fernwood Road.

FIREMEN, Brakemen, beginners $100, later, $250 (which position?). Railway, c/o Colonist.

GOOD wages for home work—We need you to make socks on the fast, easily learned auto knitter. experience unnecessary; distance immaterial; positively no canvassing; yarn supplied. Particulars, 3c stamp, Dept. 66-C., Auto Knitter Company, Toronto.

JUST A FEW MORE VACANCIES left in our Special Christmas Offer on our courses. Take advantage now of this splendid chance to learn a real live profession and save money. You may never get such an opportunity again. Join now and start right after Christmas Day. Our students are working on ACTUAL REPAIRS, and you can do the same. If you cannot attend during the day, come at night and spend the time learning something worth while.
INTERNATIONAL ENGINEERING
810 View St. SCHOOLS City

MAKE Money at Home—$10 to $60 paid weekly for your spare time writing showcards for us. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. West-Angus Showcard Service, 36 Colborne Bldg., Toronto.

WANTED—Either sex, Catholic, to assist with promotion of new campaign. Experience not essential. Write Box 1317, Oklahoma City, Okla., U.S., Dept. T.

WANTED—Boxing lessons. Apply Box 710, Victoria, stating qualifications and terms.

WANTED—FEMALE HELP 3

COOK-GENERAL for small family, $30 per month to satisfactory party. State age, experience and references in answering. Box 596, Colonist.

NURSES wanted by Class A accredited hospital giving three-year course. Uniforms furnished, also liberal allowance. For information, write I. E. Greenwood, Supt., Garfield Park Hospital, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—High School girl. Will give room and board and a small wage in return for light services. Apply 2424 Quadra Street.

WANTED—Companion-help. Apply Mrs. Pownall, Sidney, or phone 64F.

WANTED—A housekeeper for a widower. Permanent position. Apply John Nesbitt, Somenos Postoffice.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE 4

ALL kinds of shingling. Malthoide roofing done. Phone 7171X. 400 Powell St.

EXPERIENCED gardener—Lawn work and pruning. Phone 8816L.

YOUNG Japanese boy wants situation as cleaner, store, office or house, by the day or hour. Phone 6105R.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FEMALE 5

CAPABLE young woman wants housework, cooking or sewing, by week or month. Phone 6541Y.

EXPERIENCED stenographer wants position in Life or Fire Insurance office. Apply Box 872, Colonist.

ENGLISH lady, very experienced, certificated, wants pupils or daily position, any district; usual subjects, French, music. Box 130, Colonist.

MRS. SEDDON'S Nursing Home, 1170 Fort St. Terms reasonable. Also visits patients.

POSITION wanted—Anyone in need of a good, clean, reliable housekeeper, capable, a splendid cook, with good reference, apply Box 812, Colonist.

REFINED young lady would take charge of children, afternoon and evening. Good references. Phone 040R.

WORK and charge of children. Phone mornings, 6500R.

EDUCATIONAL 6

CRANLEIGH HOUSE SCHOOL for boys
From beginners' course to matriculation. Excellent accommodation for boarders and day boys. C. V. MILTON, A.C.P.
The Willows Phone 4483

B.C. Dramatic School, Fort. St. Ph. 4838. Elocution, deportment, speaking, expression.

ENGINEERS instructed for examinations. W. G. Winterburn, M.I.N.A., 221 Central Building, Victoria, B.C.

LEINSTER PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Shawnigan Lake. A school for boys conducted on English lines will be opened on January 8. Special terms granted to officers' sons. Prospectus on application. Capt. Gerald Barry, Shawnigan Lake.

SUMMERFIELDS

PREPARATORY SCHOOL for boys, Duncan, B.C. For particulars apply to Headmaster.

SPECIAL Cooking Classes for Entrance—Rhodes Coaching School reopens Jan. 8, 1029 Richardson. Mrs. MacKenzie, Miss Littler

ST. ANTHONY'S HOUSE—A home school for girls and little boys under the care of Sisters of the Church of England. 1306 Georgia Street West, Vancouver, B.C.

SHORTHAND SCHOOL, 1011 Government Street. Business subjects, thorough tuition. E. A. MacMillan, principal. Phone 374.

TUTOR for backward and neglected students. 301 B.C. Permanent Loan Bldg.

MUSIC 7

AT the Piano—Mr. Hughes. Phone 7130. Parties and dances. Moderate charges.

BANJO, MANDOLIN, GUITAR, and all stringed instruments taught by W. G. Plowright, 1110 Broad Street. Phone 1682; Res. phone 1111Y1. Hours, 1 to 8 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 to 1.

DOMINION ACADEMY MUSIC, Fort and Cook. Madame Webb, L.S.M. Violin, piano, singing, harmony, theory. Phone 1901.

ERNEST SEMPLE, violinist and teacher. 1348 Mitchell Street. Phone 3747.

FANCY dancing, mandolin, banjo and guitar taught by Mrs. H. Attfield, 139 Simcoe Street.

MISS INA GORDON, teacher of piano and violin. 802 Blanshard Street.

MR. F. T. C. WICKETT, A.R.C.O., L.L.C.M.—Piano, singing, organ. 1482 Fort Street. Phone 1809.

MISS H. E. BIRD, A.R.C.M., teacher of music, 868 Gorge Road, West. Homes visited if desired.

MISS W. BLACKETT, teacher of pianoforte, harmony, theory. 1020 Fort St. Phone 1000.

MRS. C. BROWN-CAVE, A. L. C. M., teacher of pianoforte, violin and theory. Students successfully prepared for examinations. For terms, etc., apply 3020 Fifth St.

PIANOFORTE

MRS. E. SEMPLE — Pianist and experienced teacher of piano. Pupils prepared for examinations if desired. 1348 Mitchell Street. Phone 3747.

PIANO lessons, reasonable; will go out if desired. Miss May Frith, 1004 Fairfield Road.

VOICE Production—Jack P. McCall (Scottish Gold Medalist), teacher of singing. Old Italian methods taught. Phone 360 or 6187R for appointment.

REGINALD H. COX, pianoforte teacher. Homes visited if desired. Pupils prepared for exams. One this year obtained highest marks throughout Canada in McGill Univ., junior grade. Studio, 1472 Fort Street. Phone 909.

VIOLONCELLO Tuition—Mr. Balagno, 818 Princess. 'Cellist Royal Victoria.

TO EXCHANGE 8

AGREEMENT of sale, clear title, for car. Box 461, Colonist.

CLOSE-IN ACREAGE WANTED IN TRADE FOR

FULLY modern house well located near Government House, with hall, living-room beamed and panelled, dining-room with fireplace, den, pantry and kitchen; upstairs, bathroom and three bedrooms; fine basement, with furnace; very pretty garden with fruit, views of sea and mountains. Owner's equity at conservative valuation is $6,000—Will trade for cleared or partly cleared close-in acreage; prefers without buildings.

OWNER of very large cleared farm in Saanich, valued at $100 per acre, would sell and take as part payment at about $6,000, an improved ranch of 8 to 15 acres with good-sized house, near schools and with some modern conveniences.

See us about these and other propositions we have listed for exchange.

FRANCO-CANADIAN CO., LTD.
118 Belmont House

TO EXCHANGE 8 (Continued)

BLACK fox fur, $30; exchange for groceries, coal or wood. Box 056, Colonist.

I WILL trade a clear title of four lots at Athabasca Landing, Alta. (paid $1,600), for an auto (no Fords) or Victoria property. Apply 31 Regina Avenue, Victoria.

DRESSMAKING 9

DRESSMAKING—Blouses, kimonos, and alterations promptly done. Room 13, 1074½ Yates Street.

EXPERT dressmaking by the day. Phone 1826L.

EXPERIENCED dressmaker—Work by the day. Phone 7314L.

LADIES' hats made, stylish and reasonable. Mrs. Perry, 984 Empress Avenue. Phone 4070R.

LADIES' suits and dresses embroidered and beaded; children's clothes a specialty, also underwear. Phone 8106L.

MADAME ISOBEL, French dressmaker. Good style, reasonable charges. Phone 7841Y.

MRS. CHAN, 2002 Quadra St. Evening dresses, coats, etc. Remodelling and cleaning.

SKILLED hands produce pleasing work—Mrs. Clarke will sew for you in your home. Phone 4672L for appointment.

MISCELLANEOUS 10

A. SMITH, 627 Pandora—Plumbing and Heating. Jobbing a specialty. Wringers repaired; new rubbers put on. Phone 1177.

A GOOD Job—Razor blades resharpened. Bring yours in. F. D. Cox, 637 Fort.

CUSTOMERS often tell us our sausages are the best in Victoria. Quality counts. Beef, 3 lbs. for 35c; tomato, 10c; pure pork 30c lb. Williams' Meat Store, Johnson at Broad.

GET your skates sharpened by the best method. Carver & Son, 237 Fort.

HANDY Lending Library—Latest fiction, 30c per month. See our list. Shaw's Exchange, 309 Fort Street, just above Blanchard.

HOUSE building and woodwork; hardwood, laid and scraped. Phone 1470.

LLOYD & SONS, specialists in stove, range, furnace repairs, moving and connecting coils made. Lloyd, chimney sweep. 1844.

MRS. JOWITT, 531 Fort, next door to Fine Art Gallery, Phone 3134, wishes all her customers and friends a Very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

OLD HATS cleaned, reblocked, remodelled in latest styles. Victoria Hat Factory, Broad St., opposite "Times." Phone 1709.

SAWS, all kinds, filed, set, gummed, etc. Phone W. Emery, 164, Gladstone Ave.

TO RENT—MISCELLANEOUS 11

FOR Rent—Store, No. 1013 Douglas Street, from 1st January, 1923. Apply phone 717.

GARAGE to Let. Mrs. Hale, 1117 McClure St., close to Cook St.

TO LET—STORE, Central Bldg.
McPHERSON & FULLERTON BROS.
520 Central Bldg. Phone 1888.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS 13

AUGUST-SOWN Cabbage and Kales in variety, 100 60c; 1,000 $4. Bulbs in great variety, cheap and good, from 60c to $1 per doz. Canterbury Bells, Foxgloves, Honesty, Wallflowers, $1 per doz. Roses; in addition to my present large stock I am importing the best grown and raised roses in the world. Rosarians are invited to send in their orders for any new or choice sort they may want so that I can include them in my consignment. Orders must reach me by January 18, 1923. Prices reasonable and inquiries invited. Clematis Montana and C. Montana Rubens in pots, 75c each. Currants, sorts, each 60c. Apples, 1 year 75c; 2 years $1. Pears and Plums, choice and good, etc. Peaches, $1 each. Herbaceous Plants in many sorts, $1 per doz. C.W.O. James Simpson, 611 Superior, Victoria, B.C. Phone 1984.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT WORTH WHILE
ALL Enterprise ranges bought at this store during Christmas season will be fitted with a new Jack W.F. and indestructible back lining, free of charge.
JACK W.F., VALUE $16.
JACK'S STOVE STORE
788 Yates

A HEINTZMAN piano, like new, half price, $10 monthly, or will rent; also a good cottage piano, $125, 1817 Quadra.

AT Victoria Crockery Store, 808 Johnson Street—Solid oak rocking chair, armchair and settee, upholstered in leather; snap, $27.

A NEW postcard-size camera, cheap; nice Xmas present. Phone 6470X.

A NEW postcard-size camera, cheap; nice Xmas present. Phone 8478Y.

BRUSSELS carpet, 9x10 ft. 6 in., in A1 condition; a bargain, $18.50. Oddy's, 1817 Douglas Street.

BOTTLES—We have them, all sizes. We buy and sell. Wm. Allan, 2683 Rose St. Phone 3706.

BARGAINS in good clean carpets and rugs; also fluff rugs for sale. Carpeteria Co., 931 Fort Street.

CANADA Ideal range, water front, in A1 shape, $43. Island Exchange (The Big Store), 739 Fort Street.

CUSTOMER wanted for five or seven gallons milk daily. W. Holmes, Swan Lake Farm, Lake Hill.

CHILDREN'S wheel toys, autos, wagons, skooters, velocipedes, dolls' carts, etc. 1310 Government Street.

COATS, suits, dresses, fur coats, etc., cash or credit. Famous Store, 638 Yates St.

EDISON disc records, popular dances, as good as new, 12 for $10. Phone 3902L.

ENLARGEMENTS from Kodak Pictures. Select the best of your pictures and bring the films to us for enlarging. Bring them now—You will find them worth-while gifts to your friends for Xmas.
MAYNARD'S, the Pioneer Photographer, 715 Pandora Avenue. Phone 3230.

FOR Sale—Electric brooder, poultry netting and supplies; also garden tools, etc. Corbie, Knights Avenue, Mt. Tolmie.

FOR Sale—Hammerless ejector twelve-bore shotgun, new, by Dyke & Co., London; cost thirty guineas; price $150. Also several other guns bought, sold and exchanged. Whitehead, Plimley's Garage.

FOR Sale—1 10-ft. dough trough, about 300 bread pans. Phone 7341.

FURNITURE for Sale—Athens range, table and chairs, dining-room suite, including buffet, extension table and chairs, floor covering, etc. Apply 678 Hillside Ave.

FUMED oak dinner wagon, just like new, $30. Oddy's, 1817 Douglas St.

FOR Sale—Lavender evening dress, also grey afternoon dress and black and gold brocaded slippers; all new. Phone 6477L.

FOR Sale—Gold-filled bracelet watches, $7.00; silver cigarette cases, $4.00; solid gold rings, $0.75; neckchains and pendants, $8.75; solid gold cuff buttons, English hallmarked, $6; solid gold watch chains, $10.50; solid gold watches, 18-kt., $37.00; military brush sets, $8.50; 5-piece ladies' toilet sets, $8.70; genuine French pearl necklace, $12.50; gents' silk watch fobs $2.70; boys' watches, fully guaranteed, $2.38; gold-filled lockets, $1.75; solid gold tie pins, $2.50; ladies' gilt jewel boxes, $2.75; ladies' pearl sunburst brooch, $17.00; two-stone genuine diamond rings, $30; sterling silver ash trays, $2.50; gents' solid gold signet rings, $2.75; Masonic lockets, $8; solid gold bracelets, $7.50; large sleeping dolls, completely dressed, $0.75; American Waltham watches, $8.75. All goods neatly packed for Christmas. Jacob Aaronson, watchmaker and jeweler, 581 Johnson Street, 4 doors below Government Street. Phone 705.

GOOD white enamel bed, coil spring and Ostermoor mattress, in good shape, $17.50. Island Exchange (The Big Store), 739 Fort Street.

GOOD range, $16, and other goods for Christmas. Tyldesley's, 749 Fort.

GOOD Wilton carpet, $18; and Singer machine (7 drawers), $29.50. Tyldesley's, 749 Fort Street.

HAMSTERLEY ANNOUNCEMENTS
HAMSTERLEY Announcement—Come to Hamsterley Store, 1610 Douglas Street, for real Brandied Cherry Chocolates, $1.20 per pound; limited quantity only.

HICKLING'S Bargain House, 741 Pandora. Phone 1746. Heintzman piano, $250; bicycle, $18.50; Nugget range, $37.00; Soloman violin, $075.

LADY'S best English steel Mount Charles skates on high leather boots; hardly used; splendid condition; $10. Box 350, Colonist.

FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS 13 (Continued)

LADIES!—See our Automatic Electric Range. Cooks dinner while you are shopping or making calls; never burns. People's Cash Hardware, 618 View Street. Phone 2886.

LADY'S gold watch, 15 kt.; child's ball-bearing tricycle; 23-jewel Vanguard Waltham; string of pearls; violin, bow and case, cheap. No reasonable offer refused. 981 Johnson Street.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S DISCARDED CLOTHING FOR SALE
SHAW & CO.
738 Fort Street Phone 401

MRS. JOWITT, 521 Fort—Boys' overcoats, and reefer suits; ladies' raincoats; gents' overcoats; evening gowns. Phone 3134.

MACKINAW coats, $10.50 and $12; Mackinaw shirts, $4.75 to $10. F. Jeune & Bro., Ltd.

MOORE-WHITTINGTON Lumber Co., Ltd. Rough and dressed lumber, doors, windows, frames, interior finish, etc. City or country orders receive careful attention. Correspondence invited. Sawmills, Pleasant St.; Factory, 2630 Bridge. Phone 2697.

MALLEABLE steel ranges, $6 per week. Phone 4409. 1610 Douglas Street.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

MAKE IDEAL GIFTS for your boy or girl. Come in where expert advice is free, and special value in violins, from $6 to costly rare old instruments, may be obtained. Strings and parts for sale at lowest prices.
THE FIDDLE SHOP
731 Fort Street Phone 2215

MIMEOGRAPH machines (Edison-Dick) and supplies. Exclusive Victoria Agents at 24 Winch Bldg. Phone 1018.

NORDHEIMER piano, $008, and 88-note player-piano (mahogany), $400. Tyldesley's, Phone 4118.

ORIENTAL rugs and hand-made lace can be seen at China Art store, 910 Pandora.

OWNERS of Pathe, Brunswick or Sonora gramaphones can get a great bargain in new records at 35c each at the Island Exchange, 709 Fort Street.

PIANO, snap (used), walnut case; easy terms arranged. 718 Yates.

RUBBER Roofing and corrugated iron for sale cheap. Mac's Store, 1413-17 Store Street.

ROAST your turkey in our aluminum roasters, $1.45 to $8.90. Black at 88 cents. Pudding bowls, 10 cents and up. People's Cash Hardware, 818 View Street. Phone 2000.

RUBBER boots, ankle, $0.00; knee, $4.70; hip, $7.50, postage paid. F. Jeune & Bro., Ltd.

SCORE CARDS. Do you play 500? The Adams 500 Score Card adds greatly to a game among friends. Neat, practical and great novelty. Leading stationery stores can supply.

SINGER sewing machine, special, $17. 713 Yates.

SOLID oak dining-room suite, including round ex. table and 6 real leather-seated diners; a snap, $58. Oddy's, 1817 Douglas St.

SANTO electric vacuum cleaner, with all appliances, like new; cost $135. Snap, $65. Island Exchange (The Big Store), 730 Fort Street.

THE Gentlewomen's Private Exchange and Mart. Phone 6498.

UPHOLSTERED easy chair, $7.00; also good wringer and stand, $4.50. Tyldesley's, 749 Fort.

VISITORS to Victoria should visit Mrs. Jowitt, 521 Fort St., for curios, antiques, old jewelry, etc. Special, four very fine "Dickens" pictures, unique. Phone 3134.

WYNFLEET DAIRY, Owen Lloyd, Propr.—Milk, 10c quart. On and after January 1 we will deliver milk in any part of Esquimalt at 10 quarts for a dollar. Milk we supply is guaranteed from tubercular-tested cows only.

WE will take your measure for that odd corner and build you a set of bookshelves to suit. Any style, any size, any finish. We have the only Kindergarten sets worth while. Made for service, finished in any color. From $3 up. You must see these. Boudoir lamps in walnut, mahogany and oak finish, from $2.50. Less than half usual prices.
VICTORIA FURNITURE MART
739-741 View Street Phone 7088

1 COMBINATION bureau and washstand; 1 library table; 1 oak rocker; 1 carpet. Phone 6184L.

1-H.P. SINGLE-PHASE motor, with rip and cut-off, and grooving saws, cheap. Phone 198Y.

3 USED Singer drophead sewing machines at big reductions. 719 Yates.

730 Fort St. CITY MART SPECIALS Phone 1488

Kitchen Cabinet, with bins	$18.00
Good San. Couch, with mattress	$18.00
Canada Ideal Range	$40.00
Oak Dresser, bevel mirror	$18.50
Very good Uph. Cane Chair	$10.00
Oak Dining Table and 4 Chairs	$30.00
Fumed Oak Buffet	$01.00

We Buy and Exchange Good Furniture
Easy Terms Monthly Payments

Established 1908
"Advertising is to business as steam is to machinery"
ANCIENT AND MODERN ADVERTISING
The first great advertisers in the world were the Kings of Egypt, who left the world the pyramids, monuments and hieroglyphics. Then Caesar set the world an example. He wrote on the walls of Rome for the people to read just what the Senators in the Senate were doing. Then came newspapers and the printed word.
NEWTON ADVERTISING AGENCY
Advertisement Writers and Advertising Contractors.
Multigraph and Mimeograph Circular Letters and Postcards. Addressing. Mailing. Rates Quoted for Local, Dominion and Foreign Publications.
Suite 24, Winch Bldg. Phone 1018

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS 14

ATTENTION! — Mrs. Hunt, wardrobe dealer, of Winnipeg and Calgary, is open to buy and sell high-class ladies', gents' and children's clothing. Special offers for gentlemen's clothes. We pay spot cash to any amount. Business done strictly private. Mrs. Hunt will call herself to any address; or call at 702 Fort Street. Phone 4001; after 6 p.m., 4043L.

WE WILL CALL AT ANY ADDRESS
AND pay highest prices for bottles, rags, tools, stoves, furniture, or anything else. Phone 6136. We pay top prices.

DON'T Hesitate—Phone 0408 if you have any furniture you wish to dispose of. Our representative will call and offer current prices. Island Exchange, The Big Store, 739-743 Fort Street.

CALL 6136—WE PAY BEST PRICES
FOR bottles, rags, tools, stoves, furniture or anything else you wish to dispose of. We call anywhere, any time. Try us.

MAN'S Persian Lamb coat, cap or gauntlets at bargain. Phone 5098L.

YES, THERE'S A REASON
Phone 3698
MRS. WARDALE, the name with a reputation, who will call and buy ladies', gents' and children's clothing, bedding, etc. 1821 Douglas Street. Block below H.B. Co.

MRS. JOWITT, 521 Fort (next door to Fine Art Gallery)—High-class second-hand clothing. Gents' suits wanted, any quantity. Phone 3134.

GENTLEMEN'S DISCARDED CLOTHING BOUGHT
BEST PRICES PAID. WE CALL
SHAW & CO.
703 Fort Street Phone 401

OAK BAY Auction Rooms buy, sell or exchange furniture, pianos. Phone 2222.

ODDY'S are open to buy good class furniture, carpets, ranges, etc. Good prices paid. Phone 2651.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS 14 (Continued)

WANTED for Cash—Vaughan drag saw, in good condition. Phone Belmont 27M.

WANTED to purchase, or for sale on commission, antique furniture, china and silver. Phone 6364X. Mrs. Woollatt, 1038 St. Charles Street.

WANTED—Old bicycles and parts, in any condition. Victory Wreckage Cycle Works. Phone 738. 581 Johnson Street. Will call at any address.

TURN YOUR TRASH INTO CASH
WE buy rags and bottles; also tools, stoves and furniture, etc., etc. Phone 6106.

YOUR clothing will bring cash. We require men's suits, in any quantities, 1 or 100. Also children's and ladies' clothing. Shaw's Exchange, 606 Fort Street. Note new number. Phone 3490.

ROOM AND BOARD 15

AT The Bungalow, 714 Cook Street—Furnished rooms with board, ideal home; steam heat; terms reasonable. Gentlemen preferred.

A WARM, well-furnished bedroom and board, private family; home cooking. 6030L.

BON ACCORD, 848 Princess Ave.—Room and board; close in, home cooking. Phone 4030.

ETHEWOLD, 700 Cook St.—Comfortable, warm house, sunny rooms, good service and cooking; near business centre. Miss Hadwen.

ENGLISH cooking, 1130 St. Patrick Street, Oak Bay, near car. Phone 7803L1.

FIRST-CLASS rooms, board optional, steam heat, central. Vernon House, 804 Humboldt.

FURNISHED ROOMS TO RENT 16

FURNISHED rooms, flats and cabins, $4 a month up. 1005 Hillside Avenue.

NEAR James Bay Hotel—Comfortable, warm rooms, running water, gas, furnace, fireplace. Phone 4371L.

TRY the Kits Hotel, Fort and Douglas, for clean, cosy rooms; day, week, month. fully modern; rates moderate. Phone 61.

HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS TO RENT 19

A SMALL suite, or for board and room. 930 Superior St. Phone 1192X.

FURNISHED housekeeping rooms; phone and all conveniences. 1031 Pandora Avenue.

FURNISHED complete two-roomed suite, $05 per month, all conveniences; centrally located; adults. 1190 Fort Street. Phone 8546R.

HOUSEKEEPING Rooms, also furnished rooms. 1005 Blanshard.

HOUSEKEEPING and single rooms, Fairfield Hotel, opposite City Hall.

HOVE Lodge—Housekeeping rooms; children not objected. Phone 7302O. 310 Michigan Street.

HOUSEKEEPING and single rooms, Fairfield Hotel, opposite City Hall.

HOUSEKEEPING rooms, single and double; close in. 940 Pandora Ave.

HOUSEKEEPING rooms, with kitchenette, bath, gas, outside entrance. 1030 Quadra Street.

ONE 2-room and single room, with kitchenette, to rent, reasonable. 837 Pandora. Phone 2810O.

2 OR 3 COMFORTABLE housekeeping rooms, gas, heater, phone. 639 Pandora.

FLATS AND APARTMENTS TO RENT 21

AT Normandie Apartments, corner Balmoral and Cook Streets—Small furnished suite; adults only.

APARTMENT, attractive, modern, every convenience, comfortable, furnished; best part Fairfield. 450 Chester.

AT the October Mansions—An unfurnished suite to rent.

AT Beacon Hill Apartments, 631 Vancouver Street—Furnished suite, bright, warm. Phone 3002.

AT Belwil Apartments—Furnished suite for rent. 2314 Douglas. Phone 0054O.

AT Bellevue Apts.—Two-roomed suite for rent. 0014 Douglas. Phone 8024O.

APARTMENTS, furnished, also room and board; heated; moderate. 005 Simcoe. 2660R.

BELL Apartments, 1031 Cook Street—Unfurnished suite for rent. Apply Suite 4.

CARLTON—Nice furnished suites, heated; week or month. 1711 Pandora. Phone 4749R.

TO Rent—Unfurnished apartment, gas range, three rooms, kitchen and bathroom. Parkway Apartments. Apply Janitor, corner Cook and Pandora, or Brett & Ker, Ltd.

4-ROOM apartment for rent; furniture for sale, cheap, including baby buggy and crib. Phone 5628X.

1190 MAY Street, Linden Apartments—Three-roomed unfurnished suite. Apply Suite 1.

WANTED TO RENT FLATS AND APARTMENTS 22

WANTED by January 1—Furnished or partially furnished apartment or flat. Moderate rent. Heated if possible. Phone 0000L.

TO RENT—HOUSES 23

UNFURNISHED HOUSES FOR RENT

528 CRAIGFLOWER ROAD, 3 rooms, modern	$20.00
1010 CHAMBERLAIN STREET, 7 rooms, modern	30.00
71 MENZIES STREET, 7 rooms	10.00
117 MENZIES STREET, 7 rooms, modern	30.00
107 MENZIES STREET, 8 rooms, modern	30.00
318 OLIVE STREET, 7 rooms, modern	30.00
1020 VIEW STREET, 8 rooms (including water)	22.00
742 BAY STREET (opposite Armories), 6 rooms	30.00

Apply
THE ROYAL TRUST CO.
Belmont House Phone 4700

TO LET—UNFURNISHED

852 Battery St., 7 rooms	$20.00
808 Oliver St., 6 rooms (2 lots)	00.00

FURNISHED

Beach Drive, 5 rooms, piano	$30.00
Sylvan Lane, 5 rooms	30.00

Wishing All a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.
BEAUMONT BOGGS & CO., LIMITED
Agents 620 Broughton Street

FOR RENT—8-ROOM HOUSE, with large grounds, close in, good location; immediate possession. Rent $60 per month.
McPHERSON & FULLERTON BROS.
520 Central Bldg. Phone 1888.

FIVE-ROOMED modern cottage, 2103 Spring Road, corner Princess. Rent, $00, Westendale.

FOR Rent—6 rooms, modern, 1450 Dallas, $10. Phone 6073R.

HOUSES, furnished and unfurnished, for rent and for sale on easy terms. Lloyd-Young & Russell, 1012 Broad Street. Phone 4632.

HOUSES to Rent. W. B. Shaw, Pemberton Bldg. Tel. 3672.

HOUSE, Albert Head, basement, living-room, kitchen, pantry, w.c., bath separate, 3 bedrooms, hot and cold water, free fuel, outbuildings. Rent $9.50. Apply 668 Moss, Victoria. Phone 3854L.

SMALL cottage for rent, near Navy Yard wall, rent $8 per month. Phone 7428L1.

SIX rooms, completely modern, Fairfield, $30; five rooms, completely modern, furnace, $35; seven rooms, hardwood floors, furnace and garage, $30. Many others, ring me up. Harry Amphlett, 307 Union Bank Bldg. Phone 3900.

TO Let—House, close in, good repair, modern, garden, water paid. Phone 2308L.

TWELVE-ROOM house to rent, in best part of Victoria, modern improvements, including gas, rent moderate. Phone 3917L.

TO Let—6-room dwelling, modern, Gorge Road; large grounds; rent $35. Phone 3608.

TO RENT—HOUSES 23 (Continued)

TO Rent—1½ acres, with five-roomed house, city conveniences, near Mount Tolmie car and bus; apples and other fruits, chicken houses, $35 per month. Box 336, Colonist.

6-ROOMED modern bungalow, in Fairfield; polished floors, lino and window blinds included; rent $30 per month; immediate possession. Phone Carlin Realty, 6006, 5050.

6-ROOM modern house to rent. Phone 7406R.

939 PEMBERTON Road—Eight rooms, 4 bedrooms; thoroughly renovated. Heisterman, Forman & Co. Phone 55.

WANTED TO RENT—FURNISHED HOUSES 25

WANTED—Nicely furnished house, near golf links, at once. Phone 4848.

TO RENT—FURNISHED HOUSES 26

DANDY 4-room bungalow, with glassed-in porch, completely furnished; big garden lot, chicken houses. Will lease. On Orillia St., just off bus. $25 monthly. Victoria Realty Co., 216-217 Central Bldg. Phone 5036.

FURNISHED—Seven-roomed semi-bungalow, Fairfield; good home, fully modern. Phone 5407.

FURNISHED 5-roomed cottage, $31 per month. 1308 Crescent Road. Phone 4008L.

HOUSES to Rent. W. B. Shaw, Pemberton Bldg. Tel. 3672.

NEAR Jubilee Hospital—Furnished four-roomed cottage, with garage, neat and clean, $18 per month. Phone 8001R.

OAK BAY—A really nicely furnished bungalow, six rooms, very nicely furnished, close to sea and golf links; large lot and garden; for rent to reliable tenant, $05 per month. Robert S. Day & Son, Ltd., 1124 Broad Street, Victoria.

TWO or three-room furnished cottages, cheap; 13 minutes car. Phone 7011L.

TO Rent—Furnished four-roomed modern house, including piano and garage. careful tenants; First Street. Phone 2028Y.

WARM, comfortable and roomy 5-roomed bungalow, all modern, piano, no bed linen; close to business part, but quiet neighborhood; vacant January 25, for about 3 months. References exchanged. Call mornings or evenings, 1046 View Street.

POULTRY AND LIVESTOCK 27

BOSTON puppies for sale. Phone 2810L.

BEST prices paid for poultry. Seaview Poultry Farm, 433 Dallas Road. Phone 5000.

BIRD Store, 1310 Government Street—Guaranteed singing canaries, from $07; small tame monkeys; tame white mice; parrots; foreign finches; goldfinch mules; dogs, cats, etc. All kinds of fresh seeds, cages, and supplies. Try our song tonic and red mite destroyer. Phone 000.

CANADIAN Poultry World Christmas number now ready—Beautiful three-colored frontispiece; interesting articles and special features. If you are interested in poultry send for free copy. P.O. Box 886, Victoria, B.C.

CAPITAL City Registered Dog Breeders' Association—Dogs for sale; registered stud dogs of all kinds. Information and particulars at Bird Store, 1310 Government St., phone 868; or V.C.K.C., phone 7340L.

CANARIES for sale, fine songsters. Apply 2840 Wark Street. Phone 6082L.

FOR Sale—Two young Jersey cows, milking. W. Green, Royal Oak.

FOR Sale—Fresh Jersey grade cow, No. 1 quality, heavy and easy milker. Phone 6137R.

FOR Sale—Two English bulldog puppies, registered stock. Apply 2437 Douglas Street.

FOR Sale—Field spaniel puppy, male, $8. Phone 8241R.

FOR Sale—30 Wyandotte pullets, $1.20 each; 10 Barred Rock pullets, $1.20 each, just starting to lay. Phone 1724.

FOR Sale—Toy Pomeranian male puppies; overstocked. Apply Mrs. Tooly, John Street.

RETRIEVER pups for sale. Make fine companions and hunters. Apply P. O. Box 6, Ladysmith, B.C.

WHITE Leghorn cockerels for breeding, $1 to $3 each; fine birds. Tennant, 2029 Cedar Hill Road, Victoria.

WANTED—100 Barred Rocks, hens and pullets; must be good strain. Apply Box 370, Colonist.

WILL sacrifice 4-gallon Jersey-Ayrshire cow, due to calve next month; extremely rich milk, gentle, easy milker; also Belphema, blue Persian cat, $5; also 2 Indian Runner ducks, with drake, prolific layers, $1.00 each; also 4 Solly's Leghorn pullets, with cockerel, laying, $10. Mrs. K. Dickinson, Gordon Head Road.

PULLETS! PULLETS!

300 LAYING Wyandotte pullets just arrived. This is the finest bunch of pullets received this season. All well matured and in the best of condition.
JOHN DAY
632-30 Yates (next Dominion). Phone 1938

AUTOMOBILES 28

IF YOU NEED A CAR, SEE THESE

OVERLAND TOURING, starter and everything	$175
FORD TOURING, in fine shape	$165
CHEVROLET TOURING, in splendid order	$295
OVERLAND TOURING, Model "90," excellent buying	$495
CHEVROLET TOURING "20," runs and looks like new	$475
McLAUGHLIN MASTER SIX, late 20, in superior condition	$1150

And Many Others.
Easy Terms If Desired.
CARTIER BROS.
724 Johnson Street Phone 6237

ALL our used trucks have good tires. We are very particular about this. When you buy a rebuilt truck it has got to do exactly the same work as would a new one. Mechanically, too, our used trucks are good, for, while we cannot make a new truck out of a used one, we check them over very carefully in order that they will give thorough satisfaction. The following sizes are now in stock: 1, 1½, 2, 3½ and 3½ tons. Easy terms anywhere in British Columbia.
Used Truck Department:
HAYES-ANDERSON MOTOR CO., LTD.
"Everything for the Truck Owner"
Day-Elder and Ruggles Distributor
1360 Granville Street, Vancouver
Open evenings by appointment so that you can go to Vancouver on the afternoon and return on the evening boat, which leaves Vancouver at 11:45 p.m.

CASH waiting for used Fords, any model, any condition. Central Garage, 741 Fisgard Street.

DOMINION GARAGE

DODGE 1920 — SNAP FOR CASH.
Corner GORDON and COURTNEY STS.
Phone 940

FORD touring car, 1919 model, equipped with self-starter, battery like new, all nearly new tires, and paint, upholstery and top in extra good condition, priced for quick sale at $322. Chev. 1616 touring, fine shape throughout, including tires, $296. Come in and try this one out. Used parts and accessories at half of new price. See me—I save you money.
W. FRANK CAMERON
949 View Street Phone 1666

FOR Sale—5-passenger Ford, with delivery body; just been overhauled; to be sold cheap. Phone 7640L.

FOR Sale—Detroit Electric, in very good order, with charging plant complete. Thos. Plimley, Ltd. Phone 697.

HUDSON Super Six, 7-passenger touring car, privately owned and well cared for; in first-class condition throughout; must be seen to be appreciated. For particulars and price, apply phone 6121.

A Mart for Busy Readers—House and Business Property for Sale and Exchange

AUTOMOBILES 28
(Continued)

PARTS
PARTS
PARTS

DO YOU OWN A GRAY-DORT?

If you do it will pay you to remember that we have a large stock of used parts on hand that we sell at 60% off the new price. Every part guaranteed.

DO YOU OWN A CHEVROLET?

If you do it will more than pay you to purchase our used Chevrolet parts, which we sell at 50% off the new price. We guarantee every part to be in good shape.

DO YOU OWN A FORD?

We have the largest stock of used Ford parts in Victoria. Our price for any part is just one-half of the new price, and we guarantee every part to be good.

EVERY PART HALF PRICE

Gray-Dort tops, Chevrolet tops, Ford tops, Gray-Dort windshields, Ford windshields, Chevrolet windshields, wheels, demountable and clincher; gears for all cars; bodies, motors, complete or in parts; self-starters, generators, radiators, engine hoods, rear housings, drive shafts, horns, 6-8 volt batteries, like new; axles, front and rear; cushions, fenders, chassis, and every other part for any of the above cars.

Our wrecking department is open to buy any number of late model cars for wrecking, condition no object.

We pay the express charges on parts to any part of the Island. Mail orders receive our prompt attention.

MASTERS MOTOR CO., LTD.
WRECKING DEPARTMENT
913 Yates Street (corner of Quadra Street)
Phone 372

WISHING YOU ALL
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

McMORRAN'S GARAGE
727 Johnson Street Phone 2877

"THE RIGHT CAPACITY"

MANY men make a mistake and get a truck that is too small. Our Used Truck Department makes it possible for you to get the right size truck, at the right price, and on terms that you can well afford to pay. No matter where you live in British Columbia we are ready to serve you.

Used Truck Department
HAYES-ANDERSON MOTOR CO., LTD.
"Everything for the Truck Owner"
Day-Elder & Ruggles Distributor
1330 Granville Street, Vancouver

Open evenings by appointment, so that you can go to Vancouver on the afternoon and return on the evening boat, which leaves Vancouver at 11:45 p.m.

NEW Ford tops, $10.00. Other cars at proportionate rates; also side curtain and top repairs. Cartier Bros., 724 Johnson St. Phone 5237.

OVERLAND car, late model, privately owned and used carefully, in first class order, for sale cheap. Phone 4842.

PHONE 6703, Cox & Perkins, 951 View Street. Winter tops, touring and delivery bodies built to order. Tops, slip covers and dust covers made or remade.

PARTS! Parts! Parts—We have a large supply of second-hand parts for the following cars in stock: Fords, Twin Six Packards, Cadillac Eights, D.45 Buicks, Gray-Dorts, Chevrolets, etc. We sell these parts at a fraction of the original cost. Engines from $20 up. Special parts we can get for you from our Seattle branch on two days' notice. Junkie's Auto-Wrecking Place, 941 View Street; phone 3280. We pay the highest price for late model cars, condition no object. Ask for "Junkie."

SAXON roadster, starter, etc.........$225
McLaughlin, Ford, Chevrolet, Studebaker, Republic and many more cars and trucks to choose from.
3 36x4½ USED TIRES
At a Big Reduction
CADILLAC PARTS VERY CHEAP
KING BEE PLUGS FOR SALE—
End All Plug Troubles
RENNIESERVICE GARAGE
1717 Cook Street

TIRES! TIRES!! TIRES!!! Trade in your old tires and let us allow you a price worth while on a set of new ones. Tom Lumsden, Western Tire Station, 853 Yates Street. Phone 6977.

THE slack season is the time to get your car overhauled. We are giving special prices now. Estimates free; all work guaranteed.

We have lots of space for storage.

CECIL EVE GARAGE
Phones 2593 and 5431X 833 View St.

WE have an assortment of used cars at very low prices considering their actual condition.

If in the market for a used car, let us show you what a small amount is necessary to buy a really good one.

H. A. DAVIE, LTD.
900 Yates St. Phone 6330

BARGAINS IN GOOD USED CARS

$850—McLAUGHLIN Six, 7-passenger, 1919 model, in excellent condition, all good tires, and good top and side curtains.

$1250—STUDEBAKER Light Six, 1922 model. This car has been used a few months only and is absolutely as good as new in every respect.

$375—FORD Touring, 1920 model, in perfect condition. Hassler shock-absorbers, 4 new tires and lots of extras.

$495—CHEVROLET Touring, 1920 model, in beautiful order. This car has just been overhauled and runs and looks like new.

$550—OVERLAND, Model 90, in the very best of condition, all good tires and spare.

$1350—McLAUGHLIN Touring, 7-passenger, nearly new. This car has been used but very little and runs and looks like new.

Many Others
Easy terms on any car.
TAIT & McRAE
Phone 1693 928 View Street

VALUE IN USED CARS

$600—CHEVROLET 490, in the best of shape, cord tires.
$325—FORD Touring; a good buy at the price.
$700—DODGE Brothers Touring, overhauled and newly painted.
$1050—HUPP Touring, late model, painted and running like new.

A. E. HUMPHRIES MOTORS, LTD.
Phone 478. Cor. View and Vancouver Sts.

2 REAL CHRISTMAS SNAPS

1921 LIGHT SIX STUDEBAKER SEDAN, GUARANTEED SAME AS NEW CAR, RUNS AND LOOKS LIKE NEW, FIVE ALMOST NEW CORD TIRES, AND FULLY EQUIPPED OTHERWISE FOR $1800

1920 GRAY-DORT TOURING, GUARANTEED SAME AS NEW CAR, FIVE REAL GOOD CORD TIRES, BUMPER, AND SLIP COVERS FOR SEATS, ONLY $525

JAMESON & WILLIS, LTD.
743 BROUGHTON ST.
PHONE 2246

CYCLES AND MOTORCYCLES 29

BOY'S Perfect bicycle, $15. 951 Johnson Street.

AUTOS FOR HIRE 30

Phone 1846 Phone 1846

AUTOS FOR HIRE

Comfortable cars at low rates.
We cater to dances and weddings.
Experienced and careful drivers.
Day and Night W. McALLISTER 1846 Ross Street Day and Night

1923 SEDAN for Hire. Bellevue Taxi Service. Phone 302. Day or night.

LOST AND FOUND 32

FOUND—A lady's wrist watch, Fairfield district. Box 658, Colonist.

IN pound, Friday, 15th, mouse color dark-face Jersey heifer, rising 3. Owner may have same by paying expenses. If not claimed in 9 days, will be sold to defray expenses. Apply Langford Lake P.O.

LOST—Friday, on Cranmore Road, near Arena, a parcel containing 4 decorated candles. Finder please phone 3812R.

LOST—Parcel containing slippers, on Fernwood Road jitney. Finder please phone 6143R.

LOST—Little girl's silver purse, in Hudson's Bay Toyland, with dollar in silver. Purse valued as keepsake from France. Please phone 3848R1.

LOST—Man's mackinaw coat. Finder please call 1010L.

LOST—S.C.R. cheque for $30, in town, Friday. Finder phone 3584R, or 1524 Chapman Street. Reward.

LOST—English bulldog, light brindle. Phone information to 6332R1.

LOST—Small black and tan spaniel. Phone 3078R.

LOST, Wednesday night, from 1143 Chapman Street, gray female cat (part Persian); answers to name of Lucille. Will finder please notify above address, or phone 2140.

LOST on Foul Bay car, 3 p.m. Wednesday, 20th, lady's navy blue silk purse, containing spectacles and fancy work. Return to 10 Hampton Court. Reward.

LOST—A silver bar brooch between Tuesday and Friday this week. Finder phone 1373L.

LOST—Pocket bill holder lost between Colwood and Victoria, containing small amount of money and cheques. Name and identification card inside. Finder please return to R. L. Van Der Byl, Metchosin.

STRAYED from 2520 Vancouver Street, liver and white pointer bitch. Anyone harboring same will be prosecuted. Phone 6225X.

HOTEL DIRECTORY 33

HOTEL HUDSON
Seymour Street, Vancouver, B.C.
We appreciate your business. Rates moderate. C. Westergard, late of Winnipeg and Moose Jaw.

WESTHOLME HOTEL, Government St., has bright, cheery rooms; strictly modern. Plenty of hot water, all times. Elevator, grill; convenient for business; 3 minutes from City Hall; bus to trains and boats; special terms by the month. Phone 5870.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES 34

FREE LOTS

Town of Bithlo will give a few residence lots to desirable applicants as an advertisement. Abstract at minimum cost. Address Mayor's Office, Bithlo, Florida.

A COUNTRY general business, with P.O., in finest agricultural district and summer resort; turnover $30,000; no opposition; rent only $00. A real live business, $6,500.

MUSICAL instruments, gramophones, sheet music, records, etc., in centre of city; good opening for live business man; $1,200.

CONFECTIONERY, with 3 living-rooms and bath, fully furnished; separate entrance hall; has cash turnover of $1,200. $3,750.

BAKERY, in good district, doing 1,500 loaves a week, besides cakes, etc.; fully equipped; covered delivery truck. About $3,000.

ROOMING house, 28 rooms, ideally situated, nice grounds, tennis court, etc.; all nicely fitted out for housekeeping suites and rooms. Very moderate rent. $1,200.

THE BUSINESS EXCHANGE
703-3 B.C. Permanent Loan Bldg. Phone 2928

ACTIVE partner, with $3,000, wanted in good going logging concern. Apply Box 663, Colonist.

FOR Sale—3 shares, L. R. Steel Company. What offers? Box 604, Colonist.

GROCERY—Stock, fixtures, good lease, four living-rooms, stockroom, fully furnished, and a Chevrolet car. Step right in and take the lot and make a good living; $3,500 spot cash takes everything. "Steel" Realty, Ltd., 644 Fort Street.

MR. FARMER—Deliver your own milk—30-gallon compact route for sale; milk supplied if wished. Box 638, Colonist.

A FEW OF THE
CROWN REALTY BUSINESS SNAPS

$275—USED Furniture and Stove business, good location, reasonable rent.
$375—CANDY and Fruit, fixtures, scales, cash register, stock, etc.
$600—RESTAURANT, centrally located, regular trade; paying business.
$700—INTEREST in old established Auctioneer's business; low rent.
$750—BUTCHER business, central; fine chance for an investor; cheap rent.
$850—CANDY and Grocery business, on car line; reasonable rent.
$850—CORDWOOD business, sawing machine, auto truck, timber, cheap.
$1150—GROCERY business, Postoffice; safe, cheese and bacon cutter, scales, show cases, cash register, and stock.
$1250—FRUIT and Candy business; busiest stand in city; stock, fixtures, cash register, automatic scales. Big snap.
$2000—MODERN, old established Confectionery business, show cases, fountain, and small manufacturing plant. Near three shows.
$2000—CANDY and Newspaper business, with postoffice appointment, in busy location. A bargain for investor.
$2300—COUNTRY General Store, doing nice business; opposite depot on E. & N. Chance for live business man.
$2500—FINE, well-built modern Store, four miles from city, with stock at valuation.
$2500—SAW MILL opportunity; half interest in 33 thousand mill, ample timber, on E. & N., Alberni district.
$2850—OLD Established Drygoods business, doing good trade, in splendid locality; low rent.
$4500—GREENHOUSE proposition; 6 modern greenhouses, on half acre. Bungalow and 2 acres can be had cheap.
$6000—CONFECTIONERY and Fruit; busiest corner in city; modern, splendidly fitted. Snap.
$7500—HALF INTEREST in Saw Mill and Timber limits; one of the best paying propositions on the market.
$10,000—SAW MILL, on E. & N., 20 miles from city, with Timber limits ample for several years.

If you are looking for a business, we can suit you.

CROWN REALTY & INVESTMENT CO.
Imperial Bank Building, Gov't and Yates

$10,000 FOR extension manufacturing business, practically no opposition. Very old-established and consistently profitable connection. Box 616, Colonist.

$2000 WILL buy a half-interest in an old, well-established business in city. Seller wants working partner. This is a good, clean investment. The Griffith Co., Ltd., Hibben-Bone Bldg.

BUSINESS CHANCES

IF you have a business for sale let us have particulars.

We have clients waiting.

All information strictly confidential.

PEMBERTON & SON

BUSINESS DIRECTORY 37

ADDING MACHINES, ETC.

DALTON Adding Machine—Only ten keys. Ask for demonstration in your own office. United Typewriter Co., Ltd., 766 Fort Street, Victoria. Phone 4798.

AUTO RADIATORS AND FENDERS

AUTO Radiator and Fender Specialists. Workmanship that cannot be excelled. BURGESS BROS. 1201 Government Street Phone 2287

BUSINESS DIRECTORY 37
(Continued)

BRICK AND CEMENT WORK

CHIMNEYS, mantels, boiler work, cement work. Horspool, 311 Davida Avenue, Gorge.

BUILDERS AND CARPENTERS

ANYTHING in building or repairs. Phone 1703. Roofing a specialty. T. Thirkell.

ANYTHING in house repairs. Roofs repaired and tarred. Work guaranteed. Estimates free. Phones 7278, 5545L.

CARPENTERING and paperhanging; estimates furnished, charges reasonable. Tel. 3803L.

CHIMNEY SWEEP

J. W. HEARN, the clean sweep. Cleanliness, punctuality, courtesy. Phone 1194.

CARPET CLEANING

HAVE YOUR CARPETS WASHED
BY the famous HAMILTON BEACH METHOD. Removes all dirt and dust, kills moths and disease germs, and brings up colors and patterns like new.
Our work and service will please you.
ISLAND WINDOW & CARPET CLEANING COMPANY
Phones 7668 and 3010 947 Fort St.

DRYGOODS—WHOLESALE

WHOLESALE DRYGOODS—Turner, Beeton & Co., Ltd., wholesale drygoods importers and manufacturers. Men's furnishings, tents, "Big Horn" Brand shirts, overalls. Mail orders attended to.

DETECTIVE AGENCY

THE Western Private Detective Agency, 02-30 Board of Trade Bldg., Victoria. Phone 310. J. Palmer, Mgr. Res. 6328L1.

DYEING

When is a spot not a spot?
WHEN you have your soiled dress or suit renewed, cleaned or dyed by us. Bring them in, or phone 78. CITY DYE WORKS, 844 Fort Street.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

CHINESE-CANADIAN Employment and Interpreting Office. Phone 1380.

EMBOSSED STATIONERY

PRIVATE STATIONERY embossed in any design or color. The Colonist Printing Company, Limited.

ENGRAVING

GENERAL engraver, stencil cutter and seal engraver. Geo. Crowther, Green Block, 1216 Broad Street, opposite Colonist.

EXPRESS AND TEAMING

ABOUT furniture moving, packing, shipping, or storage, see Jeeves & Lamb Transfer Co. Forwarding and distributing. Cut rates on freight to Eastern points. Office Phone 1587. 737 Pandora Avenue.

DRAYMAN — Joseph Heaney, office at 1323 Wharf Street. Phone 171.

MOVE your furniture by motor or team; quick and reliable service. Entrust to J. D. Williams. Phone 870.

THE Truckportation Co., Ltd., general and long distance hauling; 3 to 5-ton trucks. 403 Bay Street. Phone 7197.

FURNITURE MOVING

FURNITURE moving, baggage and general hauling. The General Service Transport, Limited. 2107 Langley Street. Phone 65.

FURNITURE POLISHING

FURNITURE repaired and polished. Table tops refinished from $3 up. Phone 1743.

FURRIERS

34 YEARS' experience. Furrier, Jabe Senders, 1800 Oak Bay Avenue. Phone 3618 for estimate.

GLASS

BROKEN windows, leaded glass repaired at shortest notice. Phone H. Burns, 1010 Davie.

GARDENING

S. G. HODGES, 530 Ardesier Road. Pruning, spraying, lawns made. Phone 7284L2.

GUNMAKERS

JAMES GREEN, gunmaker; repairs and alterations; makes gun stocks, bore, brown and blue barrels. We buy and sell first-class guns, rifles. Phone 1786. 1320 Government Street.

HAIRDRESSING

THE Maison Tyrell Hairdressing Parlors are noted for their Marcel and Permanent Waving, etc. Try a face massage with their famous Lemon Clay Pack for removing blackheads, pimples, etc. David Spencer's, Ltd., 3rd Floor.

LITHOGRAPHING

LITHOGRAPHING — Lithographing, engraving and embossing. Nothing too large and nothing too small; your stationery is your advance agent; our work is unequalled west of Toronto. The Colonist Printing & Publishing Co., Ltd.

MATERNITY HOME

CONVALESCENTS and maternity cases received; 348 Hillside Avenue. Phone 341. Mrs. Skelland.

OXY-ACETYLENE WELDING

ALL classes of welding, oxy-acetylene or electric processes. British Welding Co., 935 Pembroke Street. Phone 3016.

CAST iron, brass, steel and aluminum welding. H. Edwards, 624 Courtney St.

ELECTRIC and oxy-acetylene welding, ship repairs, boilermakers, blacksmith work, brass and iron castings, etc. Victoria Machinery Depot Co., Ltd. Phone 370.

PAINTING AND PAPERHANGING

STUART LOWRY, kalsomining, painting and paperhanging at low rates. Phone 5178R.

PRINTING

WHY send your printing orders East, when you can get them done better, quicker and at the same price at The Colonist Printing Department?

PLASTERING AND CEMENT WORK

J. ALLEN, Plasterer—Estimates given on plain and ornamental plastering, cement work, repairing, etc. Phone 6294. 2339 Beach Drive.

PATENTS

PATENTS, trade marks, designs, copyrights. Fetherstonhaugh & Co., the old established firm of patent attorneys. Offices, 1030 Rogers Building, Vancouver, B.C.

PATENTS obtained, technical specifications and drawings prepared. T. L. Boyden, M.I.E.E., etc., 407 Union Bank Bldg., Victoria, B.C. Phones 614 and 2071L.

PLUMBING AND HEATING

Phones 1854, 2902L. 927 Fort St.
HAYWARD & DODS, LTD.
PLUMBING HEATING

PLUMBING. R. SMITH. HEATING
731 Fort St. Phone 1380
Oak Bay Phone 6842

VETERANS' Plumbing Co., W. Miller and D. Randell. Phone 6811. Cor. Fort and Langley. First-class workmanship.

STORE AND OFFICE FIXTURES AND ALTERATIONS

SPECIAL Furniture, House Fixtures, Cabinet Makers, Jobbing. Day & Friend, cor. Yates St. and Vancouver. Phone 6823.

STENOGRAPHER

MISS C. THOMAS, Stenographer. Stenographic work of every description. 317 Sayward Bldg., Victoria, B.C. Phone 1331.

MISS PIKE, 211 Jones Building. Work strictly confidential. Phones 4800 and 6921L.

WINDOW CLEANING

ISLAND WINDOW & CARPET CLEANING CO.
Phones 7668 and 3010 947 Fort St.
"The Pioneer Firm"
We don't advertise our work—our work advertises itself. Our auto service is at your command. W. H. HUGHES, Proprietor.

RELIABLE WINDOW CLEANERS.
Phone 3438. 364 Swan St.
"LET US DO IT"
By hour or Contract
Auto Service Expert Workmen
No Charge for Estimates

BUSINESS DIRECTORY 37
(Continued)

STORAGE, PACKING, MOVING

SAFETY Storage and Warehousing Co.—Bonded and open storage. Cut freight to any point. Phone 487; night 7025LL. 738 Johnson.

TYPEWRITERS AND SUPPLIES

NEW and second-hand, repairs, rentals. Ribbons for all machines. Underwood Typewriters, 766 Fort Street, Victoria. UNITED TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.

WOOD

WOOD FROM HAPPY VALLEY
Dry Fir, non-salt water, best quality, per cord $5.50
Dry Fir, with heavy bark 6.50
Dry Fir 6.22
Bark, per cord 6.50
Best Slabs, 4-ft. 5.00
Dry Red Fir Cordwood, cut 12 in., 14 in., 18 in. 3.00
Dry Alder, per cord 3.00
Knots, per cord 7.00
P. DIGIACOMI, 159 Alpha St. Phone 3180

DRY Fir Cordwood, 12, 14, 16 in., $3.00; Cordwood, 4 ft., $7. Phone 7105R.

DRY fir wood, non-salt water, best quality, 16-inch length, $8.30 double load. Phone 944.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

BARRISTERS

DUNLOP & FOOT
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc. Members of NOVA SCOTIA, MANITOBA, ALBERTA and B. C. BARS
512-13 Sayward Bldg. Victoria, B.C. Phone 513

CHIROPRACTORS

CHAS. A. and Estella M. Kelley. Established over 6 years. Consultation free. Phones 4143 and 5676 418 Sayward Bldg.

DENTISTS

DR. LEWIS HALL—Jewell Block, corner Yates and Douglas Streets.

DR. J. F. SHUTE, dentist. Office No. 303 Pemberton Bldg. Phone 7187.

LAND SURVEYORS

SWANNELL & NOAKES,—C.E., D.L.S., B.C.L.S., 1006 Government St. Phone 377

OPTOMETRISTS

EXPERT Optometrists (Opticians) frequently earn $5,000 a year. Short course, easy payments. Royal College of Science, Dept. 33, Toronto, Canada.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

DR. J. DUNLAP, women's diseases specialist. European hospital experience. 817 Walker Bldg., Second and University, Seattle, Wash.

DR. DAVID ANGUS, women's disorders specialty; 25 years' experience. Suite 400, Pantages Bl'g., 3rd and University, Seattle.

HOUSES FOR SALE 39

A NEW 5-room bungalow, Fairfield; buffet, 2 open fireplaces; large lot; cement basement; $3,900. Apply 1034 Burdett Ave.

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR—

A GOOD, REMARKABLY CHEAP HOME?
We have this, at $1,650. Five rooms, within easy walking distance of city. —

5 ACRES?
First-class soil, on main country road to Victoria. One hour by road or rail to city, close to waterfront. $750. Call and see us.

PALACE REALTY
510-11-12 Sayward Bldg. Phone 3777

ARE you interested in an up-to-date apartment house, with four complete suites, close to the Government Buildings? We have a real snap for you. Investigate. Crown Realty & Investment Co.

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR—

AN EXTRA CHOICE AND UNIQUE HOME?
We have this: Seafront, close to Beacon Hill Park and city; reception hall and seven rooms, fully modern in every respect; steam heated and in perfect decoration. $8,000. Terms arranged. This is a GEM. See it before buying elsewhere.

PALACE REALTY
510-11-12 Sayward Bldg. Phone 3777

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY

A FINE 7-ROOM MODERN HOUSE, semi-stucco style, close in and close to two cars. An extra well built house, in splendid condition. Has large living-room with fireplace; entrance hall with clothes closet; spacious dining-room with extra size built-in buffet, nice panelling; Dutch style kitchen; 4 bedrooms with closets; separate bath; 2 toilets; full high cement basement, modern furnace; good garage, back and front lawn to boulevard. Price only $3,500, or $4,300 completely furnished, including fine upright piano. Immediate possession. We will accept a reasonable cash payment for the whole property and furniture, balance easy monthly payments. If you want a good home at a bargain, don't overlook this.

R. V. WINCH & CO., LTD.

A COUNTRY HOME

A FIVE-ROOMED bungalow, close to Victoria, with car service within thirty minutes' run to city, on main road; standing in two acres of ground, all cultivated, with large and small fruits, flowers, etc., also barn and chicken house.

$2,050, ON TERMS

Stock, consisting chickens, horse, cow, etc., and furniture can be purchased as going concern and immediate possession given.

$2,500, ON TERMS

ROBERT S. DAY & SON, LTD.
1124 Broad St. Victoria, B.C.

A 4-ROOMED BUNGALOW
SHOAL BAY

A CHANCE to buy right on the waterfront at a bargain price. There is a beautiful sheltered bay and nice beach. There is a pressed brick fireplace in living-room, which is beamed and panelled; bath, toilet; electric light and phone. Price only $1,500.

ROBERT GRUBB & SON
Mahon Block 1112 Government St.

A SIX-ROOM home, all modern, with the comforts and conveniences you will appreciate. 2624 Cedar Hill Road. Fine garden, with overhead irrigation. Apply to Owner.

FOR Sale—Houses and lots in all parts of the city on terms to suit the purchaser. It will pay you to see our list. Money to loan. Houses to rent, furnished and unfurnished.

LEE & FRASER
1222 Broad St. Established 1893

FOR Sale by Owner—Six-room house, close in; modern, ten minutes from P.O., near Fort St. Value $3,800. Must sell, and will accept $3,400, on terms. Address Owner, Box 653, Colonist.

FOUR-ROOM bungalow, with complete bathroom equipment, Gorge district. Bargain price of $1,390, on terms. Crown Realty & Investment Co.

FOR Sale—Vancouver Street, near the park, very well built 9-room house, with large cement basement and furnace; good locality; 10-year expropriation tax paid. $1,000 cash, balance on easy terms, or rent. Phone Sidney 73Y, or write J. H. Gray, Sidney P.O.

NEAR ST. MARGARET'S SCHOOL, $3,000

JUST off Fort Street—Fully modern, very pretty 6-room bungalow, with 3 big bedrooms and deep wardrobes. Outside recently painted. Den and dining-room are en suite, with pretty open fireplace. A big bathroom of 6 fine pieces. High, full cement basement, 2 laundry tubs and brand new furnace. Lot 60x120, neatly fenced, in fine garden soil. Cement walks, some fruit trees. Only $3,000. Terms. Immediate possession.

FAIRFIELD BUNGALOW, FORCED SALE, $3,150

OWNER has left city. Has reduced price from $3,800 to $3,150 hoping to sell by January 1st. Situation is ideal, just off car line, on high ground. It is very pretty. Exterior finished in rustic style, interior with well-finished woodwork showing beautiful graining. Many cunningly hidden cupboards. Living-room especially appealing, with a fireplace that is different. You will like the panelling, beaming, buffet and window seats. Large, attractive bathroom separates 3 large bedrooms in white. The two hallways are very conveniently planned. High, full cement basement. Full-sized lot, with garage, lawn and small fruits. A Christmas gift at $3,150. Terms. Immediate possession. Not 21 for repairs. The Victoria Realty Co., 316-317 Central Bldg. Phone 3036

HOUSES BUILT ON INSTALMENT PLAN
MODERN HOMES FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS

D. M. Bain, Contractor, Fort and Stadacona
Phone 1166

HOUSES FOR SALE 39
(Continued)

THE
VICTORIA REALTY COMPANY
WISH
A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL.

GEO. WILKINSON
F. G. PURSER
S. A. CHEESEMAN.

HOUSE, with 4 rooms, three-piece bathroom, pantry, cement basement; standing in quarter-acre garden, 60 fruit trees, all kinds of small fruits, close to car. $2,500, easy terms. Apply Owner, 2310 Wascana St., Burnside Road.

HOUSE AND TWO LOTS

LOCATED on high ground, 100x120, near Normal School; five rooms, with space in attic for three more rooms; furnace, laundry tubs, fireplace, built-in features, panelled walls, beamed ceilings, sleeping porch; closets cedar lined; rooms all well lighted with plate-glass windows. Price $6,000; cash $1,000 and easy terms on balance.

A. A. MEHAREY
408-9 Sayward Bldg., Douglas and View Sts.

FURNISHED BUNGALOW
JUST OFF THE GORGE ROAD

MODERN five-roomed furnished bungalow, cement foundation, full-sized basement, large sleeping porch; high elevation. Taxes only $8 per annum.
Price ($800 cash down, balance on easy terms), $2,000.

H. G. DALBY & CO.
634 View (opposite Spencer's)

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!

OAK BAY—8 rooms; choice street; modern; hardwood floors; piped for furnace; every convenience. Can't be beat at $3,300; cash $3,000, balance arranged.
We can offer you a good selection in houses, any size, furnished or unfurnished.
See us for farms, apartment houses, businesses—in fact, anything. "We have it."
We want 6 or 7-roomed Oak Bay bungalow, about $2,000. Must be good. Nice location.
STEEL REALTY, LTD. 644 Fort St.

5-RM. BUNGALOW, ½ ACRE, $3,353

OWNER must be in Vancouver on Jan. 1st to take over a very good position. Offers nice home here at a bargain price, a great deal below actual cost. In past boom times the ½ acre alone would easily bring the price asked. Located on high ground, near car, within city limits, a cheerful situation, with nice homes adjoining. The home is pretty. Photo at office will convince you. Three rooms can be used as bedrooms. There is a nice buffet and two dandy open fireplaces. Windows to all rooms are large and attractive. The hallway is well planned. A modern 3-piece bathroom, bathtub, full length, with rolled edges. Hot water boiler in kitchen is brand new. All rooms are very bright and all roomy. High, full basement with inside entrance. The ½ acre is garden soil of wondrous fertility. Garage is 12x20, with work benches; another ¼ acre adjoining is available. The entire property is a great bargain. Arrange for an inspection, then think it over during the holidays. Terms. Immediate possession. The Victoria Realty Co., 210-211 Central Bldg. Phone 3035.

OAK BAY RESIDENCE, OVERLOOKING SEA; just off car line; 8 well-arranged rooms, extra large reception-rooms, library with open fire and bookcases; HARDWOOD FLOORS and HOT WATER HEATING. Attractively laid out grounds, large oak trees. Offered at $4,000 below value. Price $8,200.

SEVERAL OAK BAY BUNGALOWS, at prices ranging from $3,000 to $4,000, on very easy terms.

WELL-BUILT COTTAGE, light and water, $800, on very easy terms.

G. C. HOWELL G. C. HOWELL
108 Pemberton Bldg. Phone 7800

HERE'S A CHRISTMAS GIFT!

SIX-ROOM BUNGALOW WITH HOT WATER HEAT AND HARDWOOD FLOOR, FOR $3,150. Particularly choice location on Belcher Avenue, quiet, refined surroundings; handy for High School, and best car service in city. A middle-aged house, well built and in perfect shape, with absolutely modern appointments; nice garden with fruit trees. TERMS.

SUPERIOR OAK BAY RESIDENCE of seven charming rooms, replete with modern conveniences; garage; unusually fine garden, with fruit and shade trees. LOOK THIS OVER AND MAKE ME AN OFFER. MUST BE SOLD.

HARRY AMPHLETT
307 Union Bank Building Phone 8000

PRICE $4,000—Well built modern house, shingled outside, hard cement inside, containing 5 sitting-rooms, kitchen, hall, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, wide veranda. Standing in 11.80 acres, nearly all in cultivation, some fruit, barn, chicken house; on good road; R.M.D. and telephone; about 1 mile from station. Terms.

C. WALLICH
Real Estate and Insurance Agent
Cowichan Station E. & N. Ry.

OAK BAY BUNGALOW, FULLY FURNISHED

SIX rooms and reception hall, three bedrooms, living-room, dining-room and pass pantry to kitchen. There is also a full-sized finished attic, open fireplace in living-room, which is beamed and panelled. The house is specially wired and is electrically heated, also an electric range. Full-sized basement and nice lot. This is a very desirable property, situated in the choicest part of Oak Bay. The owner is very anxious to leave town, and is offering to sell, furnished or unfurnished, as desired.

FAIRFIELD BUNGALOW, FIVE ROOMS

TWO bedrooms, living-room, dining-room and kitchen. This is a nice cosy little home and has just been completed; good location. Price $3,700, on terms.

FOUR-ROOMED BUNGALOW, $1,500

WELL located, fenced lot, garden and flowers. A large living-room and dining-room combined, two bedrooms, kitchen, pantry and modern bathroom. On good terms.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FIRST MORTGAGES

GILLESPIE, HART & TODD, LTD.
711 Fort St. Phone 2040

SALE or Rent—4-room house, in first-class repair. Apply to Owner, 241 Dunedin St. Phone 3164L.

CHOICE OAK BAY BUNGALOW

$4200—ON TERMS—buys one of the very nicest 5-room modern bungalows in Oak Bay district. It has beamed ceilings, panelled walls, lovely oak floors, full cement basement, stationary wash tubs, open fireplace, and lovely built-in features.

WE also have for sale a new stucco bungalow, just completed. It has a huge living-room, large enough to dance in, separated from a particularly nice, bright dining-room with solid oak buffet, both of these rooms have open fireplaces; 2 good bedrooms, splendid kitchen and pantry; full cement basement, furnace, etc.

BRITISH-AMERICAN BOND CORP., LTD.
B.-A. Bond Bldg., 723 Fort Street

HOUSES FOR SALE 39
(Continued)

Phoenix Assurance Company, Ltd.
(London, England)

WELL
APPOINTED
HOMES

OLIVER ST., Oak Bay—8-room dwelling, with all modern conveniences, together with eight large lots, all covered with oak and shade trees. Price, on terms, $7,000.

ST. ANN'S ST.—Another 7-room dwelling, with all modern conveniences, on a lot 60x173. Good furnace and good basement. Commands beautiful view of sea and mountains. Hardwood floors. Price, on terms, $6,000.

MONTEREY AVE.—Fully modern dwelling of eight rooms. Good basement with separate toilet and Chinaman's quarters. Situated on two large lots, which are laid out in lawn and shrubbery. Nice garage with concrete floor. Price, on easy terms, $8,000.

DEAL ST., Oak Bay—7-room dwelling, with all modern conveniences, on a lot 60x110, with lane at rear. This place is very well laid out and faces south. Price, on easy terms, $6,000.

B.C. LAND & INVESTMENT AGENCY, LTD.
922 Government St. Phone 125

GRANT & LINEHAM, LTD.
(Established 1888)

THREE WONDERFUL BARGAINS

$550—COTTAGE of three rooms, partly furnished, with half acre of land. Fine site, good district and near car line.

$1800—COMFORTABLE BUNGALOW, containing four rooms, basement with concrete foundation, small one-room shack and quarter-acre of splendid garden, in large and small fruits. Produces handsome revenue. On high ground, near car line, with low taxes.
¼-ACRE GARDEN

$2100—PRETTY COTTAGE, contains entrance hall, parlor and dining-room, with open fires; kitchen, 3 bedrooms, bathroom and garage. On fine lot, in garden; very best residential district, and easy walking distance of shopping district. Good appearance, fine condition. It is the best value we know.
TERMS ARRANGED

1003 Douglas Street Phone 664

PEMBERTON & SON
Pemberton Bldg. Phone 2733

OAK BAY—Monterey Avenue—Modern house of 6 rooms, newly painted and decorated; 3 bedrooms; dining-room has built-in buffet; sitting-room, open fireplace, bookcases; hot air furnace; concrete basement; lot 50x120. Good position, near to car line. Price $4,200.

FAIRFIELD—Just off Moss Street, in good locality—Modern bungalow of 7 well-arranged rooms. Sitting-room with open fireplace; den with bookcases, panelled walls and buffet in dining-room; kitchen; 1 bedroom and bathroom on ground floor; 3 good bedrooms upstairs. HARDWOOD FLOORS. Hot air furnace. Concrete basement. All in good condition. Price $4,750.

FAIRFIELD—Modern 5-room bungalow, in a good district. 2 bedrooms. Hot air furnace. Concrete basement. Price $3,000.

PEMBERTON & SON
Real Estate, Financial and Insurance Agents
Fort Street Victoria, B.C.

BRETT & KER, LTD.
623 Fort Street Phone 182
Real Estate, Financial and Insurance Agents

$8500—NEW Oak Bay residence, overlooking sea and within a few minutes of car, on one of Oak Bay's most exclusive streets. Eight rooms, extra large reception-room with beautiful fireplace, hall, den has fireplace and bookcases; dining-room in white enamel; kitchen wired for electric range; hardwood floors throughout main rooms; 4 fine bedrooms with beautiful views; hot water heating system. Large grounds with oaks and attractively laid out garden. Being offered at far under value. Terms arranged.

$3300—FAIRFIELD bungalow of six rooms, in high part; beautiful condition inside and out; open fireplace in living-room; 3 bedrooms, full cemented basement, piped for furnace. Fruit trees, etc. Terms $800 cash, balance easy payments.

1922 WILL SOON BE GONE—
SO WILL THIS CHARMING LITTLE BUNGALOW

If you are looking for a really delightful home, see this one quickly before it gets "snapped up."

BECAUSE—IT IS A BARGAIN

The location is ideal, situated on a good paved road in the healthiest part of Oak Bay Municipality. There are 6 nice bright rooms, all conveniently laid out, and containing every modern convenience. The living-rooms are richly panelled and beamed, and have numerous attractive built-in features, as well as

ALL HARDWOOD FLOORS

The interior of the house has just been redecorated throughout, and is now in perfect condition. The garden is a special feature, there being

TWO FINE LARGE LOTS

fenced, and containing all kinds of small fruits, as well as a delightful garden. Well-built garage. This is really an exceptionally attractive little home, and is one of the best "buys" of the year at

ONLY $4,000.

The house is handsomely furnished and the owner will sell the contents at a fair valuation.

SWINERTON & MUSGRAVE
640 Fort Street

WORKINGMEN'S HOMES
AT HALF PRICE

$850—NICE four-room cottage, on big lot, 10 minutes from car; low taxes.
$900—FOUR-ROOM home, in first-class shape, with chicken house and nice lot in fruit and vegetables.
$950—5 ROOMS, bathroom and pantry, with basement, chicken house, nice lot under cultivation.
$1100—FOUR-ROOM house, newly painted, fully furnished with good furniture; chicken house, big lot, low taxes; owner leaving city, compelled to sell.
$1200—FOUR-ROOM house, plastered, in first-class shape, on nice lot near to cars; low taxes.
$1500—LOVELY 4-room bungalow, in excellent shape, basement, big lot; near jitney route.
$1500—4-ROOM bungalow, on Hamilton Street, near car and jitney; cost $2,500. This is a snap.
$1600—5-ROOM house, bathroom, dining-room panelled, situate in Victoria West, close to cars.
We have a large range of good houses cheap.

CROWN REALTY & INVESTMENT CO.

$1580—JAMES BAY Bungalow, 6 rooms, beaming and panelling, fireplaces, buffet, bookcases, Dutch kitchen; splendid situation. Easel. Phone 6657.

$4200—OAK BAY—6-room bungalow. Here is one of the very best in this district, beautifully beamed and panelled, built-in buffet, bookcases, leaded lights, fireplaces, den; big, bright rooms; Dutch kitchen; garage; basement. Choice locality.

$3250—ANOTHER 6-room modern bungalow, lovely situation, just off Quadra, one block from car; built-in features throughout, beaming and panelling, fireplace, furnace, laundry tubs, bath and toilet separate.

PUNNETT 113 Pemberton Bldg.

HOUSES FOR SALE 39
(Continued)

TO ALL!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

F. R. BROWN & SONS
Real Estate, Financial and Insurance Agents
1112 Broad Street Phone 1076

WISHING YOU
THE SEASON'S GREETINGS
AND A
VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

W. A. CHISHOLM—MUTUAL REALTY
410 Sayward Bldg.

ACREAGE FOR SALE 42

PEMBERTON & SON
Pemberton Bldg. Phone 2733

STOCK RANCH

AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY TO GET INTO STOCK RAISING

320 ACRES, all good bottom land, about 40 acres cleared and under cultivation; the balance is very light clearing. Abundant water supply, river runs through property, also numerous springs of water. Unlimited free range for grazing. A good, comfortable house, etc. Excellent fishing and shooting.
The owner has reduced his price to $9,800. Any reasonable terms arranged.

PEMBERTON & SON
Real Estate, Financial and Insurance Agents
Fort Street Victoria, B.C.

ADJOINING CITY—7 acres black garden soil, in high state of CULTIVATION, on main road and 3-mile circle. New house, 4 rooms, barn, garage, city water, e. light available; all wire fenced. GREATEST SNAP OFFERED. $3,750.

SEVERAL FARMS as going concerns for sale or LEASE. Call for particulars.
G. C. HOWELL G. C. HOWELL
108 Pemberton Bldg. Phone 7800

COUNTRY Store and Acreage—Situated on one of the Gulf Islands, in the centre of a well-settled community, and within easy access of Victoria, this property offers a splendid opportunity for a comfortable livelihood under pleasant circumstances. There are about five acres of land, with many fruit trees; barn, six chicken houses and other outhouses; large water tank, with gasoline pump; never-failing creek. House consists of store, large living-room, parlor, 1 bedroom downstairs and 3 upstairs, back kitchen and woodshed, also shed for storing feed. A postoffice is run in conjunction with the store. Splendid hunting around. Price $4,500, terms arranged. For full particulars apply A. McKeechie, 314 Sayward Building.

FOR Sale—From 5 to 30 acres, 3 miles radius, ½ meadow, trout stream, ¼-mile from station, $200 per acre. Easy terms. Phone Sidney 73Y, or write J. H. Gray, Sidney P.O.

FIVE ACRES, FOUR MILES FROM CITY, on paved road, all in cultivation. Ideal soil for fruits and small fruits, southwest exposure. LOOK AT THE PRICE, $3,250, ON EASY TERMS.

COMPLETE FARM OF SIX ACRES, every foot magnificent productive soil and all in cultivation, some small fruits. Cosy new three-room house with open fire, and water, barn, chicken houses. PRICE INCLUDES ALL FURNITURE, IMPLEMENTS, TWO FINE COWS, FLOCK OF CHICKENS. $3,250.

IDEAL SEAFRONT PROPERTY OF 30 ACRES AT CROFTON—All fine land, some cleared, some good timber, all fenced, and modern six-room house; hunting and fishing. FORCED SALE, $3,850. TERMS.

HARRY AMPHLETT
307 Union Bank Building Phone 8000

BIGGEST SNAP IN SAANICH

NEARLY acre of the finest soil for garden and fruit, every inch cultivated; lawn, shade trees, fruits, etc. Modern five-room bungalow of late construction. Full sized basement. Splendid view. A real good value for quick sale. Phone 2731L3, day or evening.

343 Gorge Road West.

SAANICH REAL ESTATE AGENCY
Agent for Eagle, Star and British Dominions Fire Insurance.

SEVERAL choice acre lots left in Tolmie's subdivision, just off Quadra Street; low taxes and low prices, $500 to $600 cash, 10 per cent off for cash. H. G. Dalby & Co., 634 View (opp. Spencer's).

SAANICH Acreage Wanted—2 to 6 acres, westerly end of Mount Newton Cross Road, close to Saanich Inlet. Will pay cash. Phone 1766. H. G. Dalby & Co., 634 View, opp. Spencer's.

3 ACRES and charming modern bungalow, just outside city, with city water, light, phone, bath, toilet, built-in features, fireplace; nicely treed, rich soil; fine view; more acreage adjoining can be bought. Must sell at once. Owner, Box 623, Colonist.

CHEAP ACREAGE

40 ACRES on main road, near B.C.E. Ry.; partly cleared, some good swamp land; $60 per acre. Easy terms.

10 ACRES, all good land, no rock; good road to property; heavy timber has been taken off, close to station; $125 per acre.

14 ACRES, more or less; adjoins C.P. Ry. station; near golf links; beautiful homesite, partly cleared; city water; $100 per acre. Easy terms.

A. S. BARTON WISE & CO., LTD.
111 Pemberton Bldg. Phone 3001

6 acres on sea, modern house, city water, $25[illegible]
10 acres, rich soil, modern house and building .... $15[illegible]
11½ acres, 4-room house and building .... $20[illegible]
58 acres, Saanichton, going concern .... $65[illegible]

G. C. HOWELL
108 Pemberton Bldg. Phone 7800

REAL MONEY MAKER

6 ACRES, 6 roomed bungalow, large greenhouse, barn, cowshed, garage, stable, chicken runs. Land all cleared, some in small fruits. This is a paying concern. "Investigate now."

WE offer ½ acre choice land, close in, with new 4-room bungalow and garage, for $2,000, terms.

6 ACRES and furnished home, 5 rooms, land choice, all cultivated, splendid orchard, good water, right by station, church, school and store, $5,000, terms.

SEE US FOR FARMS AND HOMES
STEEL REALTY, LTD. 644 Fort St.

PROPERTY FOR SALE 44

FOR Sale, cheap—1 lot on Regina Ave., Parkdale; lot 10, block 13. What offers? Box 640, Colonist.

FINE business location at Oak Bay Junction and Fort St.; a bargain for cash. P.O. Box 273.

FOR Sale—Large waterfront lot, Constance Avenue, Esquimalt; 55-foot frontage, nicely treed. $1,250 cash. 4013X1.

TWO LOTS, just outside the mile circle, all good soil; low taxes. We are instructed to offer these at $250 for quick sale. Less than the City is asking for reverted lots.

$1100 BUYS a five-room cottage, with 2 large lots, just outside mile and half circle. This is a gift for some speculator. Act quickly.

CITY BROKERAGE, A. T. Abbey, Mgr.
506 Union Bank Building Phone 515

FARMS FOR SALE 47

HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY

DAIRY FARM—40 acres, 7 acres cleared and cultivated, good land, good pasture. Barn to accommodate 16 head, outbuildings. 7 miles from city. Quick sale, only $1,500. Bagshawe & Co.

QUIET DAY PASSED IN WINNIPEG GRAIN

Wheat Movement Was Without Incident, While Coarse Grain Was Very Low

WINNIPEG, Dec. 23.—Both cash and future grain markets were quiet here today. The close ranged from ¼ cent to ⅝ cent higher.

The coarse grains were exceptionally quiet with trading on the futures the lightest in many days. Prices were firm.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Wheat—				
Dec.	110⅝	111⅝	110⅝	111¼b
May	114	114¾	113⅞	114⅛
July	113¾	113⅝	113⅜	113⅝
Oats—				
Dec.	46	46	45⅝a	45b
May	48	49¼b	48⅞	49¼
July				49¼b
Barley—				
Dec.	59⅛	58	58¼	58b
May	59⅛	59⅝	59	59⅝
July				55⅝
Flax—				
Dec.	207	208	207	207b
May	206⅝	209	206⅛	207⅛b
July	205⅝	205b	205⅛	206¼b
Rye—				
Dec.	88	89⅛	87⅝	87⅝b
May	88⅝	87⅝b	88⅛	87⅝b
July				84a

Cash prices: Wheat—1 nor., 111¼; 2 nor., 108¼; 3 nor., 106¼; No. 4, 100⅝; No. 5, 94⅝; No. 6, 87⅛; feed, 78¾; track, 110⅛.

Oats—2 cw., 47; 3 cw. and extra 1 feed, 45¾; 1 feed, 43; 2 feed, 38½; rejected, 36½; track, 48¼.

Barley—3 cw., 58; 4 cw., 51; rejected and feed, 46; track, 54⅝.

Flax—1 nor., 203¼; 2 cw., 203; 3 cw. and rejected, 177; track, 204⅝.

Rye—2 cw., 85⅝.

VICTORIA STOCK EXCHANGE

(By F. W. Stevenson, 103 Pemberton Bldg.)

	Bid.	Asked.
Athabasca Oil	..	.15
Bowena Copper	..	.03
Boundary Bay Oil	.00¼	.00⅝
B. C. Farm. Loan	80.00	..
B. C. Fishing Co.	50.00	..
B. C. Silver	.30	..
B. C. Refining Co.	..	.40
Canada Copper	..	.06
Can. Nat. Fire	50.50	..
Cons. M. & S.	50.00	..
Cork Province	.15	.19
Crow's Nest Coal	50.00	..
Douglas Channel	.00	.01
Empire Oil	.01¼	.01⅜
Granby	24.00	25.00
Great West Perm.	..	98.00
Howe Sound	2.75	2.80
Int'l Coal	..	.25
Indian Mines	.10	..
McGillivray	.43	..
Nugget	.02¼	.02½
Pacific Coast Fire	4.00	..
Rambler-Cariboo	.04	..
Silversmith	.55	..
Silver Crest	..	.02½
Spartan Oil	.00⅝	.00⅝
Snowstorm	..	.24
Standard Lead	.18	.22
Sunloch Mines	..	.27
Surf Inlet	.29	.34
Stewart Lands	..	16.00
Trojan Oil	.03¼	.04
Utility Oil	.00	.00⅝
Whalen, com.	..	2.00
Whalen, pfd.	20.00	..
Wonderphone	..	.30

NEW YORK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Foreign exchanges steady. Quotations in cents.

Great Britain—Demand 4.84⅝; cables 4.85; 60-day bills on banks 4.81⅝.
France—Demand 7.41; cables 7.41¼.
Italy—Demand 5.11⅛; cables 5.12.
Belgium—Demand 6.80½; cables 6.81.
Germany—Demand .0145; cables .0143.
Holland—Demand 39.84; cables 39.86.
Norway—Demand 13.05.
Swedan—Demand 23.82.
Denmark—Demand 20.77.
Switzerland—Demand 19.99.
Spain—Demand 15.77.
Greece—Demand 1.33.
Poland—Demand .0051.
Czecho-Slovakia—Demand 2.09.
Argentina—Demand 38.10.
Brazil—Demand 11.90.
Montreal—98 5-16.

Silver Prices

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Foreign bar silver, 62 3-4; Mexican dollars, 47 7-8.

VICTORIA DAILY VICTORY BOND PRICE LIST

Victory Loan, 5½%

	Bid.	Asked
1st Nov., 1920	998.50	1000.50
1st Nov., 1924	997.50	1007.50
1st Dec., 1927	1007.50	1017.50
1st Nov., 1932	1032.00	1042.00
1st Nov., 1934	1001.50	1011.50
1st Dec., 1937	1043.50	1053.50
1938	1002.00	1010.00
War Loan, 5%		
1927	1000.00	1010.00
1st Dec., 1925	994.00	998.00
1st Oct., 1931	984.50	994.00
1st March, 1937 (payable in New York)	930.50	1009.50

CHICAGO MARKET

(Furnished by Burdick Brothers, Limited)

All Fractions in Eighths

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Dec.	130-6	126-0	125-3	125-4
May	134-5	134-5	132-0	134-3
July	113-4	113-4	111-5	112-1
Corn—				
Dec.	72-4	73-4	72-1	72-2
May	72-1	72-2	71-6	72-7
July	71-7	70-1	71-4	71-4
Oats—				
Dec.	42-7	42-7	42-3	42-3
May	45-7	45	45-4	45
July	42-4	42-5	42-3	42-5

GENERAL TONE FIRM ON LONDON MARKET

Industrial Stocks Are Being Sought Particularly—Better Trade Outlook

LONDON, Dec. 23.—Naturally the holiday atmosphere has permeated the stock exchange this week. Havoc caused to telephone systems all over the country through storms also has helped decrease the amount of business.

The general tone, nevertheless, has remained very firm, industrial stocks especially being inquired for. People seem willing to accept what is being said about the prospects for better trade in the New Year, consequently government stocks have been side-tracked, although the general tone remains quite firm.

The outstanding feature in the speculative markets recently has been the eclipse of the oil sections, due to a number of circumstances, but particularly because of the over-production provoked by the boom of a short time ago. Some critics think, however, that the fall in values has now gone too far.

RUSSIAN ROUBLE HAS LITTLE OR NO VALUE

MOSCOW, Dec. 23.—The demand for foreign currency has been so great during the last few days that for a time the dollar on the black bourse brought 57,000,000 roubles. The market closed at 45,000,000.

An announcement that the commissariat of finance was considering a decree to prohibit individuals retaining possession of the Czar gold roubles had much to do with the tumble of the Soviet rouble, according to financial circles. The project under consideration would compel all persons having gold roubles to exchange them for guaranteed state bank notes just issued.

Grease in contact with oxygen under pressure may cause spontaneous ignition.

Raindrops are never more than one-fifth of an inch in diameter.

AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND.

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

(ESTABLISHED 1817).

Paid-up Capital	$25,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	15,000,000.00
Reserve Liability of Proprietors	25,000,000.00
	$65,000,000.00
Aggregate Assets 31st March, 1922	$355,305,776.00

OSCAR LINES, General Manager.

260 BRANCHES and AGENCIES in the Australian States, New Zealand, Fiji, Papua (New Guinea), and London. The Bank transacts every description of Australasian Banking Business. Wool and other Produce Credits arranged.

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The organization and capacities of this Bank have grown with Canada's development, both local and national, during the past forty-five years, and we continue to broaden our service to cope with the increasing demands.

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Consult our local manager regarding your plans for development.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

397

Napoleon's Last Funeral

Of all the remarkable men of modern times, Napoleon Bonaparte was the most wonderful. He was born in Corsica, a Mediterranean island belonging to France. From a humble station he rose to be the greatest general of modern times. He hurled kings from their thrones, and put others in their places. He dismembered empires and created new ones. He made the whole earth ring with his mighty deeds. But one thing he could not do—he could not conquer himself. His ambition led him on from one step of injustice to another, till the embattled armies of Europe appeared in the field against him. He was defeated, dethroned and taken on board a British ship to the rocky and lonely island of St. Helena, where he died in 1821. After being entombed for nearly twenty years, the King of the French, Louis Philippe, sent out a ship to bring back his body to France, to be re-entombed in the capital of the empire of which he once swayed the sceptre. The body of the emperor was in the earth of St. Helena, where it had been deposited in a tomb of very strong and compact masonry, so that although the workmen began at noon, it was ten o'clock at night before they were able to reach the body. It was enclosed in three coffins, two of mahogany and one of lead, all of which were found in a perfect state, though nearly twenty years had elapsed since he had been laid in the earth.

Body Well Preserved

It is difficult to describe with what emotions those who were present waited for the moment which was to expose to them all that death had left of Napoleon. Notwithstanding the singular state of preservation of the coffins, they could scarcely hope to find anything but some misshapen remains of the costume to evidence the identity. But when, by the hand of Dr. Guillard, the satin sheet over the body was raised, an indescribable feeling of surprise and affection was expressed by the spectators, most of whom burst into tears. The emperor himself was before their eyes. The features, though changed, were perfectly beautiful; his well-known costume had suffered but little and the colors were easily distinguished—the epaulets, the decorations, and the hat, seemed to be entirely preserved from decay. The attitude itself was full of ease, and, but for the fragments of the satin lining which covered as with a fine gauze several parts of the uniform, they might have believed that they saw before them Napoleon still extended on a bed of state.

General Bertrand and M. Marchaud, who were present at the interment, quickly pointed out the different articles which each had deposited in the coffin. It was even remarked that the left hand, which General Bertrand had taken to kiss for the last time before the coffin was closed up, still remained slightly raised.

Reception in France

The body was now placed in a new leaden coffin or sarcophagus, sent from France for the purpose, and conveyed with appropriate ceremonies on board a French man-of-war, which at once sailed for Cherbourg. Great preparations were made in France for its reception. On arrival of the ship at Cherbourg, a steamboat was ready to convey it up the Seine to Paris. Many vessels of all sorts were collected, forming a numerous fleet, under convoy of which the corpse was taken up the river, stopping at various towns on the way to allow the inhabitants the opportunity of gratifying their curiosity and displaying their enthusiasm by paying homage to the remains of the great soldier. The crowds that assembled along the banks of the river were immense. The military turned out by hundreds and thousands. All sorts of pageantry, exhibitions and pompous show of imposing devices contributed to give effect to the solemnities. On the 14th of December, 1840, the procession reached St. Germain, a place within a few miles of Paris. The crowd of spectators which had thronged to the spot from Paris was so immense that it was impossible to proceed and land the body till it was noon the next day. Two battalions of troops were stationed on the banks of the river and the stream was covered with vessels decked with laurels and wreaths of immortelles, a bright, unfading yellow flower, very much in use among the French on funeral occasions. At the great bridge of Neuilly, three or four miles from Paris, an immense column had been prepared, surmounted by a globe, representing the world, and six feet in diameter. This was crowned by a huge eagle, but owing to the intense frost the design was not wholly completed. On the base of this column was the following inscription, containing the last request of Napoleon:

Wish Gratified

"I wish my ashes to repose on the banks of the Seine."

A wharf had been built at this place for the express purpose of landing the coffin, and here the body of Napoleon first touched the soil of France. At the end of the wharf a Grecian temple one hundred feet in height was erected, and at the end of the bridge of Neuilly was a colossal statue of the Empress Josephine.

From Paris to Neuilly there extends a beautiful broad avenue, ornamented with rows of trees and handsome buildings. Along this road the population of the capital began to throng in immense multitudes before daylight the next morning. The troops of the National Guard were drawn up on the bank of the river; prayers were said over the corpse and the coffin was borne to the land by twenty-four sailors. The artillery fired a salute of twenty-one rounds, and the multitudes that thronged the banks of the river rent the air with their shouts. The body was then placed in a magnificent catafalque, or funeral car, twenty-five feet in length, with gilt wheels and decorated with golden eagles. On the car was a pedestal eighteen feet long and seven feet high, richly ornamented and hung with gold and purple cloth. On this pedestal stood fourteen human figures of colossal size, supporting with their heads and hands an immense golden shield. On the coffin was placed a rich cushion, sustaining the sceptre, the hand of Justice and the imperial crown, studded with jewels. The whole formed a structure fifty feet in height and was drawn by sixteen black horses, richly caparisoned after the manner of the Middle Ages.

Grand Procession

The procession then began its march to Paris. In it was Napoleon's war horse and five hundred sailors who accompanied the corpse from St. Helena. The whole avenue to Paris was lined with troops. Round the great triumphal arch at the entrance of the city were lofty masts bearing tri-colored pennants surrounded with black crepe and exhibiting each the name of some one of the armies of the Republic or the Empire, as "The Army of the Rhine," "The Army of Italy," etc. On entering the city, the crowd was so immense that the procession had great difficulty in forcing its way onward. The number of spectators was estimated at 800,000. This was equal to the whole population of Paris; yet when we take into account the numbers that resorted to the capital from all parts of the kingdom to witness so grand a ceremony, this estimate does not appear very improbable.

Impressive Scenes

The place destined for the reception of Napoleon's body was the Hotel des Invalides, a spacious edifice created by Louis XIV, which is one of the finest and most interesting buildings in Paris. It is beautifully situated on the River Seine, with a spacious esplanade in front. In the chapel of this building preparations had been made for the funeral services over the body. The walls were hung with black draperies, bordered with silver, and large lustres were placed between the pillars, contrasting their brilliant lights with the dark draperies around them. The pillars were ornamented with gilded trophies, with the names of Napoleon's victories—Marengo, Austerlitz, Wagram, etc. The galleries above, thronged with countless spectators, were also hung with black, with silver and gold emblems, laurels and golden letters commemorating the principal acts of the emperor's life. Above were hung an immense number of standards taken from the enemy in different battles. In front of the altar was erected a tomb, standing on pillars and surmounted by an eagle. This structure was of gilt wood and only temporary; later it was replaced by one of marble. Here were assembled the king, the royal family, and the chief personages of the court, the Archbishop of Paris and other dignitaries of the church, and a great number of generals and veterans of Napoleon's wars. At 2 o'clock the procession arrived and the body was brought into the chapel. This was the most impressive part of the ceremony. The steps leading to the choir were lined on both sides by the military and the veteran invalids who had fought under the deceased emperor. The whole of the aisle was filled with troops, and the clergy stood in religious silence, waiting to perform the last rites. The drums rolled, the cannon roared and muffled drums announced the approach of the body. At the sight of the coffin surmounted with the imperial crown of Napoleon, the whole body of spectators appeared to be struck by a sudden thrill. Everyone rose up and bent forward, but not a word was uttered; silence and awe pervaded the multitude.

Mass was then said over the body according to the forms of the Roman Catholic religion, after which Mozart's celebrated requiem was sung by the choir. The coffin was then sprinkled with holy water by the archbishop and the ceremony concluded.

The crowd remained long in the chapel to satiate their curiosity by gazing on the splendid decorations of the place and the long vista of funeral pomp. At length the military succeeded in dispersing the people, and the body of Napoleon lay once more in the silence of the tomb!

CHANGES ANNOUNCED ON CELLULOSE BOARD

LONDON, Dec. 23.—Some important appointments to the British Cellulose Board are announced.

A. W. Tait becomes deputy chairman, and the Nobel Industries Board has agreed to Sir J. Stamp joining the board for the time being in succession to Arthur Chamberlain to assist in the internal financial reorganization.

HOME OF HARRIS TWEED

Few English people realise that to the Hebridean Isle men English is just as much a foreign tongue as—shall we say?—French or German.

Yet along the western seaboard of Scotland and in the Hebrides many of the older generations can speak no word of English.

The younger generation are better educated and converse in the language of the South, but it is always in Gaelic that they think.

Few of the visitors to the Hebrides have any knowledge of Gaelic. The islanders thus have considerable difficulty in understanding their speech, and it is surprising how happy they become should the stranger even show a superficial acquaintance with their language.

Gaelic is a difficult speech to master. It contains many pitfalls for the unwary. Its alphabet is limited; it has no j, k, q, v, w, x, y, or z.

Yet the v sound is found in many words; it is made by the letters mh or bh. Thus mhor (great) is pronounced vor. There is no j sound in the language. For instance, John becomes Iain.

Gaelic is a language rich in songs. They are simple and mostly sad. They are usually sung to no accompaniment.

The dwellings of the Hebridean Isles men are often of the most primitive type.

There are not more than two rooms. In the case of a woman tweed weaver with a family of eight, these two rooms measure no more than twelve feet square, and the hand-loom occupies a good quarter of the space in the living-room. The floor is of earth, and is periodically sprinkled with fine white sand, which is carried in a sack from the shore two miles away.

There is no chimney, yet a peat fire smoulders day and night on the hearth, and the smoke escapes through the door and a hole in the roof in the opposite side of the room to the fire. So thick is the room with peat smoke, it is almost impossible to see across it, and one's eyes smart painfully.

Hence the well-known smell of the so-called Harris tweed (the cloth is made not only in Harris but in all the Outer Hebrides).—Seton Gordon in Daily Mail.

Letters to the Editor

No letter to the editor will be inserted except over the proper signature and address of the writer. This rule admits of no exceptions

Chinese School Question

Sir,—Many people are surprised that hitherto I have expressed no opinion on the Chinese segregation question. They demand that, as superintendent of Anglican Chinese Missions in British Columbia, I should place myself on record upon the recent action of the School Board.

My statement is this: If it is wrong for Chinese to sit side by side with Canadian children, then they should have been told so thirty or forty years ago. It is unfair for us to allow them to enjoy equal educational privileges with our children for 30 or 40 years, and then suddenly turn around and dispossess them of their privileges.

The present method of segregation of Chinese children in the Victoria schools is a blot upon the administration of Victoria. The Chinese pay taxes just as proportionately as do the white people. Consequently they are entitled to the same educational privileges as the white people. If they are not entitled to the same educational privileges as the white people, then the ratio and proportion of their taxes ought to be readjusted. To segregate the Chinese suddenly without a readjustment of their taxes is action which is contrary to all ideals of British jurisprudence and British administration. It is class-legislation of the most flagrant type.

It is true that the taxes of the Chinese community can be used to give the Chinese separate schools. It is true that their taxes can be used with which to pay the public school teacher who instructs them in the separate schools. But separate schools do not correspond with equal educational privileges. Equal taxes: equal privileges. By equal privileges here is meant the privilege of sitting side by side with all our public school children, such as English, Japanese, Canadian Negroes, Italians, Germans and Scotch. Why permit all these nationalities to sit together in school, and only separate the Chinese? Why tax all these nationalities equally with the Chinese, and then deprive the Chinese only of equal privileges? It is not by administration of this type that our wonderful British Empire has been built up.

There is a large silent mass of sane-minded Christian people who as yet have remained inarticulate upon this matter. My letter is an appeal to these people. Will they use the present Christmas season for reconsidering this wrong which has been placed upon these strangers within our gates? There are faults, no doubt, on both sides. But Christmas is a time for forgiveness. It is also a time for thinking of others.

Let the nobleness that lies in our hearts, sleeping but not dead, rise up in majesty to do the right thing. And let us remember that the Christmas message of goodwill is not for a day but for all time. We do not wish to "shake-hands" with the Chinese only on Christmas Day, as did the Germans with the Allies, and then continued to fight on the next day. But we ought to heal this breach of British justice now, and then endeavor to keep the breach healed forever.

N. LASCELLES-WARD.

1126 Richardson Street, Victoria, B. C., telephone 2664L.

BABY THROWN IN WITH CHRISTMAS PACKAGES

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 23.—Amid the hustle and bustle of a large crowd of Christmas shoppers in the main post office yesterday came the cries of a mother for her lost infant.

While the mother was addressing Christmas packages at a table in the lobby, she placed the child in a market basket, which she put under the table. Her packages ready to be mailed, she looked for the baby. It had disappeared. The basket with its contents, had been picked up by a postoffice employee and thrown into a mail sack. Cries from the child as the sack was about to be placed on a mail truck led to its discovery.

A Malayan tapir born in the London Zoo is the first to be born in captivity.

We Wish All Our Clients and Friends
A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

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Private Wire to All Leading Exchanges

Wishing Our Many, Many Friends and Clients
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

Gillespie, Hart & Todd, Ltd.

711 Fort Street Phone 2140



We Wish to Extend the Compliments of the Season to the Investing Public

British American Bond Corporation, Limited

Established 1901

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Our Best Wishes and the Festive Season's Greetings

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R. P. CLARK & CO. LIMITED

Brig.-Gen. R. P. Clark. C. E. Brown.
W. J. Gurney C. L. H. Branson

To Our Clients We Wish
A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND A BRIGHT AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

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MONEY TO LOAN 58

MONEY TO LOAN

IN sums ranging from $500 to $20,000, on improved farm and city property. Apply F. R. Brown & Sons, 1113 Broad Street.

MONEY to loan on first mortgage covering improved property; also money to discount mortgages and agreements for sale. Deasley & Pott, Barristers and Attorneys, 812-818 Bayward Bldg., Victoria.

WE have several sums of money to loan on improved real estate security, at current rate of interest.

GWINERTON & MUSGRAVE
616 Fort St. Phone 450

TEACHERS WANTED 58

SUBSTITUTE as principal of two-room school, term commencing January 8; salary $115. Apply L. H. Baillie, Langford.

AGENTS WANTED 59

BUSINESS man, going to England about Xmas, acquainted Northeastern and Southwestern parts, would be pleased to execute commissions or establish agencies. Excellent references; confidential. Box 2316, Colonist.

NEW OIL LAMP BURNS 94% AIR—H. T. Johnson, 907 Aladdin Bldg., 519 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg, inventor of wonderful new oil lamp that burns 94% air and beats gas or electricity, is offering to give one free to the first user in each locality who will help to introduce it. Write him for particulars.

TIMBER BROKERS 60

FOR Sale or Lease—Sawmill, on railway, with contracted timber at $1.15 per M. This is a bargain. Investigate. Box 1320, Colonist.

LARGE and small tracts of timber, accessible to rail and water, for sale. Wise & Co., 109 Pemberton Bldg.

TRACTS of four to six million feet of Crown granted timber for sale; also tiles, mine props, etc., on East Coast of Vancouver Island, on railway, close to tidewater. Pyrenee-Canadian Company, Ltd., 310 Belmont House, Victoria, B.C.

The Returned Professional and Business Men's Association of Victoria, B.C.

Respectfully solicits the patronage of local residents in the lines of business hereunder mentioned:

ARCHITECTS
F. L. JAMES, 321 Bayward Building. Phone 6918.
RALPH BERRILL, A.R.I.B.A., 8 Brown Block. Phone 2412.
AUTOMOBILE REPAIRS
THE MECHANICAL MOTOR WORKS, 1236 Oak Bay Avenue. Phone 5564.
AWNING MAKER
GEO. RIGBY, 528 Fisgard Street. Phone 6462.
AUTO PAINTER
VETERANS' AUTO PAINTING WORKS, 1720 Blanshard Street.
BUILDERS' SUPPLIES
JOHNSON BROS., 3764 Avebury Street. Phone 4736.
CANDIES
E. J. LAWRENCE, Mandy Candy Store, 1012 Blanshard Street. 1 minute from Royal Victoria Theatre. Phone 5611.
CARPENTER AND BUILDER
EVANS & GREEN, 1570 Dallas Road. Phone 5963X.
CLOTHIERS
FYVIE BROTHERS, 909 Government Street. Phone 1491.
A. H. C. JONES, with J. F. Sprinkling, corner View and Broad. Phone 4166.
CONCRETE SPECIALISTS AND CONCRETE PRODUCTS
HENSON & CO., 483 Gorge Road. Phones 6847 and 1142X.
DENTIST
H. CLARKE, 412 Central Building. Phone 1888.
ELECTRICIANS
FOX & MAINWARING, Pemberton Building. Phone 6011.
FINANCIAL AGENT
H. E. RUNNING, 219 Central Building. Phone 4484.
HOTEL KEEPERS
NICHOLSON & WILLIS, Sooke Harbor Hotel.
INSURANCE
W. J. BRICK, 807 B.C. Permanent Loan Building. Phone 1976.
LAWYERS
Names of five Legal Firms may be obtained from the President. Phone 3072.
LAND SURVEYOR
F. H. ALLWOOD, B.C.L.S., 625 Bayward Building. Phone 6940.
ORCHESTRA AND BAND
A. RUMSEY, 6th Regiment Band, 321 Niagara Street.
PAINTING AND DECORATING
T. H. KENDELL, 1620 Bay Street. Phone 4078X.
PLUMBERS
VETERANS' PLUMBING COMPANY, Fort and Langley. Phone 6931.
R. J. COSTELLO, Lake Hill P.O. Phone 5970X.
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
W. S. BROWN, 711 B.C. Permanent Loan Building. Phone 3319L.
J. H. GILLESPIE, 711 Fort Street. Phone 2040.
T. R. MONK & CO., 804 B.C. Permanent Loan Building. Phone 3761.
G. H. MORRIS, 1048 Broad Street. Phone 5600 and 5601.
WENDELL D. SHAW, 552 Pemberton Building. Phone 1812.
TOBACCONIST
J. DIROM, Horse Shoe Cigar Stand, 1232 Government Street. Phone 7180.
TRANSFER AND TRUCKING
GENERAL SERVICE TRANSPORT, LTD. 1197 Langley. Phone 56.
JOHNSON BROS., 3764 Avebury Street. Phone 4736.

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF VICTORIA

Tenders for Supplies

Tenders, sealed, endorsed "Tenders for Supplies," and addressed to the undersigned, will be received up to 4 p.m. on Tuesday, January 2, 1923, for the supplying of the following articles to the Corporation of the City of Victoria for the year 1923:

Fish	Sand and Gravel
Milk	Cement
Bread	Blueprints
Wood	Stationery
Coal	Printing

Specifications and particulars may be obtained at the office of the City Purchasing Agent, to whom tenders must be addressed. The lowest or any other tender not necessarily accepted.

E. S. MICHELL,
Purchasing Agent.

City Hall, Victoria, B.C.,
Dec. 9th, 1922.

NOTICE

PURSUANT to the provisions of Section 151 of the Railway Act, 1919, notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada, after the expiration of one month from the date of this notice, or as soon thereafter as the application can be heard, for a recommendation to the Governor-in-Council for sanction of an agreement entered into between the British Columbia Telephone Company, Limited, the British Columbia Telephone Company and the London & British North America Company, Limited, amalgamating and conveying the assets and undertaking of the British Columbia Telephone Company, Limited, to the British Columbia Telephone Company.

Dated at Vancouver, B.C., this Fourteenth day of December, 1922.

McPHILLIPS, SMITH & GILMOUR,
Solicitors for Applicant.

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McCloy & Co.

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To Their Many Friends and Patrons.

Pandora Halls Christmas, 1922

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Choice Walnut Dining Suite—Buffet, Table, 6 Slip-Seat Diners	$145.00
8-Piece Golden Dining Suite	75.00
Round Ex. Table, Six Diners	29.00
Square Extension Dining Table	7.50
Extra Good Set Fumed Oak Diners	39.00
Three Piece Parlor Suites, $42.50,	20.00
Well-Upholstered Settees, $19.00,	12.50
Walnut Centre Table, 33-in. top	10.75
Dressers, $18, $20, $17.50 and	18.00
Good Strong Chest Drawers	12.50
Large Chiffonier, Mahogany finish	18.00

British Furniture Mart
751 Fort St. Phone 3663

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INTERESTING FACTS AS TO PAPER MILLS

Canada's Output From Pulp Factories Represents a Tremendous Figure Now

A study of the figures connected with the pulp and paper industry in Canada reveals the fact that a tremendous amount of capital is represented in the business. The production now forms one of the main industrial outputs of the Dominion.

The total number of Canadian pulp and paper mills operating in 1921 was 100, comprising 40 pulp mills, 27 pulp and paper mills and 33 paper mills. The distribution of these mills among the various provinces was as follows: British Columbia, 4 pulp mills, 2 pulp and paper mills, total 6; Ontario, 8 pulp mills, 13 pulp and paper mills, 18 paper mills, total 39; Quebec, 17 pulp mills, 12 pulp and paper mills, 15 paper mills, total 44; New Brunswick, 5 pulp mills; Nova Scotia, 6 pulp mills.

Total capital invested was $375,812,751, distributed as follows: Quebec, $171,477,753; Ontario, $139,6?6,276; British Columbia, $39,152,823; New Brunswick, $23,394,271; Nova Scotia, $6,131,630. The total capital invested in 1920, according to the Census Report, was $347,553,333, so that 1921 shows an increase of $31,259,418.

The total number of employees, including executives, technical experts, clerical help and mill employees, was 24,611, of whom 21,430 were employed in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. The total salaries and wages paid was $24,199,090, distributed among the various provinces as follows: Quebec, $16,726,716; Ontario, $12,963,889; British Columbia, $3,205,439; New Brunswick, $1,151,223; Nova Scotia, $163,837.

Total consumption of wood was 2,180,573 cords, valued at $33,243,262, or an average of $17.55 per cord.

Total production of wood pulp was 1,549,062 tons, of which mechanical 931,560 tons, sulphite 451,954 tons, sulphate 131,337 tons, soda 4,201 tons. Of this quantity, 97,329 tons of wood pulp, valued at $6,407,028, was produced for sale in Canada and 881,200 tons, valued at $35,919,135, was for export, leaving 570,543 tons, valued at $36,012,065, produced for the use of the mills.

The total selling value of the paper produced was $103,676,952, of which newsprint was valued at $78,734,593, book and writing papar at $13,560,520, wrapping paper $6,634,211, and boards at $6,226,948. Quantities produced were: Newsprint, 841,114 tons; book and writing, 53,530 tons; wrapping, 58,898 tons; boards, 89,114 tons; other paper, 18,285 tons.

The total value of the exports of pulp and paper was $103,565,046, of which pulp exports were valued at $44,133,675 and paper exports at $75,431,371. The quantities exported were: Mechanical pulp, 223,494 tons; sulphite, bleached, 74,801 tons; sulphite, unbleached, 137,289 tons; and sulphate, 99,538 tons. Newsprint exports were 709,241 tons; wrapping paper, 6,693 tons; book paper, 1,675 tons; and bond and writing paper, 1,185 tons.

ALLEGED JEWISH ARMY IN RUSSIAN TERRITORY

Has Been Organized Secretly to Protect Israelites and Now Masters Over Half Million

For the first time since the days recorded in the Bible, the Jewish people have a large army, capable of protecting the lives and interests of 5,000,000 of their race living in Russia. It was organized in secret a year ago, and this army, which in many respects parallels Michael Collins' Irish army before Free State days, "the Jewish defence army" has grown until it approximates 500,000 strong. It is well equipped with rifles, ammunition and machine guns. Branches of it exist in every city of the Ukrainian republic having Jewish populations.

These astonishing facts are alleged to have been discovered by a correspondent on a trip to Odessa from Moscow. The first rumor of the great Jewish army came to Kharkov, the capital of Ukreina, where the information and directing centres of the army are located. In Kiev the secret was not so carefully kept, and in smaller cities the activities of the secret Jewish army are openly seen. Every man from 18 to 50 is enrolled, giving it a total of 500,000 bayonets, but the younger members number at least 100,000.

Origin of Army

The organization of the Jewish army was caused by the continuation of massacres in Southern Russia, which surpassed anything ever known during recent times, and which did not end with the Soviet dictatorship. Ukrainian Hebrews are living in the same fear of pogroms as during the days of Denikin and Petlura. Evidence of the Poles supplying money and munitions to bandit bands, which at times have grown so large as to plan to overthrow the Southern Russian Soviets, was another reason for the formation of the secret army, inasmuch as all these bands, using arms from across the Polish borders, continued the massacres which Petlura's bands began.

When not engaged in big actions with enemies, detachments of the Jewish army are systematically reclaiming villages and parts of cities where their people were massacred and deprived of their belongings. Throughout the journey from Kharkov to Odessa, the correspondent heard hundreds of stories of this continuous action and had seen some of the results.

Jewish Victory

In a town called Spalla, for instance, the Jewish volunteer army, well armed, engaged in guerilla warfare with a band of several hundred bandits, which ended with the Jews entering the town. Immediately order was established and several thousand former residents, who escaped a series of massacres two or three years ago, have been streaming back from all parts of Russia and Roumania. Today Spalla has a larger population than it did before the war.

In cities with a majority of Jewish population this army, although refraining from taking up governmental control or in any other way manifesting its power, is actually the supreme force. In the villages they are continually on guard because whenever heavy taxation is placed on the peasants, numerous peasant sons join small bands of bandits for the purpose of attacking the villages and making the villages bear their taxation. In order to protect the villages the Jewish army has built up a big courier system.

The existence of the Jewish army continues with great difficulty owing to the complicated situation in Ukraina and the fact that the Soviets look upon it much as Great Britain looked upon Michael Collins' Irish army, continues the correspondent.

TIMBER TRADE MAKES FOR DEVELOPMENT

Alaska's Agricultural Prosperity Following Clearing of Government Lands for Mills

Alaska is fast attracting the attention of the United States on account of its importance as a lumber producer. With a stand of spruce only excelled by the great forests of British Columbia, it has of recent years been shipping to the world's markets.

Sitka spruce from the Tongass National Forest is finding an outlet in the markets of the world. The sawmill at Wrangell during the past Summer made a shipment of 45,000 board feet measure of Sitka spruce for the London market, and another lot of 450,000 feet board measure was shipped from Wrangell through Prince Rupert to Eastern points. This was brought by scows to Prince Rupert and transferred directly to the cars at the northern British Columbia city. During the latter part of August and September a five-masted schooner was loaded at Ketchikan, Alaska, with a cargo of approximately 1,500,000 feet of spruce for the Australian market, and 2,000,000 feet more will be shipped in December from the same mill. This lumber was all cut and manufactured locally from timber purchased from the Tongass National Forest. Thus the industries developed by this great national forest are making a place for Alaska timber in the general lumber market, furnishing labor to the residents of Alaska, and bringing capital into our northern ports.

Alaskan Demands

What the people of Alaska want is not the power to run the Government's business or property in Alaska, but power to run their own business, is the statement of Chief Forester William B. Greely in his annual report, just made public by the San Francisco headquarters of the forest service.

It is becoming evident, the report continues, that the solution of the Alaskan problem is local self-government.

The people of the territory who come into contact with the national forests are thoroughly satisfied with the existing form of administration and control of these properties. The counsel and assistance of our scientific bureaus are welcomed.

Eighty-six per cent of the lumber used in Alaska is cut from the Government forests.

The roads which are being constructed in the national forests are proving a great factor in improving business and living conditions in Southeastern Alaska. During the past fe wyeers a number of roads were extended out from the chief towns in the forest.

Developing Settlement

The result in travel and in business and home development has been amazing. In some instances the road has been scarcely completed before every foot of frontage on each side of the highway has been taken up in suburban lots and neat and comfortable homes have been erected. Communities have been literally transformed in this way, and their desirability for year-long residence greatly increased. The result is a more contented and permanent local population.

That the policies and activities of the Department of Agriculture have won the approval and support of the people living in and near the Alaska forests is becoming every day more evident. The encouragement and assistance given in building up an export lumber trade, the basic work going forward for the establishment of the pulp and paper industry, and the large expenditures which are being made in forest roads, together with a decentralized local administration are contributing largely to the growth and prosperity of the territory.

The territory does not object to the two national forests in Alaska being administered elsewhere, but they want to make their own laws, levy their own taxes, and spend their own public money just as do the people in the States. In short, what Alaska wants is not that the Union should be ousted from the territary, but that Alaska should be admitted to the Union.

STATE BANK ROBBED

MONDOVI, Wis., Dec. 22.—The state bank of Mondovi was robbed today by two men who escaped with approximately $7,000. The robbery was committed at 4:20, but there was no knowledge of it until the cashier, who was locked in the vault, was released after being located at 3 p.m.

Fully 25 per cent of accidents to workmen are due to insufficient lighting.

OBSERVERS BELIEVE COPPER TRUST COMING

Anaconda Company, Already World's Largest Producer, Has Acquired Stock in Chile Concern

Many observers in Wall Street profess to see the nucleus of a huge corporation like United States Steel or Standard Oil in the acquisition by the Anaconda Copper Mining Co., already the world's largest producer of refined copper, of a controlling interest in the Chile Copper Co., of South America. Although no official announcement has been made, the purchase by the Anaconda Copper Mining Co. of 2,200,000 shares of Chile Copper Co. stock, owned by the Guggenheims, is virtually consummated, according to The Engineering and Mining Journal-Press, of New York. The price mentioned is $35 per share. The Rockefeller interests are said to have agreed to underwrite the bonds necessary to complete the transaction, and nothing remains to be done but to arrange the formalities.

Color is lent to the idea that a super-merger may be the ultimate outcome by the fact that the Anaconda company only last Spring absorbed the American Brass Co.

Fabricator of Brass

The American Brass Co. is the largest fabricator of brass (making about 500,000,000 lbs. of finished material annually) in the world, and as such is one of the largest consumers of copper and zinc. When the Chile deal has become a matter of history it will not be surprising to find Anaconda looking around for a few zinc mines, as it cannot produce nearly enough zinc from its mines at Butte to supply its own needs.

Aside from owning the largest known deposit of copper ore in the world, the Chile Copper Co. is the lowest-cost producing company. The deposit contains 700,000,000 tons of positive and probable ore that will average about 2 per cent copper. Mining this deposit is simple. All work is done in open-cut levels by electric shovels.

Operating at capacity, or, say, 225,000,000 lb. of copper a year, the company, on present known reserves, has a life of over 125 years—and there are alleged to be millions of tons of ore in the property not yet developed. It is this cheap copper that is today making the 14c copper market. It is the balance of power in the metal market.

Will Increase Output

Although Chile copper is producing at the rate of only 156,000,000 lb. per year, by next Spring its productive capacity should be between 220,000,000 and 230,000,000 lb. annually—an operating objective to be attained by the expenditure of less than $1,000,000.

The fact is pointed out that, the property being in Chile, its acquisition would not conflict with the Sherman anti-trust law no matter how high an output might be attained ultimately. In addition, Anaconda owns, a few hundred miles away from Chile, the Andes property, another immense disseminated-copper deposit, not yet in the producing stage. This makes possible, later on, the putting of these two into one Chilean subsidiary.

A 50 per cent expansion in American Brass business since Anaconda acquired it the first of the year has hastened the decision to acquire additional cheap future sources of copper. Another important factor is the desirability of joining to Anaconda's old properties a young low-cost current producer, so that by proportioning the amount of copper drawn from each property according to price ruling in the market, earnings can be kept fairly constant, and at the same time Anaconda's Butte deposits can be mined in such way as to give the greatest ultimate realization. Butte copper has a geographical advantage for supplying Western markets, whereas copper from Chile can be delivered at cheaper freight cost to all American Brass plants except Kenosha.

Anaconda will take control of a company that today has 2,200,000 shares of stock outstanding, $35,000,000 six per cent bonds maturing in ten years, and $15,000,000 seven per cent bonds coming due next May. By that time the company expects to have in cash and securities between $32,000,000 and $33,000,000 with which to meet its $15,000,000 bonds. If these bonds are converted there will then be 4,400,000 shares of Chile outstanding.

SIX UNDER ARREST FOR DENVER ROBBERY

Holes in Body of Car Which Men Used Believed by Police to Be Bullet Marks

SANTA FE, N.M., Dec. 23. — Six men with heavy suitcases, who arrived from Las Vegas in a car early this morning, are in the county jail pending investigation in connection with the robbery of the United States Federal Reserve Bank truck at Denver. The United States marshal's office had received a tip from Las Vegas, and Deputy Goutchay and Assistant Superintendant Dugan, of the penitentiary, after observing the suspects during breakfest in a restaurant, took them into custody. The men arrived in a car with a 1923 Colorado licence bearing the number 43356. Holes found in the body of the car are believed by the officers to have been made by bullets.

TOURING THE BALKANS

BERLIN, Dec. 23.—Herr Hugo Stinnes is touring the Balkans for the purpose of extending his business holdings there. Negotiations are understood to be pending for a working agreement between the Stinnes group and the British-Hungarian Bank and large foreign firms relative to co-operation in Hungary, Roumania, Smyrna and Constantinopla.

The German industrial magnate further extended his democratic enterprises recently by purchasing an interest in a prominent Leipsic publishing firm. He is also negotiating for acquirement of stock in another printing concern there.

To Negotiate for New Spanish-Japanese Pact

TOKIO, Dec. 23.—The Spanish-Japanese treaty of commerce and navigation will expire on October 30 next year, and will be abolished in accordance with a notice to that effect recently received by the Government. Investigations are being made with the hope of revising the old treaty.

Pending the conclusion of a new pact, a protocol in all probability will be concluded to meet the immediate needs of the two powers.

TUG WITH CREW OF NINE GIVEN UP

ERIE, Pa., Dec. 23.—The tug Carnell, of Cleveland, missing for three days, is believed to have been lost on Lake Erie with her crew of nine men. Two tugs, the Lutz, from Cleveland, and the Tennessee, from Buffalo, came into the harbor here tonight and reported they found no trace of the Carnell, which was bound from Cleveland to New York. The Carnell is owned by the Great Lakes Towing Company.

HANDICRAFT IN THE HOME

BY ALICE URQUHART FEWELL

FILET DESIGN FOR HOUSEHOLD LINEN



a filet edging will be found most appropriate to decorate different pieces of household linen. Gauge your fewer meshes to the inch you can have a wider piece of edging. Edging in the three inch width would look well across the bottom of a sash curtain, on pillow slips, or to decorate the ends of a table runner.

The attractive design given here for stitches so that there will be eight meshes to the inch and you will have a strip three inches wide. By making

DESIGN FOR A TRAY COVER



The design given here decorates the ends of a tray cover. Cut a tray cover the size desired from a piece of linen. Over this edge work a picot. Transfer the design to the ends of the tray cover with carbon paper placing it as shown in the sketch. The petals of the flowers, leaves and stems are done in satin stitch. The centres of the flowers and dots in the border are open-work eyelets. The stems and border are done in outline stitch. The pattern may be worked up in white or in a color. If a color is used make the picot edge of the same shade. This design would also look well on the end of a towel or on a pillow slip.

SLIPPERS FOR A CHILD



The little slippers illustrated have a kitten's head to form the toe. The pattern given here could be used for a child from five to seven years old. For an older child the pattern may be cut larger all around. Buy slipper soles lined with lamb's wool in the size desired. Each toe is made from two thicknesses of cotton crepe with a piece of crinolin between them for stiffness. After cutting these by the pattern, trace the features of the kitten's head to two of the crape pieces. The features are embroidered in black. Do the solid part of the eyes and the mouth solid in satin stitch and the rest in outline stitch. On the wrong side sew the two pieces of crepe and the crinolin together with a seam near the edge. Be sure the pieces are arranged so that the crinolin will come between the two pieces of crepe when turned to the right side. Leave a small opening when stitching the seam so the toes may be turned right side out. When turned sew up this opening by hand. Cover the soles of the slippers with cotton crape stretching it until it fits smoothly, and sew the crape to the binding of the soles after turning in the edge all around. Sew the toe part to the soles, and finish around the outside edge with a small cotton cord or braid.

DESIGN FOR A BABY PILLOW



The dainty wreath given here decorates one corner of a baby pillow. Cut the pillow slip the size desired. Finish the outside edge in a fancy scallop as shown in the sketch. Have machine hemstitching done around the scallops, and then work a picot in the meshes of the hemstitching. Transfer the design to one corner of the pillow slip, placing it in the position shown in the sketch. The design is worked solid in satin stitch, and the centres of the flowers are open eyelets. This design could also be used on the end of a slip for a full size pillow, or on the end of a towel.

EMBROIDERY DESIGN



The dainty little wreath given here is suitable to decorate a number of different articles. It would look well on the yoke of a baby dress or on the front of a chemise or nightgown. On the chemise sketched the wreath was repeated three times, and small dots were worked in between the wreaths. This same arrangement would be suitable for the baby yoke if the wreaths were placed closer together. All the black portion of the design is worked solid in satin stitch, and the centres of the flowers are open work.

The Colonist's Pictorial Page



Searching for arms in the streets of Dublin. A passenger in a jaunting car being examined.



Dinosaurs at a drinking fountain, done in snow and ice at Davos, Switzerland.



A warm and comfortable ski-ing costume.



Mrs. Amery, wife of Right Hon. L. C. Amery, First Lord of the Admiralty in Bonar Law's cabinet.



Cinderella arrives in her pumpkin chariot drawn by the four mice. A Christmas toy idea developed in London, England.



Barbara Kemp, a German operatic singer, who will be with the Metropolitan Opera Company this winter.



W. W. Pearson, fifth officer (left) and J. Law, fourth officer of the S.S. Pittsburg, who were in charge of two lifeboats which saved 45 men from the Italian ship Monte Graffa, loaded with grain and in a toppling condition. The Pittsburg sighted the Italian ship 180 miles away. Coins were flipped and from the five officers on duty these two won the opportunity to save 45 persons.



Pupils of the Kittredge school of athletics in New York, who swim to music.



Howard K. Travers, U. S. consul at Naples, and his wife, returning for the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Travers was formerly Miss Helen Wildern of St. Catharines, Ont.



Max Goberman, 11-year-old son of a motorman in Camden, N.J., has won a scholarship at the Philadelphia Musical Academy and gives promise of being a good violinist.



The Deutschland, the spectacular submarine of the Germans during the war, has been sold by public auction in London, England, for $800. It was bought by a French company for exhibition purposes.



Edith Sterling, a film actress, spent the American Thanksgiving Day in Los Angeles jail for speeding, but didn't seem to be sad about it. Bebe Daniels was in jail for a similar offense last year.

Dolls must have homes; therefore this London, England, artisan is working overtime to finish his row of houses for Christmas.



This woman, Miss Parnell of Chelsea, London, England, is said to earn $10,000 a year by modeling.



Mason Mitchell, American consul at Malta, who was shot but not seriously injured. Several arrests have been made.